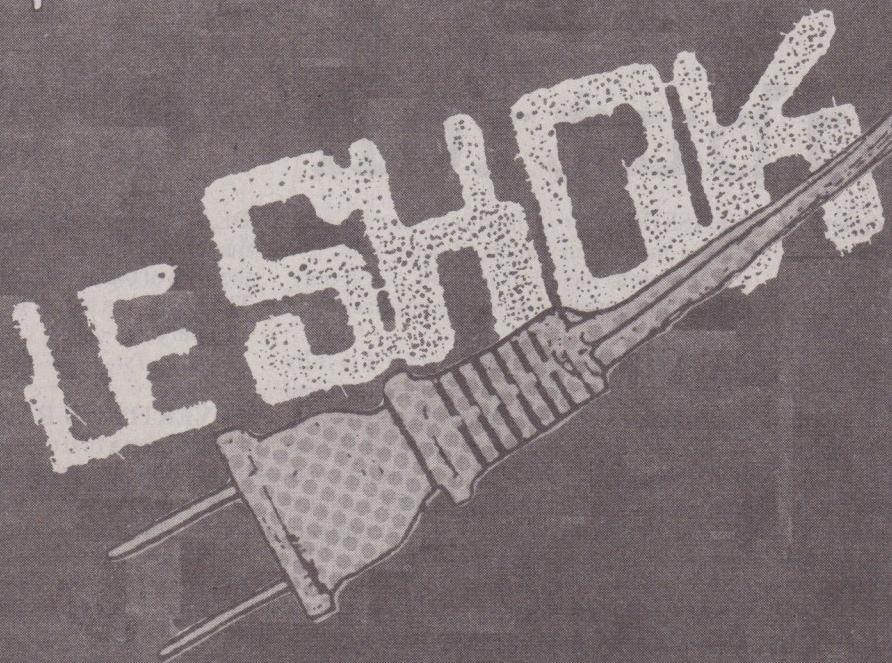


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- #3-#6, #11, & #15-#23 the usual shit
- #24 Catharsis interview
- #25 Kosovo and other goodies
- #26 Race and hardcore
- #27 International issue
- #28 Words, words, and more words
- #29 2001 a (empty) space odyssey

All other issues sold out.

PRINTING: HaC is printed with soya inks on recycled paper. Recycle it, don't toss it!

CLASSIFIEDS: Classifieds are \$3 each with a maximum length of 40 words. No exceptions to the 40 word limit. Cash only. Please, no more than 40 words per classified!

COMPUTER INFO: *Heartattack* is fully computerized... so if you can, please send all contributions on disk. You can use IBM or Macintosh disks, but please save all files as text only files!!! You can also submit via e-mail, but again please save all files as text only. If you don't have access to a computer or typewriter then use a pencil or pen.

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STORES

If you would like to get copies of *Heartattack* then please contact Ebullition Records at (805) 964-6111 or by fax at (805) 964-2310. Ebullition also distributes many of the records advertised and reviewed in HaC. If you know of a store in your area that should be carrying HaC or other Ebullition stuff then send the store's fax number or address to Ebullition.

Issue #30 • 10,000 copies
May, 2001

DEADLINES: *Heartattack* is a quarterly magazine. The actual issue will be out around the 15th of the month following the deadline. The deadlines are as follows:

January 1st	•	April 1st
July 1st	•	October 1st

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Kent "Babbler" McClard
Lisa "Sinner" Oglesby
Leslie "Rat Woman" Kahan

THE MOVERS AND THE SHAKERS: Chris Duprey, Chuck Franco, Adi Tejada, Dylan Ostendorf, Patrick, Dan Fontaine, Steve Aoki, John Perry, Jehf Jones, Andy Maddox, Danny Ornee, Adam Brandt, Doug Mosurak, Denver Dale, Cody Duncan, Ryan Gratzer, Steve Snyder, Brett Hall, Alex Lemire Pasternak, Marianne Hofstetter, Tim Sheehan, Noel Sullivan, and a few other people that didn't get props..

CONTRIBUTIONS: We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in *Heartattack* were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

When I graduated high school in 1997 I considered myself a punk. I listened to bands I didn't really like in the interest of promoting the scene. I denied myself the music of certain bands I actually did like because punk policy mandates the shunning of major labels. I read zines like *MRR*, *Punk Planet*, and (of course) *HeartattaCk* which perpetuated my false lifestyle and worse still were full of petty bickering, here say and blissful ignorance of the big picture.

I've undergone significant changes in attitude and mind set since high school. I think that's what people mean when they refer to "growing up". I still go to shows when I can because there are people at them which I care about. I still find myself trying to like music that is as alien to me as polka out of courtesy to the musicians who are up there presumably pouring their hearts out. The sad truth of the matter is that seeing a new band that strikes my fancy is about as rare as a naturally black pearl.

At a recent show I picked up a copy of *HeartattaCk* out of habit. I started reading it while making a mixed tape later that night. For my fifty cents I was given irritation, annoyance, contempt and ultimately disgust. This person bitches their one sided bitch (or if they're really concerned with punkitics they deeply analyze all aspects of the issue no matter how inane or trivial--SO FUCKING BORING!), the next person refutes the last person's statement. Eventually when the shit has been stirred until it's a frothy paste that stinks so to bring tears to your eyes, somebody writes a five fucking page column about it.

I am tired of trying to identify with people that take everything so seriously. The one thing I know for sure is that 99% of life is completely inconsequential. It doesn't matter if I spent Friday night getting drunk on a \$6 fifth of rum. Conversely, it would matter just as little if I spent my night attending a protest of big scary capitalists (that thought, by the way, just gave me the first chuckle I've ever had that was even remotely related to *HeartattaCk*).

The bottom line is this: bar codes, no bar codes, credit cards, no credit cards, it's all bullshit. No "punk" adheres to the parameters set forth by the punk press just as nobody actually lives up to America's warped standards of beauty. The punk press sells an ideal and a lifestyle just like mainstream publications such as *Cosmopolitan*, *Rolling Stone* and *Fortune* do. The only difference is that the punk press audience seems to think it is subversive and proactive simply for reading or wearing or listening to something different. Are we all really such suckers?

Scott O'Neil (uselessindustries@yahoo.com)

goodbye

from Kent McClard

Every few years some former "scenester" makes a big hoopla about how punk isn't what it was back in the day. The basic gist being that hardcore let them down, and now they are moving on for bigger and better things. Sometimes this has to do with hardcore in general or with smaller sub-scenes such as straight edge. In any event, I never quite get it. I understand that there are problems with hardcore. After all hardcore exists within the greater society. The kids involved bring all of the ugly traits and tendencies of society into the scene. In theory hardcore is "supposed" to be about striving for something better but it takes time, energy, and a lot of hard work to purge all the teachings of a lifetime. So yeah, there are problems with hardcore, just as there are problems with society and anything that exists within the context of society, but can that really be the reason why these kids decide that hardcore now sucks? After all, these problems aren't something new. They have been there since day one.

Personally, I think hardcore is what you make of it. This scene of ours is the sum of all of our efforts, all of our visions, all of our dreams. There is no collective truth or direction in which we are heading, but rather thousands and thousands of different directions in which hardcore is simultaneously moving towards. And ultimately it is only as healthy as our collective health. It is what we are. We construct it, and its quality is only as good as our efforts. When we stop putting something in then we stop getting something back.

So when I hear these people complaining about how hardcore let them down or about how hardcore isn't what it is supposed to be I have to wonder if the source of the "change" doesn't lie somewhere else. I mean who has changed here? Hardcore or the soon to be departed scenester? In my experience it is the scenester. In most cases their values changed, and in others they just got bored. I have seen a lot of people leave hardcore because of a value shift. Most of the time this happens when kids start to work full time jobs or start thinking about families. A lot of the rhetoric of hardcore is anti-family and anti-work and sometimes it is just too hard to live a double life; a life where in theory you think one thing (or you think you have to think one thing) but you are doing the exact opposite with your life. That can

tear a person apart internally, and eventually that internal struggle must be completed. To the victors go the spoils (in most cases the need to have a job or family wins out).

Other kids just get bored. Kids get into hardcore as a form of entertainment and as a social outlet, and they use hardcore like they would a movie. It is pretty hard to find a movie that most people are willing to watch over and over again, and if this is how you look at hardcore then eventually it gets old and stale. This makes sense. Most people get into something for awhile, and then they move on to something else. That is how it goes.

So whatever, kids get bored of watching hardcore over and over again, and yeah sometimes people's lives shift and the reality of their lives demands a shift in lifestyle. But why must they shit on all of those that are left behind? That is what I really don't get. Why can't these people just move on and be happy about the fact that they had a few good years being involved in hardcore?

What is the point? In theory they don't want to be involved anymore, right? That's what they say. You know, "I have grown (up), or "Hardcore just doesn't have much to offer me anymore," or "Hardcore is just so boring, not like it was back in 19blah blah blah." So if they don't want to be involved then why do they try to make all of the rest of us feel bad in the process? That is the point after all; to make everyone feel bad about themselves because they are still involved in something that this particular scenester has decided to label as passe. That seems pretty damn shallow and just plain mean.

In other cases I often think that the whole diatribe is meant less for the general hardcore populace and is instead really meant for the writer's conscience. Maybe they feel bad for betraying something they once believed in. Maybe they can't move on without burning their bridges. Maybe they feel so guilty about the fact they stopped caring that they try to replace that guilt with a feeling of disdain for who they were and what they were once about.

Who knows why people do what they do. What I do know is that it doesn't help me to live a better life, and it doesn't help us to create a better scene. I am not saying that complaints and criticism aren't useful, but they are way more useful when

the person making the claims is still active in the scene and trying to make the changes that they feel are needed. We all know there are problems, but the key difference is that those of us that are still involved are constantly trying to improve on what has come before. Hardcore, unlike a movie, is not a static event. It changes, shifts, alters, and it doesn't have a start or a finish. It simply evolves as those involved direct its course with their efforts and desires.

This isn't a spectator sport. It is about getting involved. It is about our lives and who we are as people. It is about growing, developing, and living. If you aren't taking part then yes, you WILL get bored sooner or later. And since hardcore is about us and since it is made by us and for us then it can also be changed and altered to allow all of us to exist within it's boundaries. The Christian punks are way more aware of this than most. They have decided to join hardcore and Christianity. Are they wrong? A lot of us might like to say they are, but ultimately they have just as much right to make hardcore about their Christian lives as the godless want to make hardcore about their godless lives.

History has shown that hardcore can be a lot of different things to a lot of different people. It can be pro-god, anti-god, pro-violence, anti-violence, pro-racism, anti-racism or anything you can possibly think of plus a lot of things you will never contemplate. It is what we make it, good or bad. We make it. If we don't like where it is going then we have to change it by constantly promoting the things we find positive and by constantly attacking those things we find negative. Sometimes we fail and sometimes we succeed. In the process we learn to challenge new ideas, we learn to be challenged by new ideas, and hopefully we grow and improve as people.

Ultimately my advice to anyone getting ready to move on is to shut the fuck up and get out. If you're going to go then go. Don't feel bad about it. It is your life and you have to do what you have to do. But if you are going to go then please don't bore us with your goodbye dribble. You'll just look like a pathetic loser to all those still involved. Hardcore is what WE make it, and if you aren't willing to put some work into improving hardcore then you are just dead weight. And when dead weight drops out of the scene then I say good riddance. Hell, sometimes I wish I could have thrown you out long ago.

So say goodbye and get on with your life. Hardcore isn't a life long passion for everyone. Maybe you got something out of it, maybe you didn't. Whatever, life goes on, but for fuck's sake try to have some dignity when you go. Have a nice life.

Main Entry: **cen·sor·ship**

Pronunciation: 'sen(t)-s&r-"ship

Function: noun

Date: circa 1591

- 1 a : the institution, system, or practice of censoring
b : the actions or practices of censors;
especially: censorial control exercised repressively
- 2 : the office, power, or term of a Roman censor
- 3 : exclusion from consciousness by the psychic censor

For better or worse, Ravi Grover's column was not printed in this issue. In my opinion, his column is diametrically opposed to the fundamental ideas of *HeartattaCk*. HaC has no obligation to provide him with space and you won't be reading his column in these pages.

Does this qualify as censorship? Probably. But the real issue at hand is whether that act is right or wrong? Should we print everything that gets sent to us? Should we print articles and statements from offensive groups or organizations that we do not wish to support? Should we print letters and columns that we just don't find interesting? It is a balancing act. We try to print as much as we can and in many cases when we find ideas to be insulting or "incorrect" then we also print counter points. Everyone has to practice some form of censorship on a constant basis. We decide what we will watch, what we will read, what we will listen to, and, in this case, what we will print in our 'zine.

HeartattaCk began when Tim Yohannon started to use *Maximum Rock'n'roll* to define what was and wasn't punk. I didn't like the policy shift and as a columnist for MRR I started to write about this in my MRR columns. MRR edited my columns. They removed sections and eventually they would not allow me to write if I continued to attack MRR's policies. It pissed me off, and so I decided to start *HeartattaCk* as an alternative to MRR. Was MRR censoring me? Sure. Was it wrong? Well, it was Tim's magazine, so no. Did it piss me off? Yes. What did I do? I started my own magazine.

My advice to Ravi: Start your own 'zine. That has ALWAYS been the creed of HaC. If you don't like it then start an alternative.

NOTE: Please understand that Lisa, Leslie, and I are three different people with three different perspectives on many things. Clearly I started *HeartattaCk*, but over the years they have become an extremely integral part of this 'zine. HaC would not be what it is today without their hard work and input. I was the one that initially did not want to print Ravi's column, and in many ways this has been my call. So don't be surprised if they would have handled it differently or if they have their own takes on Ravi, censorship, and what we should or shouldn't do. — Kent

If you want to read Ravi's column and my response to his column then please visit the following web site:

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Heartattack.

This is in response to the little anti-Christian comic and hardcore in general.

I think it's funny, when I think of Christians I would picture someone that looks like that little blond guy with the glasses. Christianity is dorky in a sense, Christian hardcore comes across as being all tough and metal glossy, and it's really dumb for a lot of Christian hardcore to be on the same label, and mostly metal go figure. But they stick to one label because of you. All of you out there, including me, that buy into this whole hardcore business. I'm sure half of you reading this bought into hardcore, you bought into the politics, the clothes, the records, the new hair styles mindlessly. A lot of you have "stuck together" with no other bonds except music, mindlessly re-defining hardcore as it re-defines. You have the same politics, the same hair, the same Locust shirt, the same His Hero is Gone records, you're vegetarian. When asked you say, "it's because meat is gross, did you read this book or that book..." You're one of the hardcore kids. You do what hardcore kids do. When someone comes across with an idea that you don't like, an idea that is not the "traditional" hardcore value, you bite them down. Oh, he believes in Christianity so he must suck, he must not know anything about music.

I'm not a "good" Christian. I believe in God and I pray now and then, never go to church. I've been into hardcore for 8 years, since I was really young, and I've seen it go from Honeywell into that whole Orchid/Jerome's Dream scene that I love now, and all the while I've always thought that every single one of you are full of lies and shit. I bought into it for about 4 years. Frail inspired me to be sXe, and vegetarian and hardcore in general made me anti-religion. And I don't regret any of that—it was a learning experience, and it was good for me.

Hardcore for me has always been about finding yourself, because I always thought hardcore was DIY, free and accepting. I've experimented with ideas, I've taken a lot from the hardcore community, and it will be in my blood until I die. It just so happens that I value what Christianity has to say—I believe in the Ten Commandments, I believe that if you are a good person you won't lie, or you will feel guilty if you lie to someone you have a bond with. I believe in that, it's the truth. Even though I probably lie constantly that is what I want to believe in. I just don't believe that Christians should overly preach their views to people because they are probably like me in that they fuck up day to day.

I hear what you have to say, I agree with a lot and I disagree with a lot. I never discredit you people just because I don't agree with what you believe or what you say, but what is funny is the fact that I bet a lot of you would outcast someone who is a full-fledged Christian or someone like me that would stand up for it. I

think it would be funny to see a Christian kid with a His Hero is Gone shirt on too, but I would commend that person for continuing what they believe but keeping an open mind and liking what music they like, exposing themselves to something that their religion wouldn't approve of.

I think when I was in 7th grade my pastor took my tape of Heroin. If you think you're an advocate of Satan that's fine, but there isn't some holy war to be won just because you think you're better because you say, "fuck religion." That's your opinion, and 99% of everyone else's in hardcore; so just go join the line and keep telling yourself that you're that much different when you enter the door. I used to always think that everyone thought differently when I started listening to hardcore, but the truth was that most of you have the same views, and that's true now too.

Hardcore to me is the opposite of the term. It always has been. It's harsh, but because the content is supposed to be real, that's why 'til this day I love His Hero is Gone because what they say is for real, it's passionate, and if you talk to a Christian that is not preachy you will see that they have a lot of real truth. They will point out the exact problems with the world that, say, Los Crudos would. I always thought of the real hardcore kids as sympathetic and kind. I remember being at a Car vs. Driver/ Spirit Assembly show being a little kid and older kids coming up to me, talking and being nice and it's a shame because they probably only talked to me because I was so young and had an Iconoclast shirt on, so that made me "cool" to them. If I was Christian and I was like, "Oh, I'm a Christian," they'd been like "fuck off."

I hate Christians that preach and don't hear the other side, I hate that, but hardcore kids are like that too. They have their opinion and will refuse to hear the other side. Fuck the preaching, just don't step on anyone's toes because they're different from you. I saw the other day somewhere, "being hardcore and Christian is an oxymoron." I just think it's funny, the hardcore scene is full of masonites in disguise. So many people "share" (conform) the exact same views, which I don't have much of a problem with. It's the fact that hardcore has these guidelines and they must be followed and if you don't fit the mold then you aren't accepted. To be truthful I don't like lyrics about religion at all cuz it shouldn't be something that people are all about or totally against. Just open your minds a little, just because there are real people that have an open mind that can like or believe whatever they like doesn't mean you're better.

But the truth is, is that there is not one good Christian hardcore band out there that I've ever heard—or even one not on that label, ha ha. I guess Justin Pearson has to make it cool for all of you then. Oh well, keep it real, whatever you people think is real. If you're really so hardcore then try to benefit the community (which I know

many of you do) and stop wasting time bashing people's religious views, and if you were really super duper hardcore you wouldn't buy records because all your favorite record labels want to sell you what's popular in hardcore to make some profit—the same thing major labels do, just to a different "audience." You better buy that Orchid/ Usurp Synapse 7" on red because there are ONLY 1000 printed. Peace be with you.

—Sean Hagen; larakk@hotmail.com

Sean —

Correct me if I am wrong, but last I looked Western Society was pretty much dominated by Judeo-Christian values. I'll risk making an ass out of you and me, and assume that you live in the USA, which is definitely controlled by the Judeo-Christian mind think. Furthermore, as we all know, the hardcore scene exists within the confines of the larger society and therefore is in many ways a microcosm of that society, which will be revealed to all by the incredible insights of Alex Integratron in one of the following letters, and being that it is a microcosm it can safely be said that the vast majority of people in hardcore happen to come from a Judeo-Christian background. Therefore those of us that are actually godless are the vast minority.

So I really don't think that you can say that "99% of everyone" involved in hardcore would say "fuck religion." It is far more likely that your opinions are pretty much in line with the vast majority of people in this society, and that is true even within the confines of our scene. In truth I think most people involved in underground music believe in some form of God, and while there is lip service paid to godlessness, you god worshipers are the vast majority in both the hardcore scene and in the larger society. I have had to live with that my whole life, and I seem to be surviving. So I think you will be able to handle a cartoon or two.

Oh, by the way I do have a suggestion. If you really do believe in heaven and hell and all that then you better get your shit together, man! You're going to be in some deep shit when God reads your letter and discovers that you are not a good Christian! Maybe s/he will write a response for the next issue, or, even worse, buy a one way ticket to hell with your name on it. Either way you should clean up your act, and don't forget to ask your pastor to give back your Heroin tape!

Heartattack,

REVENGE of Bosnia! ha ha.:)

Once and for all let me explain situation in Bosnia. Bosnia is separated in two different parts, one part is called Republic of Serbska and Serbians live there, and the other part is called Federation and Croatians and Muslims live there. Each part has its own president, government and

other institutions, and both parts have the same central government that's controlled (same as both local ones) by foreign supervisors. They're supervising both parts. I live in Republic of Serbia, in main city called Banja Luka. The city is 80 km away from the Croatian border and about 4 hours from Budapest and it's pretty easy to get used to traffic. All shows are happening here. That's pretty sad considering the fact that other towns have clubs and everything and they don't have people that are into setting shows.

In Banja Luka it's pretty sad as well, we have like 150-200 visitors on the shows, but they're as I said only visitors and they don't care so much about band that's playing, they're there just because show is going on, they see their friends and they can get real drunk and kill boring time. All in one, here we have about 20 kids that know what hardcore is all about, what is DIY and about 10 of them are really into it. Since we have a radio show, more people are interested in hardcorepunk though.

In Banja Luka and about 100 km around here there was never a war. NEVER!! Not even in the time of war. War was going on in Federation and miles away from here. So we didn't taste war here. The only connection with war are people that went to fight on front (people from Banja LUka), that's all. I mean we tasted it more than you, cause war was going on pretty close, and there were days without electricity, without city transport and with our usual things. Some of my friends lost some members of their families and refugees were coming. Days spent under bombing warnings, locked up in houses! That was a very shitty part of my life. Everything lasted 'till 1995, when everything was closed with Dayton agreement, which you probably heard of. So from that day, we didn't have any war or any weapon operations going on.

And it wasn't going on when Bloodpact and Ruination had to play either. Everything was safe. War was over 5 years ago!!!! Reason why they didn't show up was murder of some politician in Novi Sad which is in Yugoslavia 500 km away. That couldn't put them in any sort of danger, it was a big misunderstanding. In that period there was nothing going on in Sarajevo and I don't know what are they talking about, and what did that lady from Germany see on TV, and what's her opinion about all this?

In my column (number 27), I didn't attack Ruination and Bloodpact, I just said what happened and I was honest. I said it in hope that something like that won't happen again. And considering the show everything went like this: I booked the show with Diane (ladadiana booking), and everything went ok. She asked if it's safe for bands to play here and if something might happen and I described to her the whole situation. Everything was supergood. And next thing is that they don't show up. Just an e-mail from Diane saying how sorry she is but that bands heard that someone was shot and they didn't feel safe enough to come here.

The bands never got back to me until my text in *HeartattaCk* showed up. Then they got to me which is pretty weak, but anyway I made things straight with Andy and fuck it I don't

look back in past. We can't correct that now. But I'll never understand why they didn't get to me until that text showed up. On that day when show was supposed to happen they called up my friend Miran from Slovenia, cause they said that they won't do a show in Bosnia and they need sleeping place. He said ok, and he cooked tons of food and waited for them to show up, which they didn't. They never got to him. Food was eaten in local skate shop for few days. He thought that they got to me and that's why he didn't call me.

It's totally fucked up that they didn't get to us. At least they got to me but he never heard from them again. I'm not trying to be some poor guy from Bosnia which is behind gods ass, I don't care about that, it's just that something is going on here as well.

I just don't want to attack anyone to 10,000 persons that are reading this. I think we should go on, and I don't blame bands and I don't blame anyone. People should just re-search few things before they make conclusions. I think that Srdjan was supposed to send this out to Ruination and Bloodpact first instead of *HeartattaCk*. Maybe then it would be more clearer and we wouldn't argue to 10,000 readers. But in same time maybe people should know what is going on. I know Srdjan pretty good and all I can say is that he's AMAZING person. But at the same time Ruination and Bloodpact can't say that they're not responsible for what happened.

I'm wondering why are bands booking shows in Bosnia if they're afraid to come? How safe is here... you should ask bands like Submission Hold, Catharsis... I just want to let bands know that want to play here, that it's safe and there are no problems, but don't book a show to cancel it, please. No one's forcing you to play here, it's your free will and I'll always do a show for a band that's willing to play here. And I really don't feel like writing to other 'zines about what had happened. I just hope it won't happen again.

Another subject is that American bands are coming to Europe to get cash. This isn't in case of Ruination and Bloodpact, it's totally fucked up that American bands want 1000dm (around \$500) for the show. Boy Sets Fire wanted 1000 dm per show in Europe. I mean maybe they can get it in western Europe but not in eastern part. If you want to get to show you need to pay about 1,50 dm here. So we can't get fucking \$500 per show. If 200 visitors show up we get around 300dm and we need to pay 150dm for the club and rest goes to band, but as I said we don't have always 200 visitors.

I'd just like to say few more things about *HeartattaCk*. I'm totally happy that *HeartattaCk* exists, because it connects people, it helps in development of individuals mind, it spreads information's even if it's advertising for new edition. In *HeartattaCk* you can read others stands, thoughts and so on. And another part of the 'zine is amazing. Drawings of Nate Powell are even more than amazing.

After my text in #27 I received letters from various persons and I'm very glad about it, cause new friendships are made, and hopefully I'll meet these persons next summer. After all thanks to *HeartattaCk* there will be split tape and

CD out. It will be The People's War (Memphis) and Charlie Don't Surf (Yugoslavia). Now I'm not saying that *HeartattaCk* is perfect, nothing is perfect (like we know). Reviews are bad a bit. It's like they're written to give info about the band and not meeting people with that release. But when someone gets so many stuff to review it's pretty normal. I would say to write it that way. But *HeartattaCk* is something that is and was helping the hardcore punk scene.

So once again, Banja Luka is totally safe to play. I hope that I'll re-do Ruination + Bloodpact shows sooner or later, so Andy and others I hope to see you soon.

Feel free to write me at: Zujic Bojan/ Cara Dusana 110 TRN/78000 Banja Luka/ Republika Srpska/Bosnia

Hello and thanks to Croatia sXe terror crew and all friends around the world! Love you all thanks...

P.S. The first issue of *Good Samaritan* 'zine with drummers poll, Olav (Seein'Red), Chris Mann (photographer), Christophe (Stonehenge Records) and lot of columns, drawings, art and other interesting things is out. It's yours for \$2 post paid

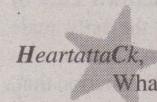


HeartattaCk,

The Trumbullplex Anarchist Collective and theatre has been an ongoing entity in the DIY community for nearly 8 years now. Like the city of Detroit, our house and theatre have suffered many of the consequences of postindustrial fall-out, leaving us in a state of constant repair. With the folks in the DIY community being some of our strongest allies and supporters, we are sending out a call for assistance in any way possible. Benefit shows, fundraisers, experience in house repair... any way you think you could contribute would help. Our theatre is open for shows and activities of many different types, and we're always open to offering our support in return. Collectively, with mutual support, we can overcome the problems of capital, and assure the continuous growth of our resistance.

Revoltingly yours, Trumbullplex (not crumbleplex)

Trumbullplex/4210 Trumbull/Detroit, MI 48208; Trumbull_list@digipunk.com; 313-832-1845



HeartattaCk,

What happened to punk rock? It used to be anarchy, funky clothes, and kick ass music. But now it's Internet sites, sellout labels (Epitaph), and some not so great music. It's strange not to see an ad/catalogue/etc. WITHOUT a website. Sure, the world's changing, into a huge technology network, filled with those who have AOL Instant Messenger, the one's who bless this digital change, and those who still reminisce about the times when you could pick up a cheap record, a 'zine, and a flyer for your favorite local band from actual record stores, instead of e-zines, web stores, and overpriced records. And what about

www.interpunk.com? Sure, it has everything punk/hardcore/ska/emo you could think of, but why pay \$12 for a record? That's outrageous. It's called "Interpunk," but it ignores the fact that lots of people who like that music can't afford those prices. It saddens me to see a new generation of punk rockers; and any teens for that matter growing up on the Internet. Today, some bands are selling out, not putting a lot of effort into their work, and their songs sound the same as every other band's. I'm sorry I wasn't alive in the 70's, or older in the early 90's, so I could enjoy the bands doing it for the music, and for the fans especially, because that's what kept most of them going. Now it's merchandise, \$14 records, and just how many different styles their shirts can come in. But the Internet it isn't all bad. It's a great way to spread information like tour dates, record releases, etc. A healthy dosage of the Internet is good. For example, I get on 1-2 times a week to check out new records, tours, and download music. Which brings up the Napster issue. Most have a firm opinion of this subject. I believe Napster should stay, free of charge. It's a good way for people to get into different kinds of music, and sample songs for records they may want to buy. Most agree, the Internet is a godsend, but we need to get those freaks that are glued to the computer off and back to sending out demos and writing reviews the old-fashioned way.

—Molly Keller
punk_living77@hotmail.com

Dear HaC,

As stupid and counter revolutionary as this may sound to the crustier than thou contingent, I feel like I should defend rage against the machine to some extent. Thus far, I have heard only two perspectives on RATM from people who I consider to be "punk": the arguments seem to boil down to A: Rage Against the Machine are bringing a message of radicalism to middle America and helping to educate kids who would otherwise have no idea what the fuck globalization is, who Leonard Peltier is etc., etc. B: Rage Against the Machine are laughing all the way to the bank.

Rather than say that RATM is laughing all the way to the bank, I think it would be more accurate to say that the band had some good intentions when they sold out, but were eventually crushed by the mainstream media's cult of personality (as they seem to be the only male "political" band in the mainstream, that put a lot of weight on their shoulders) and frustration that, yes, maybe the "take them out from the inside" approach wasn't (gasp) the best way to bring radicalism to the masses. I must say that I can't help but snicker at people like you, Kent, who seem to identify as activists but don't hesitate to get on their punk rock soapbox when it comes to issues like, say, voting or Rage Against the Machine, two "political" actions and icons respectively that, GOD FORBID, the unwashed masses might actually have access to. The popularity of RATM has lead me to re-examine the role of "punk™" in relation to politics. As

much as we all hate to admit it, "punk rock," in and of itself, is a subculture; a microcosm for society at large.

Look at it this way: when Rage against the Machine plays a stadium show for 30 dollars a ticket, who's in the audience? Well, I'm not RATM's publicist or official statistician or anything, but I will go out on a limb here and guess that they are largely white, largely middle to upper class, and largely male. A large percentage will be there solely to hear the music, and probably feel threatened by the message and think the band is too "PC". Likewise, there will be a large percentage of fans who go to see the music, and don't really think or care about the politics of the band. Thirdly, there will be the "just catching on" contingent who used to be clueless but have been informed to some extent about labor issues, police brutality, activism, etc., by either RATM or perhaps the Beastie Boys. Lastly, there will be the "radical" demographic, who either through the band or otherwise, are in tune with the band's message and either are activists or at least think like activists.

Now then, what does this look like to you? That's right; it's a really big fucking punk rock show!!! If you purists out there really believe otherwise, I would LOVE L-O-V-E to see some evidence of a scene that doesn't resemble a microcosm of the aforementioned corporate rock show, and I will promptly up and move there to live for the rest of my life. Precious few of us are born radical, although race, class and gender (just to name a few) do put us in different seats at the oppression olympics so to speak. And fewer still, thanks to the wonders of our uber-capitalist society, are blessed with the resources to become a well educated and "active" activist, let alone a punk rocker that fits whatever the latest definition of punk rocker happens to be at this particular moment. More than any other subculture (besides, perhaps, the anarchist scene, which of course, seems to overlap with the punk scene quite a bit) punk seems to be more than happy to condemn/write off/blacklist anyone who doesn't tow the party line, which of course is a bitter bitter irony for a "movement" (whatever the fuck that means) that claims to based on individuality. Again, show me that special, secret country in which everyone is the perfect DIY activist punk rocker and I will move there, but until then I think it comes across as extremely elitist and misanthropic to condemn the band for trying (and succeeding to some degree), not to mention making generalizations about people who listen to mainstream music. Fuck Movements, were all in this together.

Peace, solidarity yadda yadda,

—Alex Integratron/PO Box 42671/
Portland, OR 97242; alex@misterridiculous.com
Reactionary dipshits need not correspond.

Alex —

I am not sure if I qualify as a "reactionary dipshit" in your mind. I know Ravi thinks I am a "traditionalist" and one of the "biggest threat[s] facing DIY" today, but I am just not sure if I am also a "reactionary dipshit."

In any event, the bottom line with all of

this is that there is no reason for HeartattaCk to waste time and space supporting Rage Against The Machine. If you and Ravi think they are so great then buy their records and go to their shows, but I think it is pretty safe to say that Rage does NOT need our help. They are going to make the establishment plenty of money without HeartattaCk's support. I think MTV and Sony are doing just fine promoting Rage, and I really don't think that we need to help them out. Though that makes me wonder if Ravi would support HaC offering free or reduced rate ads to Sony so that they can continue their revolutionary activities.

Normally, HaC does not go out of its way to attack specific corporate bands. Instead, we try to support alternatives and alternative culture. Ravi on the other hand wants to use HeartattaCk to support Rage (and in my opinion he wants to try to tear down the DIY concepts that have made HeartattaCk a reality in the first place, which is an entirely different issue that is covered elsewhere). This whole debate over Rage wasn't started by the "crustier than thou contingent" but by Ravi who seems to think that HeartattaCk should support corporate rock. No one has said that you aren't punk if you listen to Rage. Hey, that's your life. Do what you want. What I am saying is that HeartattaCk does not exist to support corporate rock. If you like corporate rock, which many people that work on HaC do, then that is your business, but please don't expect that HaC should spend space praising these bands. If you want to read their praises then check out Spin or Rolling Stone, which you probably can't buy from any of the DIY punk distros, but I bet you can find one at a supermarket. — Kent

By the way, in case Zach from Rage is reading this, how about giving away 1% of all of your royalties to the charity of my choice. After all I came up with the name "Rage Against the Machine" and I figure that is worth at least 1% of your royalties.

Hi,

I do not buy the HaC all the time, only every once in a while since I am from Germany and things run a little different where I live. However, every time I pick up an issue I realise that you guys do not seem to get tired of having principle discussions. I think that is good. I like reading the HaC, it makes me feel like there is stuff going on and people are getting involved. Then on the other side: it seems to me that every time I read a HaC it seems to cover the same issues (i.e. female suppression, people losing their hardcore beliefs etc.) which in turn gets a bit monotonous, but maybe that is just me. Furthermore: fair enough, you guys give a platform for people to speak on and express their views and make calls for the scenes to unite and all that. However many a time when I read columns or letters I get the feeling that some of the views expressed are actually not based on knowledge but rather the superficial slogan activism. It seems to me the anti globalisation movement is a trend, but nevertheless I like people

to follow that trend because it has some good views. But as mentioned before (and maybe this is not exclusively related to the HaC) people nowadays seem to go into the battle uninformed. It happens here all the time that people go out to demonstrate and if you ask them: why the hell do you oppose a free trade area that goes all the way from Alaska down to Argentina? People say: Bush, environment, sweatshop labour, bla, bla, bla, but ask another question and you can find activists blushing, looking for words and seeking a way out of the conversation.

Maybe I am looking at the big picture: People oppose (which is good) but where is the feedback that leads us to solutions of the problem. Which in turn leads us to a discussion of whether throwing stones is of any use... I dunno. This is not trying to attack anyone. I'll leave it at that.

Take care and keep on making the HaC because I really like it.

—Marius; mariuskaiser@usa.net

P.S.: I liked the issue on sex a lot.

A Desolate Landscape

In the United States at this time, the social landscape is certainly desolate. Meager, stingy people creep about this psychologically post-apocalyptic landscape thanking those in power for the jackboot in their face and begging to be kicked even harder into the dirt in order to be "safe and secure."

A democratic police state is developing at a rapid pace. I can hear the cries of those so-called radicals who feel obliged to uncritically defend democracy in order to maintain their ideology: "But the United States is not a true democracy; the corporations control the politicians."

This statement reflects the delusive ideology of these would-be "anti-authoritarian" and "revolutionary" leaders which views people as nothing more than passive, manipulated victims. In fact, when enough people choose to resist fiercely enough, the ruling class is forced to make concessions, even to retreat or stand down.

But in the U.S.A. at present, people are demanding the clamp-down that those in power are so glad to give. In several states, voters have voted the "three-strike" policy or something similar into effect. Such policies make a 25-year to life sentence without parole mandatory for anyone on their third felony conviction regardless of their crime. In a similar vein, three states have reinstated chain-gangs with popular support. Snitching has been institutionalized in television shows like "America's Most Wanted," in "WeTip" hotlines, in "Neighborhood Watch" programs and in reward systems in schools—along with numerous other programs. All these programs attempt to portray the cowardly act of snitching as heroic—and the success of these programs indicates their popular support.

I could go on and on with examples of the democratic support of police state programs and policies, but anyone with open eyes can see

it all around us, and such lists become tedious.

I'm quite aware of the manipulation of public opinion by those in power, but—as I've said—people are not just passive lumps to be molded to any shape. Manipulation of public opinion can only work on tendencies that are already there, guiding them in the direction that is most useful to power. The development of a police state here has been a democratic process, an expression of "the will of the people"—that is to say the general consensus.

Any anarchist in this country who still has illusions about a connection between democracy and the freedom to determine ones own life and interactions (or about creating a mass movement) deserves only the most merciless ridicule.

What is happening in the United States is part of a world-wide trend: rabid nationalism, even openly fascist movements, in many places; an upsurge in religious fanaticism in the middle east, eastern Europe, here and in many other places; leftist causes and liberation movements embracing identity politics, often with a corresponding separatism. People feel so small, so weak, so pathetic, that they would rather lock themselves in prisons of social identity, protected by laws, cops and the state than create their lives for themselves.

Within a social system in which suicide may show a greater love for life than the impoverished existences that most people embrace, people are demanding that authority defend their pathetic way of "life" by suppressing anyone who disturbs their illusions.

Certainly this is not a new situation. Though at times its methods are more liberal or more harsh, the policies of the ruling order always serve one purpose: the maintenance of social control. So we are documented and required perpetually to ask permission. But I will not ask permission—nor will anyone who would take their life as their own—and I will avoid documentation to the extent that I am able to without impoverishing myself, while striving to destroy all that makes documentation necessary.

My friends and I, together because, and for as long as, we enjoy each other, will create projects, desires and dreams that enrich our lives, which run counter to the meager fare offered by society. Wanting so much, my greedy generosity,

my hunger for vitality and passionate intensity, demands that I attack this society and the puny and desolate existence it offers. We who demand the fullness of life cannot wait for the masses to be convinced that they would prefer life to security; our revolt against society is now.

Democracy has always been a desert; we want a lush and verdant jungle.

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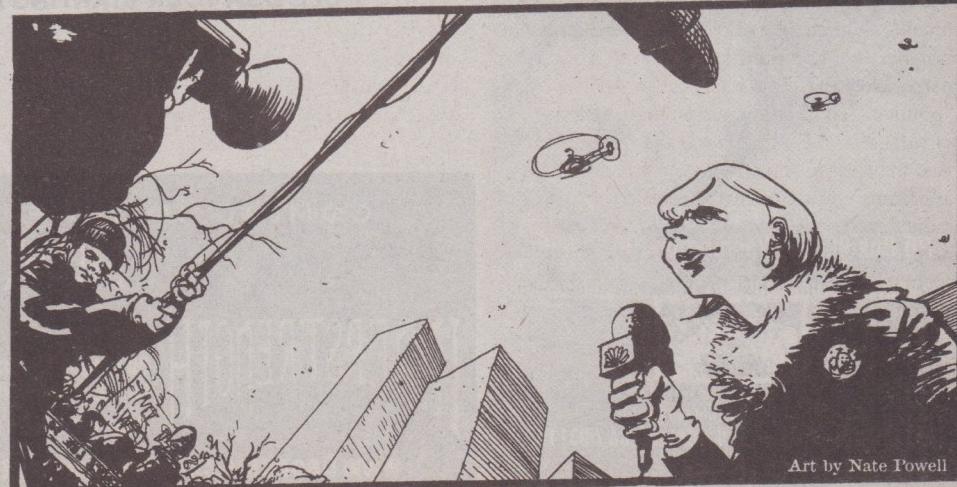
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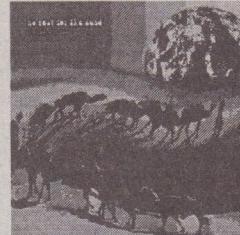
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Teaching in an inner-city school, it is easy to focus on the negative. There are so many problems, so many challenges, and too many tragedies and frustrations. As a progressive person—one who seeks to use teaching as a vehicle of positive change—I have to be aware of the negative. It is a strange paradox: in striving to be

positive, one must dwell—at least some of the time—in the world of the negative. It is, in a manner, a mathematical equation: in eliminating negatives, in contending with those factors which subtract from the school experience of students, we make the school a more positive place. Subtracting a negative is equivalent to adding a positive.

Still, an existence which focuses on the negative is highly taxing. It is nearly impossible to deal *only* with problems and survive. A teacher who ignores the negative becomes an apologist, a mindless optimist who seems to be progressive—at least on the surface—but is, in reality, a passive custodian of a dysfunctional school system. A teacher who ignores the positive quickly sinks into an abyss of frustration, losing the drive to actually strive for changes which alleviate problems. The successful teacher is driven by the positives but recognizes the negatives. It is a classic balancing act. There are so many frustrations—so many negatives—that it is only through the enjoyment and recognition of supreme positives that a New York City teacher can maintain equilibrium.

I often forget to list the joys of my job. Sometimes, internally, it feels as though these pleasures need not be cited. They are a silent motivator, the driving force behind my work. I often forget that I was not born a teacher, that in fact I only “volunteered” to play teacher for a short

provide within my writing. If I expect you to compare your own educational experience to those of my students, I cannot omit the gaping holes in their opportunity.

In bringing this often-bleak picture to light, I do distort reality. This distortion is only intensified when paired with the media

depictions of inner-city education. If you have relied on the mainstream media’s depiction of urban schools as overly violent places populated with unmotivated, disrespectful students and dishonest, unskilled teachers, I hope that I have provided some contrasting reality. Still, my stories and the stories of the mainstream media share a common essence: these are stories of pain, frustration, and sadness. In my eagerness to make you care about the injustice endured by my students, I have left out a good portion of their wonder and virtue.

There are so many small, significant instances:

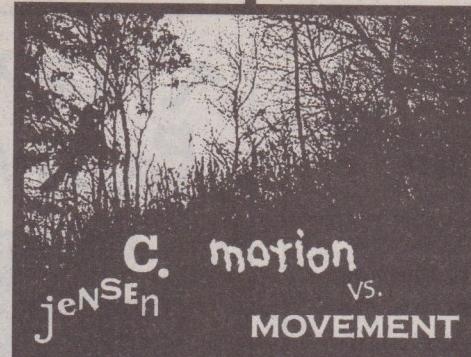
- The class exits the subway and heads off for a day of exploration at the Natural History museum. I am having so much fun that I forget that I am, in fact, the one leading this trip.
- In the middle of a laboratory activity, there is suddenly nothing for me to do. I realize: *they are teaching themselves.*
- After a serious bicycle accident which lands me in the emergency room—and later, on the operating table—I receive tons of get-well wishes, many of them from students I don’t even know.
- A student in my bike-repair club hopes to build a bike for his friend, who lives in a shelter and has been homeless and very poor throughout the year.
- After months of struggle and hard work,

excitedly discuss the prospect of the next ride.

These are just some of the everyday occurrences which keep me struggling against all of the difficulties of teaching in an under-resourced urban school.

My students have tremendous hope. Their hope flies, to a large extent, in the face of their reality; this is what makes their optimism all the more amazing. Although I have encountered a few students who are so beaten down by the world that they carry what seems as a permanent weight, a weight that crushes the sadness out of every pore and discolors their every interaction, the vast majority are incredibly enthusiastic and downright friendly. When the first bell rings to begin homeroom, most students greet me and fill my working space with light. Most students enter into the classroom with excitement, as eager just to interact with their fellow human beings as they are to discover something new. My students make me feel as though school is a sanctuary, and I am compelled as a guardian of a small section of that sanctuary to fill it with energy. I have learned a great deal about hope and knowledge from my students. My students are unaware of just how unfair the world has been to them, and can maintain hope perhaps because they believe that their struggles are typical rather than exceptional. I come from a world of exceptional privilege, one that allows me to acknowledge the injustices endured by my students as inequitable, and I am crushed by these injuries though they do not directly harm me. How is it that these kids, who have seen such hardship, can still be hopeful?

Hope, even unrealistic hope, is contagious. My students have given to me, at times by force, a sense of enduring optimism. At times I am shamed into optimism, as I am forced to compare my own tribulations to those of my students, a comparison which never fails to create perspective. Although I have dealt with some severe emotional and physical blows over the years, these tragedies represent a small portion of an otherwise-rewarding and downright-easy life. So many of my equally-privileged peers focus on their hardships, failing to see all of the gifts they enjoy. I do not suffer from this same myopia, and I have my students to thank for my mental well-being; after all, how could I allow my small hardships to define my otherwise-charmed life when my students define their lives



COLUMNS

Things people write thinking that you might care.

time. All of the glories of working with young people compelled me to exceed my Teach for America commitment, staying for eight years rather than two. I would not still be a teacher were it not for the beauty in this charge.

If you have read what I have written about my teaching experience over the past eight years, you know that I often discuss problems. I try to inject hope and joy into my depictions of teaching, but the difficulties justifiably become a focus: I hope that in chronicling the injustices of the largest school system in the United States, I will inspire you to get involved and do something to change this system (or systems where you live that suffer from similar problems). I hope that you will view your own school experiences, be they positive or negative, through the lens I

a student passes an advanced Science test.

- After months of struggle and hard work, a student fails an advanced Science test, but resolves to go to summer school and pass the test in August. Running into that same student in September, I learn that she has passed the test.
- I am waiting for the subway, and some my students stop and scream “Mr. Jensen! Hi Mr. Jensen.”
- I can see the discernable increase in confidence, accomplished in only two days, enjoyed by a student who has just completed my overnight camping trip.
- Riding along on the way to work, I see a student I taught five years ago and we exchange greetings.
- At the end of a bike ride, students

by small charms which float in a vast sea of despair? My teaching experience will, for as long as I remember it, help me to enjoy my life.

And—did I forget to mention?—teaching is extremely fun. Although they come with their own set of difficulties, kids are a whole lot more fun than adults. My students are in many ways less scared than their parental counterparts (my generation?), and are willing to get involved in things that older people think are silly or corny (I suspect that it is more fear than loathing which makes old people shy from the spontaneous or absurd). When I come up with new ideas for activities in my classroom, I rarely have to ask myself, “Will my students respond to this?” They are up for anything that involves interaction, discovery, or some sort of game. If I plan around

these instincts, my classroom is always a blast.

Teaching is also highly comedic. Comedy serves as a fabulous stress-reliever, and brightens my day. Students create comic situations. If I had fallen into the habit of writing down every funny episode that has occurred in my classroom, I would have a book's worth by now. One incident of recent memory: we were using dissecting microscopes to look at rodent skeletons pulled from owl pellets, and one set of students had finished their work cataloging the remains and began looking at their skin under the microscope. After their skin became rather boring, they decided to look at their tongues. It was at this time that I happened upon them, with one student stretching her tongue as far as she could under the microscope and her partner squealing in combined fascination and horror at the sight of the tongue magnified through the scope. These are events that could not be choreographed. I find the bizarre particularly funny, so my students keep me laughing constantly, often without intent.

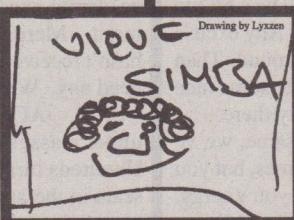
Teachers regularly complain—and rightly so—about being under-appreciated. But, to be honest, I feel at times *over-appreciated*. While society at large may not care about what I do, my students do, and they thank me constantly. Most of their thanks comes indirectly; my students thank me with their enthusiasm, their excited faces when I turn up every morning, and their motivation to be involved with the programs that I coordinate at the school. Some thanks has been very direct; many students have said sincere "thank you's" for even the smallest efforts on my part, for things that I consider part of my job and perhaps beyond necessitating a thanks. I feel appreciated in a way that I have never felt in the adult world, where we are all so loathe to truly thank and appreciate those who help us.

My students have even turned me into a sap. I laughed off all of my own graduations, from junior high school to college, as silly ceremony, superficial and false celebrations of nothing much at all. But when I see my students on graduation day, I melt. They are proud, and thoroughly unashamed of their pride. They feel accomplishment and progress and promise although they have 'only' just graduated from middle school. They find value in something that I took for granted, and make me realize that I have lost some joy in my life because I failed to really appreciate my own milestones. I regain some of that joy in watching these kids, many of whom I helped to graduate, walk across that stage and move on.

There is something glorious in poverty. To romanticize that glory is to create the false impression that poverty is somehow to be tolerated, perhaps even sought after or maintained. Being in a stressful situation—one which is starved for resources—just plain sucks. That those who endure injustice still maintain such great enthusiasm, energy, comedy, and hope should not serve as an apology for these inequities, but as an invitation to those who have not suffered injustice to get involved in the struggle against injustice. I have tried to respond to that invitation. Basking in the warmth of my students' presence

has been the sustenance of and the reward for that response.

Q: That what? A: That life is hectic. Communications, with patience, to: cjensen22@earthlink.net. Or: PO Box 3146/ Steinway Station/Long Island City, NY 11103.



The catalyst: my brother's girlfriend of five years comes to the house, wearing sunglasses. It's January. She tells us how their relationship is over. We want to know why. She takes off her glasses. She has two black eyes. He beat her.

I cannot forgive him. I refuse to forgive him. I have no interest in forgiving him. On that day in January 1996 I decided I no longer had a brother. One day that following April my Dad was amazing. I was visiting him for a weekend and my brother knew. He kept calling my Dad's house asking to speak to me. I didn't want to take the call. I remember with such fondness how my father said the words: "Look, you know how she feels about violence towards women, so just leave it." One of the few times I felt my Dad actually knew me.

People know me for years and don't know I even have a brother. There are no pictures of him in my house. I rarely mention him. I have no contact with him. I have no wish to. Yes, of course it's sad. But there are times when you have to walk away.

When all someone does for years is disappoint; you have to walk away. When all someone does is hurt others that you love; you end up picking a side. When that person becomes emotionally abusive, you have to protect yourself.

My father had an incredible capacity for love and forgiveness. He never bore a grudge. When my brother spent \$15,000.00 of my father's money skipping check-fraud bail and leaving America for Hawaii; my father forgave him. When he was caught entering Australia with \$250,000.00 of stolen jewelry on a random customs search, my father forgave him. When he blew 'fresh start' after 'fresh start' whilst in his mid-thirties due to alcohol, fighting and/or drunk driving, my father forgave him.

He always blamed himself. It was not my father's fault that my brother is an alcoholic. It was not my father's fault that my brother is stupid and greedy and cannot control his emotions. My father was a good man. My brother is not.

Sometimes it's harder to forgive someone for hurting someone you love than it is when they hurt you. If my brother had hurt me maybe I would have forgiven him. But he made my Daddy cry. I hate him for that. He could forgive my brother for everything. But my Mum couldn't and neither could I.

I never trusted him. I never understood all the childhood things. Being about ten years old and hearing the phone go late at night. Finding out in the morning my Dad had gone to some restaurant to save my brother's girlfriend as he'd got really drunk and climbed out the bathroom window and run off to avoid paying, leaving her

sitting there. His girlfriend of eight years.

I never understood why he sometimes smelt really strange and was ranting and rambling when I would bump into him in the hall whilst getting up in the middle of the night to wee. I never understood what an alcoholic was. Until I was old enough to resent it.

I couldn't trust him. My instincts wouldn't let me. Even when my Dad begged and pleaded to give him another chance. Even when my sister asked me to. Even when other family members applied pressure. Trust isn't given. It's earned.

Trust is broken by a brother who leaves England when you are fifteen years old and you don't see for six years. Trust is broken by a brother who doesn't remember your birthday. Who doesn't call or write. Once he called and I answered the phone. I must have been eighteen years old. I remember crying on the phone to him. I remember saying "Am I ever going to see you again?"

He reassured me that I would. By the time he came back, when I was twenty-one, I didn't know him anymore. He didn't know me anymore. We'd spoken maybe three or four times in six years. He wasn't my big brother. He was



someone I had shared my childhood with whom was now a stranger.

There is no trust left when someone screams at you for being selfish three days after your mother dies, because they're drunk and the only way that they can cope with their own emotional pain is to inflict more on others. There is no love left when you see the black eyes of his ex-girlfriend. There is no room left to care for someone when you watch your Dad cry yet again because of despair over how to deal with having a thirty-seven year old son who's just beaten his common-law wife. A son who's now living in a crummy bed-sit, on the dole, with very few/no job skills and is an alcoholic. Enough is enough. You walk away.

But as you walk away and shut the door on one of the two people you shared your childhood with you are left with haunting memories. A picture in your head of being four years old and your big, fifteen year-old brother, who seemed like a God, deigning to spend time with you. Of going to see *Pete's Dragon* at the cinema with him. Of it snowing whilst you are in there. Of walking home that Sunday afternoon in the deep snow, with him giving you piggy-back

rides when your legs got tired. Of walking through that snow, in your red and white moon-boots that you remember so well, holding his hand and chattering away about how fantastic Pete's Dragon truly was.

You're left with those thoughts, juxtaposing with the black-eyes of a woman you respect. Of sitting opposite him at the dinner table for the first twelve years of your life mixing with the tears rolling down your Father's face when he finds out your brother is drinking again. Of wanting to have a big brother, like you had when you were little, to knowing that you can never, ever, allow this destructive human being to ever be close to you again, in order to protect yourself from further abuse.

And of course, there's the voice of reason—the whole 'alcoholism is an illness' thing. The relatives whom judge me for having no time for my brother. Whom say he needs my support, not my scorn or rejection. I answer them with the question of whether they would say the same if it were heroin he were addicted to, rather than the socially acceptable addition of alcohol?

There is a time to walk away from addicts. There is a time you have to put yourself first. When their behaviour is either emotionally or physically abusive you walk away. My brother scares me. He has the capacity for both. I refuse to let him close enough.

My only regret is that I cannot do as my Father asked. In his suicide letter to me, he wrote, "My only wish is that you, Tracey and Stephen bond together in the future, and remember Val and I loved you all dearly." I would like to honour his wish. But I can't.

Families are fucked-up things. And when parents are dead there's no-one to tell you what you must and must not do. My sister has heard from my brother once in the last year. I saw him thirteen months ago at my niece's Batmitzvah. I was pleasant. For my Dad's sake, even though he isn't here to witness it. I will continue to be pleasant at all family functions. But just for my Father.

You can't make broken families whole again. I don't like to let my Dad down. But I won't compromise my values and my beliefs. I won't accept being treated badly by someone with the excuse of it being 'family.' That's bullshit and I won't take it. I'd rather not have a family.

And when I feel bad for letting my Dad down on his final wish I can always make it better. I remind myself that if it had really been that important to Dad that we get along, he should have bloody well stuck around to make sure we did. He took the easy way out, in killing himself. I'm not taking the easy way out. I'm doing things my way. And there's always the consolation, that although it's not the way my Dad would have liked; my Mum would have smiled and nodded.

You look at me with your arms crossed over your chest. "Go ahead and entertain me, just try and make me enjoy this," you say in that tone, the one that says you're done before we've started. "But we haven't even got there yet," I say, "it could be great, they

even recommended it in Xtra!" He maintains his cross-armed pose across the red and white checked tablecloth.

I anticipate the evening ahead. We will go for supper at this new place we are talking about. The meal will go by quite quickly, you won't like the décor, the clientele will be a bit too sloppy, or the food will be too spicy. Any excuse to get out of there, no point in sitting around. Then we'll go for our walk and you'll notice some nice bums here and a nice window display there.

These streets all look the same, we've walked down these roads countless times, but you say the gay life on the street gives you energy. Not too much though, just a sip here and there, enough to have a sample until our next venture.

"So, what do you enjoy? I mean the other night you mentioned that you didn't really like it when the men you're having sex with are focusing just on you."

"Well, it makes me feel like they are expecting something from me."

"It reminds you of commitment," I respond.

"I don't like to waste my time. I know what I like and what I want, so there really isn't much need for all this extra work."

"Work. Everything seems like a job to you. I sometimes wonder if you remember how to relax. Do you ever stop to take things in? I mean really take things in? Savour them? I've never seen you take longer than fifteen minutes to eat a meal. I have to wonder if you taste your food. If you appreciate the texture, the taste of the spices, the smell of it all."

"There isn't much point really, it all winds up in the same place. There's only so much you can take from a meal."

Pause. You start putting your shoes on by the door. "I'm going to be right down!" I hear yelled from the upstairs bedroom. I put on my shoes and jacket, sitting for a minute in the chair. We head out to the truck and the three of us leave for supper.

AN EXEGESIS ON POSTFEMINISM, or how I learned to stop worrying and love my domination

ACT ONE. SCENE ONE. As I make my way through the crowds of demonstrators, trying to get a good look at the cops in full-fledged riot gear, I notice something far more troubling than the overwhelming police presence at a university protest, a protest that is, much to my despair, rather ill-attended regardless. At the perimeters of the protest is a counter-protest. Rightwing counterprotests are nothing new these days. Conservative and reactionary forces have finally adopted the indispensable political tactic once monopolized by the left. Amidst this cacophony, however, I was troubled by something rather different, something I had known but never actually confronted face-to-face. A young, blond-haired Caucasian woman holds up a

large sign in defiant protest of those involved in the main demonstration: MERIT ONLY. She holds this sign as if her very being was an act of courageous protest. She stands amidst the boys—*the men*—defending the state-wide university ban on affirmative action. In her mind, she defends academic excellence, fairness, opportunity, and merit. Merit. No preferential treatment. She hasn't received any. Why should *they*? She won't need any. Why should *they*?

ACT ONE. SCENE TWO. Masses upon masses of women cramming for seat. Hundreds turned away. There are only so many seats in the auditorium. Too many women who want to hear the stories, who want to sympathize, who want to sit back and watch. *After all, I heard Nell Carter was in a few performances.* Students (women) talking about it the following day, how moving it was, how it really made them think. How dire this situation really is. How much we really need to be talking about it. How this has gone unnoticed. *How has this gone unnoticed?* So much attention to it, yet nobody is really attending to it. Those days are over. According to these young women, we have reached the final frontier—*the vagina*. Now that she has her very own monologues, the vagina has finally received her due appreciation.

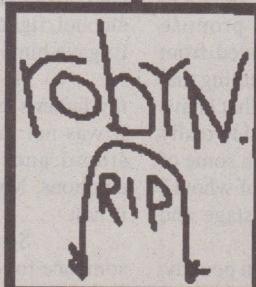
ACT TWO. SCENE ONE. *Television does rot your brain.* I flip through the channels and happen upon a woman promising to offer the key to success: *stand by your man.* Face it, ladies. With your professional success and financial independence only comes a longing, a need for a real man by your side. Ally McBeal is the appropriate icon. Beneath the layers of professionalism and self-reliance, one finds a lonely woman, a woman who needs the companionship of an even more successful man. And a good fuck might be nice too. So this woman on my television screen diagnoses my condition and offers me the solution. Be aggressive at work. Be assertive in public life. But submit at home. Let him dominate me in the kitchen. Let him abuse me in the living room. Let him humiliate me in the bedroom. He will love me for it. And, thus, I will love myself. Sylvia Plath writes in her journals from college, "If he will kiss me, everything will be alright; I'll be pretty again."

Apparently, the last 30 years have been hard on us. We have been made ugly. But this is our debutante ball. We must learn how to be proper ladies. We must learn how to smile and submit. Plath learned to do it. (But she also stuck her head in an oven.)

ACT TWO. SCENE TWO. Recent publication by two young women authors. Let's talk about sex, from a woman's perspective.

It is time that women learned to embrace their sexual desires. We have been known to retreat. Liberation is the ability to just do it. Second-wave has provided the foundation, solving all of those ancient problems the women of yesteryear had to face. The younger generation officially offers its sincere gratitude for liberal reformism of second-wave feminism. Now can we please get on with it? Not to something beyond liberal reformism, but the full realization of liberal reformism. Can we please reform not just the workplace, but the

The Start Of Something New
Daryl Vocat



bedroom? Can we as woman finally demand sexual reform? *Can I please stop faking my orgasm? Feminism doesn't mean shit if I still have to fake it.* Not liberation from the current organization of sexuality. Not emancipation from the orgasm-centered male-dominant sexual system. Equal rights *within* that system.

The acts and scenes described above are representations of a new political climate, though one that never explicitly articulates itself as politics. These various scenes, while distinct in their own right, worthy of individual consideration and analysis, are part of a more general trend. Some manifestations of this trend pass as perfectly innocuous, as in most versions of the second scenes from both acts. Others are more apparent to us as conservative or reactionary positions. However, as I will try to argue, even when couched in its most liberal or progressive rhetoric, we would be wise to approach with caution. In fact, especially when couched in liberal or progressive terms, we should be extremely attentive to the implicit assumptions.

The trend is what is often referred to as *postfeminism*. Post is quite a popular prefix these days. Postpunk. Postcommunism. Post-Cold War. Postmodernism. Postcolonialism. Postanythingandeverythingassociatedwithabeyoneera. I am not one of those reactionary academics who rejects this prefix in all of its forms. But I do reject one particular use of it. *Postfeminism*. I am not quite sure what it even means. I have been able to identify 3 competing versions of this so-called postfeminism. 1.) the notion that feminism was the source of many of women's problems today; the need to reject and move beyond this dangerous but mainstreamed feminist position; *post* as a full break from the past. 2.) the notion that second-wave feminists have basically solved all of the problems women once endured, such as financial dependence, political disenfranchisement, familial expectations and obligations, etc.; the need to keep intact these accomplishments but move beyond them towards a more humanistic politics; *post* as both an incorporation of the past and a move beyond it. 3.) the notion that feminism was too narrow in its concern for women as some sort of identifiable and bounded group; the need to deconstruct "women" as a category and therefore also the politics that organizes on their behalf; *post* as a more philosophically rigorous and enlightened position.

Let me bracket the final use of the term, as I think it is only rarely at work in the domain of popular culture. I also find it to be the most compelling of the three, and would therefore require some fairly lengthy rebuttal. But the first and second versions of postfeminism are everywhere, often overlapping in a singular space in very complicated ways. Conservative and reactionary postfeminist positions often resemble version one. Liberal and progressive postfeminist positions often resemble version two. Both are properly understood as POSTfeminism (as opposed to postFEMINIST), moving away from and beyond a feminist political project.

I want to return to the scenes described above to clarify why I regard them as postfeminist positions. Scene One, Act One describes a woman who presumes that she will be absolutely fine,

that will have affirmative action only a negative impact on her life. She presumes that she has not benefited from affirmative action. Everything she has accomplished has been merit-based. Moreover, she assumes the gender playing field is now equal. Everything she wants, her merit will ensure she gets. She does not see affirmative action as a "women's issue." Women are finally free to move beyond their narrow and particular interest "preferential" policy measures. Feminist campaigning on behalf of affirmative action is a threat to excellence, to objectivity, to neutrality.

Act One, Scene Two refers to the performance of the *Vagina Monologues* a couple of months ago on the UC Berkeley campus. Nice liberal postfeminists appreciate the *Vagina Monologues* for exposing the horrors of a woman's alienation from her own kootchie. The *Monologues* offer a sentimental reconnection to that forgotten territory. Once women can get over all the pain, all of the hurt, all of the terror consolidated in the vagina, they can fully realize their feminine qualities. Feminism is not necessary the road to realization. Feminism, according to this scene, has failed the vagina.

Turning to second act, we move away from the particularities of the university campus (where one might argue feminism has managed to persevere to some extent) to more general representations from mainstream culture. In the first scene of Act Two, we find another unique blend of the two versions of postfeminism. Feminism, as it introduced the possibility of women's success and independence, also produced women's despair. Feminism was ultimately unable to appreciate women's natural dependence upon the phallus. Feminism doesn't make women happy. *Men* make women happy. Feminism only made men angry. And when our men are angry, women are sad. In this scene, women are like children, hoping to win the love and affection from their parents, their teachers, their superiors.

The final scene of Act Two might appear the most innocuous. It is the position held many of the most progressive of women. It might be loosely categorized as a "sex-positive postfeminism" that must not be confused with a sex-radical feminism. It is fairly modest in its claims and even more so in its ambitions. In my ventriloquized version, it demands only a few reforms in our sexual culture: 1.) women must be able to have sex with whom they desire; 2.) women must be able to have sex in the positions they desire; 3.) women must be able to make use of the sex toys and sex films that arouse them; 4.) women must not be forced to fake the orgasm. These reforms are limited to the bedroom, though never fully interrogate the organization of sexuality in our male dominant culture. They fail to recognize the complex *production* or social construction of women's sexuality in a male dominant society. If my sexuality has been created through the apparatus of male domination, of how much use is my sexual liberation when it is not accompanied by my political and economic liberation? This sex-positive postfeminist liberal reformism fully adapts itself to the status quo. Nothing truly fundamental is disturbed. In its most celebratory mode, one hears whispers of various sexual transgressions and deviancies. But this position perpetually fails to make the move

from sexual transgression to sexual transformation. The boundaries remain intact. Norms and expectations of female sexuality are only-reinforced by this position. After all, it is rare that a man with power will complain of a sex-positive postfeminist. She does not frighten him. She excites him. The radical feminist? She terrifies him.

What is most disturbing in this heteroglossia of voices is what is consistently unheard, silenced, repressed, and even unspoken. Feminism has not put an end to the various instances of male domination. It has not adequately addressed the whole of women's subordination yet. Poverty. Unemployment. Racism. (post)Colonialism. Heterosexism. The nearly full burden of childcare. Reproductive unfreedom. Obligatory heterosexuality. Rape. Sexual harassment. Body hatred. And all of the more subtle forms of political, economic, social, cultural, and discursive domination. Feminist political praxis offers the space for a struggle against these patterns of domination, but must abandon the hope that feminism alone can emancipate women. Struggles against class oppression and racial hierarchy are indispensable. But postfeminism is properly understood as a threat to the strength and vitality of a feminist movement that is already under severe pressure from an increasingly conservative political culture. It is a narrow reduction of the space of political organization and mobilization. It claims that our work is over, when our work has not even really begun.

Postfeminism becomes all the more problematic in any space that remains virtually untouched by feminism. Punk/hardcore has maintained its thoroughly masculinist rituals and ideologies through the repression or marginalization of internal feminist perspectives. One can only hope that, despite its inability to confront the feminist critiques of male dominance, punk/hardcore will resist the lure of the *post*, the lure of moving beyond so as to never fully examine within...

P.S. The backlash against academic punks is inexcusable. Surely we must not question one's punk credentials simply because she is engaged in scholarly pursuits in a university setting. There is an assumption that the academic punk is somehow drawn to the subculture because of something she read in a book. The opposite is more often the case—that someone is drawn to intellectual life because of something she read in a 'zine, saw in a record sleeve or discussed at a show. A guest columnist writes, "Punks do not belong in academia. Words mean nothing if they cannot be translated into political action and political action is not possible in a structure whose very existence relies on the power of inertia." What this guest columnist fails to specify is precisely where punks *do* belong, where words *do* translate into political action, and which structures are *not* plagued by inertia. Moreover, one must not assume the rigid division between theory and practice, between philosophical pursuits and an orientation towards political praxis. Finally, simplistic rejections of the university as mere state apparatus and the arts and humanities as mere superstructure will not convince even this Marxist.

Skipping a column last issue was a jolting break from my routine. And, as I am a creature of habit, it was a horrible mistake. So I close with what is so familiar. All thoughts, reactions, and responses are welcome and greatly appreciated. All hate mail and death threats will be thrown into the box labeled "hate mail and death threats." Robyn Marasco/PO Box 13445/Berkeley, CA 94712-4445; hereinhell@aol.com

Apparently there was some sort of mix-up last issue and my column was misplaced. So, what follows is what would have been two columns. (And why I'm still talking about those damned elections!)

Pt. 1

When I wrote the last column about the US election system and promised to wrap it up last issue, I had no idea we would be drowning in so much election bullshit. I can hardly stand to write about this topic any longer, but I am going to see this through.

How embarrassing it is to be American. We send observers all over the world to tell other peoples how to build a democracy, but our own "democratic" system is nothing but a fairly solid theory that is completely corrupted by money and power.

This election exposed many astounding problems with our system, but it was most upsetting to see the election mess distract from the fact that there was little difference between the two major party candidates. Except for a few comparatively minor policy stances, neither one of these men would do anything to disrupt the status quo.

However, I still cling to the notion that we can successfully fight for more democracy. Last issue I listed some of the major problems with our elections system and promised to follow up with solutions. Looking at that list now, I think most of the problems generally have self-defined solutions. For example, if petition requirements to get a candidate on a ballot are too restrictive, then they obviously need to be changed. The exact solutions are too complex and lengthy for this column—even if I had them all.

We need to begin a fundamental discussion about why Americans aren't angrier about this mess. Why are we letting the American people get the shaft once again and why are we not fighting?

I don't have the perfect answer. I think people believe the problems are insurmountable. Our feelings of helplessness combined with a bizarre mixture of patriotism and cynicism prevents us from really challenging a perpetually broken system of government.

Working for a better government begins with knowing how to use that government. Skills for civic involvement and a sense of civic duty should be taught. Most Americans are completely fed-up with the current state of the system and would gladly help make a change. The key is to inform people of what we can do to make things better and get them to believe that they can succeed. If we actually took action—called our

representatives and demanded change, voted for real change, protested in the streets, we could make a difference.

Pt. 2

No doubt most everyone has heard about the recent school shooting incidents here in the US. I have been thinking a lot about them, especially as I hear the media discuss "How could this tragedy have happened?!" over and over again. I find myself losing patience.

Like most nerds, punks, and outsiders, my school experience wasn't a lot of fun. I

faced the typical adversities: getting teased, spit on, pushed, tripped, beat up. Lucky for me, I grew larger than most of my classmates and much of this abuse ended. But, I spent years hating most of the kids around me, and I had developed a mental list of all the fuckers I wished dead for endlessly taunting me all those years.

I think I dealt with those experiences

fairly well at the time, and know I channeled those frustrations and that hatred into more productive endeavors in my life after high school. I hardly even remember the names or faces of my one-time enemies. However, I know many kids never really get over the torment of their junior high and high school years. I know kids that were shunned and brutalized in public school for years. They were damaged by the experience then, and probably are still affected today. It is surprising that one or two of my friends who were harassed in school and ignored and abused at home, didn't just snap and whip out a gun one day. It's not too hard to imagine them doing it because, on my worst days, I probably visualized myself doing the same thing.

Listening to these hacks in the popular media ponder what "evil" could have driven a child to such horrendous acts, I wonder if any of these people remember anything about childhood. Or, were all these people part of the accepted majority that found it so easy to, at the very least, ignore those few outcasts at their school? Perhaps playing the role of the accepted, popular newscaster is an extension of the accepted popular high school student. Maybe lashing out at the people whom they fail to understand is a habit they carry throughout their lives.

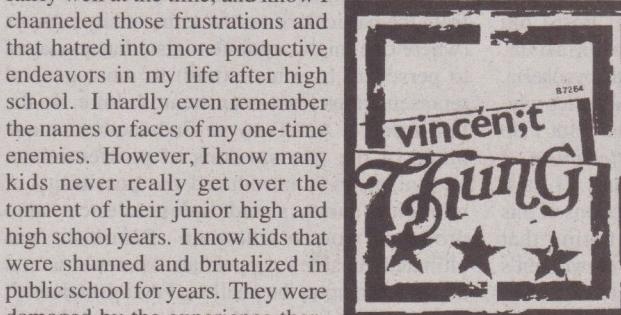
The reality is that you can only push a person so far. These media "experts" need to realize that these kids are not evil, but have been driven to a breaking point. In the past, these outcast and shunned kids may have simply killed themselves, and society would have made very little fuss over it. However, in today's media-hyped society these kids have been provided with a much better way to throw their lives away. In one fell swoop they can get revenge on all those students and teachers who rejected them and make a statement that no one can ignore.

I certainly don't advocate or excuse attacking a school and assassinating all the people you don't like. I think the best way to say "fuck

you" to all the people that tormented you as a kid is to survive and get on with your life. The surprise and misunderstanding that is exhibited by all the "adults" of this world is pathetic. These naysayers simply exhibit how incredibly conformist, insensitive, and down-right daft our society really is.

The devil doesn't create these kids, American society does. We isolate them and abuse them and then we provide them with games and movies that exhibit violence as a valid solution to problems and allow guns to be easily accessible. When violence results from all these factors, we are shocked at what our society's children are capable of. Of course these kids are unstable, and of course they start lashing out. It is amazing that kids didn't start shooting sooner. Once the example was made by a couple of messed-up kids, and everyone finally took notice of the perpetrators of the violence, it seems logical that there were kids in every school who took a minute to think about the possibility of being the next "evil" child.

Bryan Alft/PO Box 8344/Minneapolis, MN 55408/USA; balf@isd.net



Leslie wanted us to include images to "spice up" the columns section for this issue. Please enjoy shameless pictures of me doing stupid shit.

Initially, this issue's column was going to be an ongoing conversation between a well-to-do doctor and a punk rock golf caddy. It was going to be a dialectic between the ideals of Dionysian deconstruction versus Apollonian standards, while pointing out the excesses that exist in both. It was going to be fun and an interesting critique of how we perceive punk and how we perceive others that don't fit into our microcosm.

With a good idea that was more "idea" than "good," it reeked of suckage.

It was painful writing, and I'm doing this on my leisure time, so why bother spending my fun time pulling shrapnel out of my asshole?

BUT I HAVE A PLAN B!

Pat and I had just finished filming episode 420 (yes, bring on the weed jokes, hippie) of Dawson's Creek and were driving down the streets of Wilmington, NC to find Kristin and Raf's place to settle and rest up for the next big adventure (which will indeed include the terms "rocking" and "soaking").

The next adventure happened to be when a stranger named Adam showed up rocking out on the doorstep of our host and without any introductions, exclaimed in true Southern glory, "Wanna come down to The Underground for four dollar pitchers of Bud Light??!!" Raf bought a Coke and we had a soaking time.

I had (as usual) been thinking about the role of subculture within the broader scale of my own life and mainstream pop culture, generating a better understanding of what all happened in the mid to late 70s and being a child born into the era of a post-Sex Pistols Dada-ist uprisings. Of how bent up the term "punk rock" really means today with its cliquey sub-genres, mass

commercialized commodification, and Blink-182. Of how punk rock is no longer at the forefront of my vision, but merely an attachment to my foundations. Sometimes it strengthens the structure, sometimes it's my ball and chain. I wonder how far we can stretch this "all encompassing" term. Of course, relativity decides that depending on perception, the possibilities could be limitless...

Pat and I were talking shit on our friends. Well, not really, but we were talking about whether or not we consider our peers and ourselves "punk/hardcore kids" even though those three terms really don't play a direct relevance to our lives these days. Pat noted that most of the kids he knew that listened to strictly punk and hardcore aren't involved in the scene anymore. They burned out and disappeared after the novelty wore off, while the ones who progressed their interests into other realms stuck around. Those who progress aren't necessarily punk and hardcore, but are really just "music enthusiasts" who were introduced to music fandom through a particular subculture. Pat was really into the term "enthusiasts" merely because he recently purchased his first car and found himself frequenting an Internet forum of "Audi enthusiasts" and paralleled this hobby obsession with that of his own with punk rock.

It's kind of like today when I walked into the house of a prominent local jazz musician and walked into his room of records. As much of a disdain I have for "record collectors," I hide my own vices and literally cream my pants when I hear the word "record room." Three entire walls of records and the first one to be seen is a Nomeansno record. A large SST collection to boot as well. Another example, but not quite as far of a stretch would be a recent issue of *Jockeyslut* magazine (a prominent British electronica magazine) which has a brief write up on the post-rock outfit Tortoise. While not completely surprising, to see the Bad Brains and Slint namedropped here brought a warm feeling to this kid. Not to say electronica and punk rock cannot go hand in hand (because they do, in a way) but in the linear extremes, such connections are few and far between.

There are bike enthusiasts who read this magazine. Movie buffs, TV junkies, comic nerds, graf writers, jocks, chefs, and hundreds of other hobbyists. I keep that in mind because with all the talk about hardcore punk on here, you tend to forget that these are real people with real interests and not so one-dimensional. Unless you're one of those kids who think hardcore is life... then maybe you might want to take up something like knitting. It's fun shit.

YEEHAW, ROCK OUT WITH YOUR COCK OUT!

I hold a certain disdain for people who seriously listen to music for only kitsch factor. Those who are into a certain type of music for the simple reason that it's cheesy and no more. Kitsch is a good thing, of course, and it works better with irony, but when a whole life is encapsulated by such, where's the sincerity? One would be a big, tacky, walking cliche, no?



Disclaimer. Novelty bands can be struck from the list because they intend to be a novelty and therefore invalidate any right to be taken seriously.

This is where I introduce the resurgence of the popularity of late 1980s metal. While I can note the cultural prominence and sheer talent of various bands here and there, I can't understand why an ill-perceived mentality of the fans must be imitated in order to fit with the trend. At the time the genre received mainstream acceptance, it filled the niche of "testosterone rock" which in contemporary times would be bands like Korn, Limp Bizkit, and Kid Rock. What will be interesting to see is that it will be those crazy rap-metal acts that will be on the hipster jukeboxes ten years down the road. I guess in retrospect, musical genres adopt a better acceptance after the hype dies down. Another example to draw is how garage rock was the frat rock of the 1950s.

Back to the present. Frequently these days, I'll come across an indie rocker buying whatever new emo sensation out now and he'll be wearing a Dokken shirt. He'll walk out of the store yelling "METAL DUUUUUUUDE!" and then go bang his head on a car door multiple times before driving off to the shrilling voice of Rob Halford. It's nice to know that he's getting in

touch with what he missed out fifteen years ago, but it's strange that one would find it necessary to instigate a drop in IQ before discussing the mastery of Master of Puppets. Raleigh, NC is a big metal town. The radio station I used to work at was the premier metal station, still having Def

Leppard and Iron Maiden in heavy rotation in 1998. WKNC 88.1 fm was the soundtrack to blue collar workers everywhere. It even had a Saturday morning show dedicated to prison inmates where they could write in requests and we would play them on the air. At the time, I was doing the surf/rockabilly/garage show right after Penitentiary Rock so I would come in early and watch Wendy read the letters on the air. These were people who requested Skid Row's "18 and Life" because they seriously connected with that particular song, not because it was a good rocker of a tune.

So when I took on the job as music director and worked with the staff to replace Godsmack with Sleater-Kinney (we switched to a more "college alternative" format), we expected a cry of anguish, but not to the extent of the program director's living room leveled with dozens of bricks through the window and listeners tracking down my parents' address and threatening my life at their doorstep. It all sounds insane, but it's also very understandable why it happened. Trendy imitators try to mimic Heavy Metal Parking Lot to stay "true to metal," but is that a true appreciation or an insulting mockery?

The aging metalheads still come into my workplace. The ones that seriously listened to Def Leppard when it came out and stuck to it after grunge took over. They are resentful and bitter and listen to Serge Gainsbourg now. See above under "enthusiasts" to see what I mean. They talk about the times where they listened to metal because they were alienated by mainstream music. Sound familiar, eh?

Random notes.

1. I am very glad that Daryl Vocat also shared a love for the new Madonna record in *HeartattaCk #29*.
2. Raleigh, NC hometown hero Ryan Adams is no Gram Parsons. Stop talking like he is.
3. I left out some people on my thanks list for my West Coast trip and I feel bad. Thanks to: Bill (discosucks), Jessica Lanzillo (Olympia, WA), Lance Bangs (congratulations!) and David Landau (both in Portland, OR), and Cecelia Donnellan (Berkeley, CA). You people also fucking rule.

Endorsements with a smile.

There was once a punk band from Raleigh, NC called Johnny Quest that was actually a pretty spectacular band. One of the members, Peyton Reid, is a director now and recently made a film called *Bring it On*, which looked sort of like a cheesy teen sex comedy filled with titillating shots of cheerleader ass. It was actually pretty good and worth checking out. One of the main characters is way into the Cramps and the Clash and gets the head cheerleader in the end. Go punk rock!

My friend Justin Jarboe is a neat fellow. He listens to Moss Icon, Straight Ahead, and Judge. He wears expensive clothes made in sweatshops. He got a Megaforce Records logo tattoo and then two days later broke the edge. He travels around the world with me and is looking for correspondence. He lives in DC and finds himself bitter from boredom. Like Smart Went Crazy once said, "DC will do that to you." jordaneatscumpizza@raisethecurtain.net

Speaking of hobbies, let's discuss "sick and little obsessions." Skip Elsheimer (formerly of the band Wifflefish back in the 90s... strange how that's supposed to be dated, but it doesn't really sound like it at all) collects 16mm educational films and shows them weekly around spaces in Raleigh. He concentrates on various themes, hitting everything from dental films to skateboarding instructional films. They're awfully funny. www.avgeeks.com

Raleigh's fine arts scene got a huge kick in the ass with some DIY flavor a few years ago when the Lump Gallery opened up and opened



the doors to more unconventional art. Since then, they've become a staple in the community and still excite the masses. www.lumpgallery.com; 505 South Blount St./Raleigh, NC 27601; 919.821.9999; lump@alienskin.com. Hours: Saturday and Sunday 1:00-5:00 and by appointment.

More web surfing... go look at my roommate's shit. He does these fake flyer campaigns around NC State's campus just to fuck with the fellow students. <http://www4.ncsu.edu/~aispach> or if you want to look at a professional

portfolio, www.thinmint.org.

For some reason, these are simply amazing: www.graffiti.org/fr8/ihtez/
Contact.

By the time this is published, I will no longer be part of North Carolina. I will have moved on to probably a large urban city where I can tear up roads with my monster truck of a car and appease the booty potential with my rugged, hardened looks. Or be the scared-as-shit Southern boy hiding from the big buildings and people wearing all black. I hear they have something called mass transit out there! If you want to get in touch with me via email until I find a place to settle, vincent@pacihl.com. Remember, these words are my opinion and do not reflect those of *HeartattaCk*. In fact, they're probably deliberately backwards from what *HeartattaCk* would be inclined to say.

If you want to, you can check out my design portfolio and find me a good job in your city. This is what I do when I'm not listening to records: <http://terrorvision.pacihl.com>

Forgive me for my ignorance, but I feel like this one deserves its own column.

At this past Grammy awards, inventive rapper Eminem performed his hit single "Stan" with none other than the one and only Elton John filling in on the chorus, originally sung by Dido. It was a strange scene. Anyway, what I just wanted to say about this is that in a MTV interview about the duet, Eminem (who seems to be openly homophobic) said of Elton (who is an open fan of Slim Shady's): "See, I didn't know he was gay." You gotta love that. Idiot.

Endnote: Thanks to all the people who responded to the column I wrote about my nervous breakdown. It was nuts. I heard from everyone who's been there or knows someone who has to a concerned mother asking me about her son to someone saying that I inspired them to seek out professional help. I'm really glad that I was able to touch off something for all those people. Thanks. jhate@eminem.com

"Home in the city," as Blue Oyster Cult puts it in their song "Burning for You," "isn't home to me." Indeed. "Home is the highway," sings Eric Bloom, soulfully interpreting the lyrics of seethingly resentful music-critic and weirdly almost-famous fringe-cultural icon Richard Meltzer, the proverbial fifth Beatle of Blue Oyster Cult, a man I've met on one occasion and interpreted, falsely, as insane. Further research reveals the fact that Meltzer was, indeed, a satellite member of one of arena-rock's shining luminaries of the 1970's, one of various facts about his life which festers in his brain, producing angry and resentful bile which he can only vent by monologuing about how the world has conspired to keep him down and stifle his genius. The version of Blue Oyster Cult's

"Burning for You" which I have on a mix tape in the car right now is from their career high point, *Extraterrestrial Live*, and during a breakdown part on some song from that album poor E. Bloom, drunk on the magic of the moment, gloats into the microphone... "well, well, well—here we are at the Long Island coliseum, SOLD OUT TO THE MAXIMUM!!!!" It's about 1976, the Ramones are just starting out, playing to 15 angry kids in dingy bars a few miles away from the sold-out arena, Eric Bloom is gloating and the crowd goes wild; three or four years ago I learned that BOC's nightly guarantee is down to \$200 these days, making it almost feasible to get them to play my house and pass a hat. It seems like that ought to soothe Meltzer's ire somewhat; after all, he still receives the occasional royalty check for penning the lyrics to a classic rock radio staple or two, and I doubt that he really wants to live through the indignity of playing my living room to a crowd of fifteen to twenty smirking arena=irony post-rockers. The other great thorn in Meltzer's craw, Lester Bangs, the historically canonized creator

of modern rock journalism (this canonization effectively serving to exclude Meltzer, who was right there, writing for the same damn magazines in the early sixties, getting whacked out of his skull with Led Zeppelin and Black Sabbath and Lester Bangs back stage, but now receiving

none of the credit for blueprinting a lifestyle which has wrecked the lives of countless thousands) is long dead, killed by the very rock'n'roll excesses he articulated into literary existence during a very rock'n'roll life, and Meltzer, always the bridesmaid and never the bride, lives out his life in an innocuous and anonymous little house in Portland, OR, where he awaits the arrival of anyone with even a passing interest in any of the myriad of subjects he is qualified to complain vociferously about.

"Home is the Highway—" It's difficult to get a really powerful and anthemic mid-life crisis going when you've got seethers like Richard Meltzer cluttering up your archetypes of existence file. I'm working on it, and in the same way I try

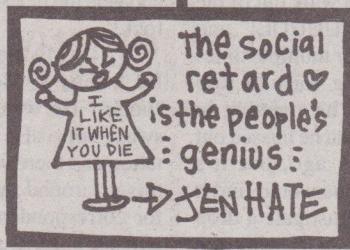
to visualize Blue Oyster Cult staunchly and bravely refusing to fear the reaper at some Elks Lodge in Long Island where thirty or so drunk hairspray casualties beer-bong from pitchers of Miller genuine Draft and play pool, Eric Bloom's voice cracking with that quiver of sublimated defeat as he says, "Port Jefferson Elks Lodge... here we are.... At seventy-five percent of the fire-marshall's legal capacity!!!!" but I just can't help listening to the band and visualizing the arena, the lighters, the fifty-foot mechanized creature who shambles on stage and breathes fire during "Godzilla."

At twenty-nine, I have never sold out an arena and \$200 is still the outer reaches of financial victory as far as playing a show is concerned, and, sure, I'm no Eric Bloom, but I'm no Richard Meltzer either. "Burning for You," a power-ballad about rock'n'roll and long-distance

love, about a love which sets the cities "on flame with rock'n'roll," rings with a bitter ironic inverted meaning to Meltzer, who has burned brightly, and now has the ashes in his mouth to prove it. I suppose there should be some sadness in it for me, too: home in the city is not home to me. I recognize that feeling in myself after even a brief trip away from home. Returning to the alien Chicago apartment, to the familiarity of the crack dealers in the alley, the same sad friends at the same sad bar , pining for the same sad girls, the clutter of my filing cabinet and stereo and all the material objects which are supposed to embrace you with their sense of comforting stability and nestedness—this might as well be the moon, I might as well be the weird, almond-eyed alien on the cover of the Blue Oyster Cult album, descending from the glowing craft and back into my own Extraterrestrial life.

I'm burning for all kinds of people, places and things these days. I have a romanticized and romantic attachment to geography—I fall in love with my surroundings, carry out tormented affairs with the landscape and architecture, have my heart broken eventually by everything and everyone. Like any break-up, you move on. Who can begrudge the curmudgeons of this world becoming bitter, resentful, begrudging? As the great innovators of rock journalism will not hesitate to show you, will not hesitate to scream at you from their front porches on beautiful mornings in Portland, OR: the more past you accrue, the more past there is to be stuck in. Whenever I visit Portland, OR now, it's like visiting an old girlfriend, seeing the familiar and yet somehow disconcertingly alien face of someone you used to be in love with, a girl who was your world. On a beautiful day, in Portland, when people comment offhandedly about how nice the place is, I protest, I tell them not to be fooled by her looks, you should see what she's really like, you should see her after it's been raining for days in a row, and her mascara has run, exposing her pale, sad eyes. You should feel how cold and clammy Portland can be. Oh, it's unfair, I know—Portland is not all cold and clam, but how can I allow myself to think otherwise? How can I face up to how I might have fucked up, what I might be missing out on?

I move a lot. My twenties, in a nutshell, can be summed up as a series of brief and unresolved interactions with people, book-ended by long drives in vans of varying mechanical and bodily soundness. The motion and transience comforts me. It's what I'm used to. At twenty-seven it occurred to me that, no matter what I did with the next three years of my life, even were I to renounce punk rock and get a job at the library, or convert to some random and sedentary religious affiliation, it was too late: the die had been cast. The twenties would forever exist in my history as the van years, the decade I spent in transit, between places, unable to actualize or consummate, only to suggest and extrapolate. You can't help but get callused, emotionally, by such behavior; eventually you've familiarized yourself with the process of dis- and re-engaging, and once you get the basic gist it's just a matter of going through those motions. There comes that inevitable process of reinterpretation every time you start over in a new place—a recontextualization of your experience so that you



can deal with the loss. You decide to focus on the bad times you've left behind. North Carolina, you're so hot and sultry, it's hard to deny your looks, but what's the last time you offered to do my laundry? When's the last time you took me out to eat, or to the movies? North Carolina, the romance is gone—you were cool at first, but after a while I felt I lost you, I was holding on to some imaginary way it could have been while you were coming home later and later, smelling like cigarettes and booze, muttering, "oh, I've been around," when I'd ask where you'd been. Anyway, I'm in Chicago now—home in the city—and, as I go to sleep to gunshots and the whistling bird-calls of street gang signals outside, it makes sense not to think about the nice days or the long walks, the swell times you showed me.

Home in the city: everyone knows I'm faking it. A geographical serial monogamist, every time I set up my filing cabinet and take my record collection out of some van and put it in some room somewhere and boldly proclaim that I'm burning for this new romantic entanglement with a grid system of streets, public transit and food stamp offices, when I make a grand gestures of sentiment—get a library card, for instance—the Meltzers of the world just roll their eyes. I have a surface and cursory knowledge of many places and social groups and individuals, but to answer the question of where I've *lived*—honestly?—I have to concede that I've only existed in most of these places, my body was there but I never full-on lived, except in those brief moments when my stuff was back in storage and I was at a party half-drunk and trying to give away my library card to someone who might actually use it, the moment of weightlessness between places, waiting to get to the next place. There's a lesson to be learned in all of this, but it seems like I probably could have saved myself a lot of trouble and heartbreak by just learning that lesson from the lyrics to Blue Oyster Cult songs.

Still, "Burning for You" doesn't register to me as an admission of my personal, human failure; it's an anthem of victory, somehow, and not defeat. It's Meltzer's articulation of a lifestyle, a way of living, a stream of consciousness which you can find echoed in Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*, Allen Ginsburg's description of a jazz club in the mid-forties, or Aaron Cometbus' evocative descriptions of punk rock as not just a negative counter-reaction to a dead culture but as a living culture itself, a way of living; you find it in fanzines and in a used Dostoyevsky paperback; you read it in Henry Miller and hear it in the band Assfactor 4's ludicrous claim that they will never break up. Punk rock, hardcore—these are just the latest attempts at expressing the inexpressible, the inadequate labels we cling to, to define us and give us some sense that our self-destructive and anti-social activities have meaning and exist in a larger framework of greater importance than just us, individually. The truth is simultaneously so much more and so much less: punk rock is nothing, a meaningless consumer-preference bracket which allows the mainstream culture to eventually produce lines of clothing and specialty record stores for you, until eventually what once was pure energy and excitement—what was once Blue Oyster Cult in the early 70's—becomes a pathetic self-parody. But somewhere within that there are the things which have real meaning, too,

an historically continuous and much deeper, more subversive thread than any existing label or cultural categorization has yet expressed, has yet stamped with the bar-code of historical validation. You just have to keep moving, throw away what you can't carry with you, and store the things which you value enough that you can't slough them off, somewhere. Meltzer is bitter, maybe, because he's seen the other world, where the transcendental moment can justify everything, and yet he's marooned here, with the normal humans and their normal lukewarm concerns. I know how that feels. But you just keep moving.

My first thought was, "She should have killed her tormentors instead of killing herself."

As irrational as that sounds, as cruel and inhuman and monstrous as that may seem, I'm telling you that it was my very first thought. It was my unfiltered initial honest reaction after reading the story of Tempest Smith, a twelve-year-old girl (TWELVE!!!) from Lincoln Park, Michigan who committed suicide after enduring endless taunts from her stupid, thoughtless, ignorant, bigoted classmates.

Tempest was shy and tall for her age (strike one), she frequently dressed in black and had a funny haircut (strike two), and she expressed an interest in Wicca (strike three, you're now an object of derision). Her Christian classmates frequently tormented and teased her. How do I know they were Christian? Well, obviously most people in the United States are Christian, and it's not a stretch to assume that the kids at a suburban Detroit middle school would be mostly Christian. I also know that Tempest's classmates would mock her by singing Christian hymns to her. You may skeptically scoff at this assertion, but a reporter for the *Detroit News* confirmed this.

Tempest's suicide brings up so many issues for me. The first and most obvious one is that of outsiders being tormented by "normal" people, something I dealt with many times as a kid. In fact, one of the ways that I handled being an ugly nerd in middle school was by betraying my fellow geeks and trying to get in good with the cool kids. I used my sense of humor to torment other outcasts, and this kept me in the good graces of the popular clique for almost two years. In eighth grade it all backfired on me, and then in high school I embraced my differences and turned my back on both the "in" crowd and the slightly off-center crowd that tried to be part of the "in" crowd—essentially making the same mistake I had made in middle school, and paying for it the same way. Once I took pride in my status as a full-time outcast, life became so much easier for me.

If you are a kid in middle school or high school, and you feel lonely and isolated and misunderstood, listen to me: I promise that you are NOT ALONE. If everybody hates you because you don't believe in God, or because you are queer, or because you dress differently, then believe me when I tell you that the opinions of

your enemies don't mean shit. I assure you that your life will get much better once you manage to escape high school and start having a little more control over your own life. In fact, if you can start wearing your uniqueness like a badge of honor, I'm pretty sure that you will feel better about yourself. It worked for me. Fly the freak flag with pride, my friend. And if you still feel totally alone, please write to me (see contact information at the end of this column) and we'll talk.

To the rest of you, especially you hardcore/punk kids who make fun of younger kids for not being hardcore or punk enough, or because they are wearing mall-bought Nirvana or Dead Kennedys or even Slipknot shirts... We have to reach out to kids like Tempest as often as possible. Won't you join me in vowing to refrain from mocking those kids, and to let them know that they have a place in our culture? Hardcore/punk has provided a safe place and a community for a lot of people who had none at all. Let's make sure we keep it that way.

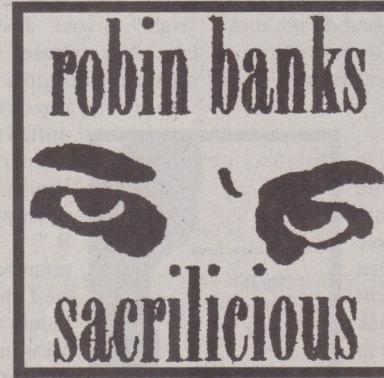
Tempest's suicide also highlights the fact that (in our society, at least) girls tend to internalize their alienation; boys tend to externalize it. Rage and pain seem to become self-mutilation and eating disorders in girls, but the same emotions grow into hostility and violence in boys. I know this is a gross generalization, but it is based on my experience. When something bad happens to the girls that I know, they question themselves and become wracked with painful self-doubt: what did I do wrong? Nobody likes me! When something equally awful happens to the boys I know, they blame the whole world, and try to find someone to take it out on.

Furthermore, her death once again shows that Christians tend to be annoying hypocrites who would much rather demonize people like Tempest than condescend to treat her as a fellow human being. Or if they aren't inclined to emotionally abuse non-Christians, then they want to homogenize them by converting the infidels to the One True Way of Living. Just imagine if some loving Christian had showed some kind attention to Tempest—it would have been a shallow ruse designed to get her to wear pastels and go to church. Fuck that.

Anyway, I don't really wish that Tempest had killed her classmates. What I really wish is that she had started writing lyrics and learning the guitar, or devoted herself to painting and sculpture, or spent time planning pranks on her tormentors, or produced a 'zine. Anything, anything at all except suicide.

I don't believe in ghosts, but if such a thing were possible, I hope that Tempest's spirit will haunt her classmates and her do-nothing teachers for the rest of their miserable lives.

You can read George Hunter's fine story about Tempest Smith at the *Detroit News* website: <http://www.detroitnews.com/2001/schools/0103/07/a01-196600.htm>



And if you want to contact me, you can write me at robinbanks@disinfo.net, or you can write me a letter: PO Box 4964/Louisville, KY 40204-0964/USA. (You can also send me a message on AOL IM, my username is robinbanks01, but I warn you, I'm not online often.)

I especially love getting email or letters from irate semi-literate Christians who fill their missives with pious cliches and accusations that they can't even back up. Fuck, I know the Bible better than they do. So if you're one of those, please write, I LOVE getting mail from you. And while you're at it, remember Matthew 5:42 (NIV), "Give to the one who asks you, and do not turn away from the one who wants to borrow from you," and please send me fifty dollars in cash. I bet you won't.

First off, I'd like to make a correction from my article that appeared in the last HaC. I wrote the word "Imminent Domain" when I should have written "Eminent Domain." I expected that the crack staff of HaC editors would catch that, but no luck. Sorry about that.

Where does the line between coping out and actually doing something exist? The person who can answer that easily deserves a whole years supply of samosa. This little question coupled with what do we actually want to happen to the world, are the two biggest questions facing a world of activists and would-be activists. An anecdote to illustrate:

My wife and I recently moved from a town-house styled apartment, right up the hill to a lovely little working class neighborhood called Chalfant. The move went smoothly enough. Some friends helped, so the wasted Saturday went rather painlessly.

In addition to the newfound ability we had to categorize our stuff and get rid of a few things we didn't want or need any longer, we found ourselves entrenched in our new home among what seemed like a ton of moving boxes and packing materials. In a slightly more progressive environment, recycling these wouldn't be an issue, but in the community of East Pittsburgh, in the borough of Chalfant, it is.

My wife and I attempt to live at least somewhat of a green, or environmentally friendly, lifestyle. (Viva the home composting worm bin!) We wanted to make sure that those boxes made their way into the recycle and not the landfill. With a little question asking we soon found an independently run natural food store in our area that would take the boxes and recycle them.

The whole point behind this little story is to illustrate how the little battles, the little revolutions, the everyday acts of expending energy to make your world a better place, are vastly important. Cynics, mid-90's styled American stand up comedian like folks, often create a great amount of distance between themselves and the actions that make a difference. Think about it. There are so many people that say things like "the world won't change either way if those boxes were in the recycle or in the landfill." It's rather easy to dismiss the actions of others. It's rather easy to dismiss any positive

action as nothing but hot air. Those little actions are the glue of resistance. Don't look the other way. The actions of the individual DO matter.

Some might think that I'm in some way talking about voting here. I'm not. I like to think of Ammon Hennacy's (the old Catholic Anarchist Pacifist) opinions on voting. He said that he voted with his body, everyday in every situation. He didn't relegate the responsibility of performing those actions to someone else. After the last U.S. election, and a bit of local Pittsburgh politics, I have developed quite a distaste for the vote. I was personally turned away from the polls without so much as a second thought about my so-called "right" to vote. Just a "Sorry. You name's not here. Next, please!" After that I figured I would maintain an eligible voting status so that I could vote if a local referendum came up. My mind drifted to the political shiftiness that occurred in my home state of Pennsylvania (see HaC#29 for my rundown of that fiasco) called "Plan B." This move reversed a referendum vote in which the voters said that they did not want tax money to pay for multiple sports areas in the city. The local and state government simply reversed the "democratic" vote that took place. So, as you can see, my recent experiences and observations have soured me on voting. Who knows what my opinion in the future will be, but for now, my vote will be my every action and my ballot will be my body.

The combination of recent observations and little experiences like trying to figure out what to do with those moving boxes have only reinforced the ideas I've been ruminating on for a while. A very intelligent man once told me that the so-called big revolutionary actions seldom come along for most of us. Taking to the streets in massive demonstrations does occur, but not every day and not for everyone. These everyday things are the battles (if taking to the streets is the war.) We only do ourselves, our communities and our struggle a disservice when we forsake these things. **Next time we'll talk about what we actually want the world to be like AND how we need to interact with REAL people to get there!**

Hey. *HereBeDragons* is a 'zine that I do. Want one? A buck (U.S.) will do it. Anyone swap Smiths and Morrissey Bootlegs? Get in touch.

Electronic mail is xericx@telarama.com. Real mail is PO Box 162/Turtle Creek, PA 15145. C'mon. Write me. I dare ya.

This is your self-defence manual; your London Underground map to womyn-positive self-defence in a danger-filled world of patriarchal pitfalls. The fourth wave of feminism is here, and after civil rights, consciousness-raising experiments, splintering affinity groups, scholarship and reams of literature; the age of direct action for gender trouble and equality and against global patriarchy and sexism is here.

Fight Like A Girl is a regular column of ideas for empowering ourselves and our sisters. These ideas are also intended to inspire you to your own actions. The manual comes (so far) in six sections to be spread across various issues of *HeartattaCk* as follows:

- 1) Raising the standard
- 2) Fighting Rape
- 3) Feminist Frontline—against sexist media & advertising (This issue)
- 4) Guerrilla Girls—art for the post-patriarchy
- 5) Swinging Sisterhood
- 6) Self-Defence

Anyone with a 'zine, website, interest in making flyers etc. is encouraged (@nti-copyright) to reproduce any or every part of these writings. Any more ideas for adding to the list under past, present or future sections; or if you have comments or want to make general connection here is the info:

Laura/14 Batavia Mews/London/SE14 6EA/UK; laura_wirtz@yahoo.com; <http://connect.to/synthesis>

One basic thing to keep in mind is this: PROTECTING OTHER WOMYN IS SELF-DEFENCE AND SELF-DEFENCE IS PROTECTING OTHER WOMYN.

Fight Like A Girl Part 3) Feminist Frontline—against sexist media & advertising ON THE STREETS

Feminist Frontline is in the spirit of the Animal Liberation Front and anti-nazi activists—underground cells of direct activists ridding the streets of sexism—but in a fun & creative way. FF particularly concentrates on sexism in the media & advertising. I won't here go into the misogyny of Hollywood, the body fascism of the fashion industry, the sexexploitation of advertising etc. Either you are bothered by these things or you are not, you feel these are relevant issues or you do not, and you feel that it could be fun to fight them or not. The FF standpoint is, obviously, to go after media in all its forms where it is not womyn-friendly.

POTENTIAL TARGETS

Billboard advertisements—spraypainting, paintballing, flyposting etc. The creative possibilities are endless. Patriarchal funeral pyre—of stolen products of sexist culture such as lad's mags, porn mags, Arkangel CDs etc. Hold it in a public place such as a hardcore festival. Skateboard shops—spraypaint to those decks showing scantily clad wank-fodder, tear out adverts in skate mags with similar images.

Cinemas—1 in 8 Hollywood films contains a rape scene, and of course nearly every Hollywood film is rife with sexism & misogyny.

So take your friends to the movies with you and when a dodgy scene starts up, stand up and give a live commentary on what is happening. You can demand to see the cinema manager and get your money back because you don't want to contribute to people who make films with such negative images.

'Feminine Hygiene'—Why are we led to believe that our natural functions are unhygienic? The tampon/pad/douche/feminine



FIGHT LIKE A GIRL

(feminist direct action)



deodorant industry is a male-run conspiracy to rip us off, make us unhealthy and alienate us from our bodies! Adverts, supermarkets, dispensers in public toilets are all fair game.

MAINSTREAM MEDIA—Who needs it?

Boycott all media that is not woman-positive. Don't watch films with rape scenes—it only brings us down to constantly see ourselves portrayed as victims

FEMINIST FRONTLINE WAS HERE

It is always effective to leave a graffiti tag behind when you do actions—let them know this was a raging feminist girl who brought such destruction upon the evil minions of patriarchy!

"DO YOU SUFFER A N X I E T Y ? SHYNESS? WE CAN HELP," screamed the advertisement. I was casually skimming through a newspaper while on the bus, living the day according to whim. I had been without a job for almost five months. That's twenty weeks, somewhere around 140 days. Amidst the usual fun of reading, writing, cruising around the cold, mean streets of Philly on the bike, random acts of volunteerism and activism, minor traveling, and plenty of punk rock, I began to feel a creeping Routine setting in and taking over. I needed a new adventure, a fresh start.

I'm confident most readers of this counter-cultural publication know a thing or two about drug studies. You know, when large pharmaceutical corporations enlist consenting individuals to serve as human guinea pigs to test the safety, efficacy and overall human impact of new, as yet un-FDA-approved drugs. There exists a universe of such studies (a true testament of the scope and power of the pharmaceutical industry), and a congruent legion of guinea pigs ready to sacrifice time, blood, bodily fluids and possibly health to endure the procedures in return for monetary compensation. I've heard of some bizarre studies. Obviously, the more esoteric, the more dangerous, the more they pay. One study paid \$2000. The personal cost: nine-day ingestion of a pill containing trace amounts of radiation. Another study required the willing subject to the amputation of one of their big toes for \$5000. The allure of a life of drug studies is clear: you get to live a life work free, that is, if you enroll in enough studies that pay the bills. Plenty of people work it to a T.

So I saw this ad and decided this was a perfect opportunity to investigate this under-reported realm of our society. And besides, maybe the pills would do me some good. I envisioned a happier, more outgoing me, free of all worries and fears, munching down those anxiety-fighting pills like Tic Tacs, and instantaneously transforming into the social superhero, boldly going where no ultra shy wimp had gone before.

I dialed the number and left a message with an answering service. The next day, bright and early, I woke up to a phone call from a boisterous woman. "Hello William!" she exclaimed in that irritating corporate-tone, "You're the social anxiety one, right?" That remark sent off the alarm bells. Already I was a marked man. She continued, "So, what seems to be the problem? Do you feel reluctant to engage

in social situations? Do you feel all jittery before them?" I answered truthfully and with all the articulation of a dog with a swollen tongue: "Yeah, uh, yeah I get all nervous and, um, stuff." Try as hard as I could to deliver an eloquent explanation of my symptoms, it came out mangled beyond recognition of proper human speech, making me sound like a hung over minion of Beavis and Butthead. "Alright William, let's set up an interview with the Doctor and he'll discuss the program with you." That finalized it; no going back now. They had my information, my name, address, phone number, social security number, and when they have that, they have you like a piece of furniture.

A week later the big day arrived. I showered, shaved and rehearsed my story. 'Indeed, I've had trouble socializing my

whole life,' would go my weepy tale to the Doctor. I wouldn't even have to embellish or falsify any information. I reached their building and walked inside, past clean cut men in sharp suits wreaking of expensive cologne and wealth. I glanced down at my attire—blue jeans, thrift store purchased brown jacket with a paper clip in place of a broken zipper. I felt as out of place as a cop at a Mumia rally. I approached the elevators. Two were open and packed with people. I did not enter either. Another opened and I sprinted inside. Five big men followed me. The door slid closed and the silence burst upon us like a bomb. It was one of those deliciously awkward moments. All six of us, complete strangers, stared up at the floor numbers, begging the elevator god to hasten the trip to our destination, and trying desperately to pretend no one else was in that elevator. Maybe they were getting off at my floor to see a Doctor about anxiety issues. I was the only one to step out at the fourth floor.

I approached the office door, then quickly retreated to the restroom (as if I intended to rest in that room). I peered at myself in the mirror and wondered, "Is this the face of social anxiety?" I mustered up the fortitude and strode into their office. It was quite expansive, looking more like the DMV or a free health clinic, not an office in some posh suit-and-tie building. Several clusters of chairs dotted the landscape, flanked by short white tables littered with public-friendly magazines like *Time* and *People*. Three TV sets hung from the ceiling broadcasting soap operas and talk shows. An older woman sat far to the right, while an older couple sat towards the back wall. One lone middle-aged man lounged out to the left, reading a *Car vs. Driver* magazine. I approached the receptionist, a hefty, quite jolly older woman. I told her my name and she immediately located it on her list. She handed me a stack of forms to read and fill out.

With a quick glance around the room, I ascertained the most isolated seat. It's funny how most people (in the U.S. anyway), when presented with a public space structured like this, will seek out a seat as far away from another person as possible. Maybe it is an entire nation suffering from social anxiety, a variant on one-time critical theorist Eric Fromm's pioneering psychoanalytical work *The Sick Society*.

The forms were routine medical

paperwork, loaded with inquiries into my family and personal medical history. I signed my name and date to every page, as instructed. The receptionist said it was a mere formality, though I felt some concern when one page told me to sign only after I had a chance to discuss it with the Doctor. I signed away my life anyway. I handed the pile over, and returned to my seat. I look at the *Car vs. Driver* reader. He appeared to be your average blue-collar worker, perhaps a carpenter or a contractor, some vocation where the hands get dirty and the health benefits are scarce. Did he suffer social anxiety? What did any of my waiting room peers suffer from? It felt weird sitting in there, knowing these strangers knew I harbored some psychoses, as I knew they did. It made me think of how it must feel to go to a porn theatre. You look around and know that everyone attends for some unspeakable reason, i.e. jerking off, yet no one acknowledges this fact. You just sit back, leer at the screen, and hope no one sees what's trapped in your tight, sweaty palmed grip.

The carpenter then rose, dropping his magazine into a messy heap on the table, and went to television set directly across from him. He switched off *General Hospital* and turned on *Jerry Springer*. "That's more like it," he grunted. No one seemed to mind his taste in the scurrilous.

After over an hour of waiting, a woman called my name and led me into the matrix of the pharmaceutical research study compound. We went into her office. I felt claustrophobic while trapped within its narrow confines, like the walls would close in at any moment. I'd seen cubicles more spacious than her office. She explained the first part of my day's activities with them. "I'm going to ask you some questions. What I want you to do is to answer them with a number according the level of your resistance to what I am asking." I looked at her, confused. She elaborated, "Four is the most extreme. Three, you feel a fair amount of resistance. Two, you experience some but not a lot. And one, you rarely feel any stress or anxiety. Does that make sense now?" "Um, yeah," I responded. "Great! Then let's begin." As she fired away at me with her psychological questions, I scanned the office. If a person's environment is any reflection of their personality, then this woman had some problems of her own. The walls were bare, save for a pair of dull paintings that probably came with the office, and some framed diplomas and degrees proudly announcing that here was an esteemed individual who spent lots of time and money to have those pieces of paper to hang on the walls.

As for the questions, they were likely culled from some very prestigious academic journal on anxiety disorders. "How would you feel about calling someone you do not know?" I answered, "Uh, I'd say that would be a, ummm, that's a 2. No, NO, wait, a 3, yup, that one's a three." "O.K., what about meeting girls. How would you feel about meeting a girl in a bar?" I had two thoughts about this. One, I would never try to pick up a girl in some fucking bar (too much sXe pride). Two, did this woman not even consider the fact I might be gay? But I answered quickly, tersely, surely "That's a four." When the interrogation ended, she took a minute to tally up my score. She looked up and said, "O.K. great! You will be meeting with Dr. Eisen. He will ask

you some questions and explain the program." I sneaked a peak at the paper in front of her, and saw 95 written in big red marker. I supposed 95 was a passing score, allowing me to graduate and move onto the Doctor.

But I didn't get my degree just yet. The woman led me to a chair outside her office and said, "The Doctor would be with you momentarily." Just what I needed, I thought with disgust, more waiting. I expected to be in their presence for an hour—already it'd been over two hours. I picked up a *Newsweek* and flipped through it. Waiting... waiting... listening to another woman talk with a patient in an office nearby. "Now listen to me: if you experience any side effects, anything at all, go to the emergency room immediately. We haven't experienced any problems yet, but it's always a possibility." Oh man, I thought, the emergency room? Side effects? I hadn't seriously contemplated the very real danger of ingesting experimental, un-tested medications. Why should I trust huge a multinational pharmaceutical company to care about my health? The fear grabbed me violently. I was assailed by a mental slideshow of all vestiges of gruesome physical reactions induced by the anti-shyness pills. I foresaw me vomiting uncontrollably on my bike ride to the hospital, me seeing angels dancing outside the kitchen window and smashing through to play with them, and my stomach imploding with a dull thud followed by a deluge of blood, guts, bones and other fleshy materials shooting like an upside down geyser from my ass.

When the mental picture show threatened to send me screaming from the office, the Doctor finally showed himself. "Hello William," he meekly said. He was a rather short man, with gray hair and sleepy eyes. "I am Dr. Eisen. I apologize for the wait. Please come into my office." Something about the Doc led me to view him as a shady guy, despite his excessively friendly demeanor. Maybe he was a little too friendly. I followed him into another small office. He sat behind his dark wood desk, myself sitting in front of him. I noticed the standard degrees on the wall, a robust bookshelf engorged with sundry folders, journals and literature. I saw a rather immense framed photograph of the indigenous people's of some decidedly non-Western nation. I wondered if a true humanitarian sat before me, one who devoted his time towards the betterment of all life on this planet, an avatar of benevolence, a paragon of modern medicine. Then I realized he worked for a major pharmaceutical corporation and discounted any notion of this guy's selfless pursuit of the common good.

Dr. Eisen launched into a long and thorough monologue about the study and its aims. Many medications exist to treat anxiety, such as Paxil or Zantec. They were testing a new medication not yet on the market. People such as myself were quite important in determining the possible benefits of these medications. The Great Company cared about us, and our health would be monitored carefully. Yeah, I bet, I was a guinea pig. The only thing they cared about was concocting a drug that would obtain FDA approval and be put on sale to rake in more millions by commodifying mental illness and making a quick buck on it.

Then he asked me some questions. This

session went much quicker than my previous one, the questions similar in content. When he finished, he looked up and handed me a thick pack of photocopied materials. He said, "I would like you to read through this description of the program. If you have any questions, we will discuss them, and remember: you are under no obligation to join our study." What was he, a car salesman in a former career existence? "When you are completed, we will have the nurse conduct the physical examination." Nurse? Physical examination? That caught me off guard. Fear crept in me like rogues of the night.

I again suppressed the urge to bolt out of there, and went into yet another office room to peruse the packet. It detailed the volunteer's role in the research study. I would attend weekly appointments to assess the impact of the drugs on my behavior. I would take two different pills three times a day. I would keep a detailed journal of my actions and any side effects of the medication, which included dizziness, nausea, diarrhea, fainting, insomnia and impotence. I ignored my extreme reservations and signed my life away once more to the pharmaceutical gods. Dr. Eisen returned and said, as calm and monotonously as before, "Thank you William. Welcome to the Program." He sounded like Hal from 2001. And I was concerned about my well being in this machine-like man's hands.

I had to endure another painfully long wait. As I leafed through a particularly insipid issue of *People* magazine, a fellow guinea pig sat down next to me. I played it cool, continuing to gaze intently at my magazine and feigning a genuine interest in an article on Survivor 2. Not once did I look over at her. She picked up a magazine, *Entertainment Weekly*, and made barely a sound. Did she have social anxiety too? Was this an elaborate scheme to test my retarded people skills? Suddenly the receptionist shattered my thought process. "William? William? Are you the social phobia?" What the fuck sort of question was that to ask a person in front of others, I protested mentally. "Um, yeah, uh, that's me." Yep, the fucking poster boy of social phobia. I felt like a well-dressed, chisel-faced actor in a Paxil commercial.

Then the nurse appeared. "William? Sorry for the wait. You can follow me," she said. She seemed young, not much older than me. Long, wavy hair flowed from her head and a slew of metal ornaments adorned her body, such as bracelets, earrings, and rings. She talked as if she were getting paid by the word. In five minutes I knew how long she worked there, her interest in veganism and animal rights, how many brothers she had, and her opinion on the new President. She told me to sit on one of those cold doctor chairs with the piece of white paper covering. She hooked up a mess of cords, tubes and wires to my naked chest in order to measure my heart rate. "Looks A.O.K. to me, but we'll send out your EKG for a specialist to analyze." I felt relieved and healthy, as I always feel upon leaving a doctor's office with a clean bill of health. It is as if I somehow excelled at the game of proper health and been bestowed with an award from the physician.

All seemed well until she said, "Time for the bad part." Whenever a professional purveyor of all that is medical says, "time for the

bad part," you cannot help but be overcome by a distinct sensation of total panic. She pulled out one of those bouncy, thick rubber band like tubes and three vials. I knew what was in store. "People hate me for this, but I have to do it," she said as she reached for a syringe.

I hadn't had blood taken in years. I had no intention of having it pilfered needlessly from my body for many years more. The entire procedure struck me as unnatural. It seemed like a painful and unnecessary violation of the body. And to now have my blood stolen from me in some corporate office masquerading as a medical facility did not make me a happy camper. In keeping with the question I was asked about earlier ("Do you have a problem expressing dissent?") "That would be a four"), I protested not a word and awaited the rude penetration.

She tied the hose tight around my left arm, that being the one with a choice, juicy vein popping out of the skin like a swollen purple worm. I felt like I was suddenly in a William S. Burroughs novel. She rubbed a potent smelling alcohol over the vein and drove the needle in as I turned my head as far in the other direction as my neck would allow. I felt the sickening pressure of the syringe as it hung from my vein. "See?" she said cheerfully, "You're doing really well. Are you looking?" "Noooo," I winced with a pained quiver in my voice. In less than a minute, she filled the three vials full with my dark red plasma. As she pulled the needle out, a sharp lightening bolt of pain shot through my arm. "Oops! Sorry about that," the nurse said, "I must have taken it out too fast." She showed me the vials and there it was—my precious blood drilled from me like oil. It was now theirs to do with as they liked.

"See?" she pointed reassuringly at the vials. "I barely took any blood." I didn't believe her. It looked like enough to fill an appendage or vital organ. Then my stomach began churning like a volcano erupted deep within my intestines. The room spun around and everything flickered like a strobe light went on and I was trapped in some rave scene in a science fiction fantasy about psychopathic doctors who perform grisly, unnecessary surgeries on their patients, and then I heard that Suicidal Tendencies song where the guy goes, "I'm not crazy—you're all crazy!" and just when I though my meager breakfast would flee the inferno in my belly, I told the nurse, "I don't feel too hot." She hastily replied, "Lay down! I'll get the Doctor," as if he were some sort of real doctor. Upon resting my spinning head on the cold vinyl doctor chair, the somersaulting room slowly regained its formerly stationary position. The nurse returned with the Doctor, both wearing looks of mortal shock. They probably foresaw impending litigation and costly legal wrangles due to a botched drawing of blood. "Do we have any juice or crackers?" he demanded. "Give him some water!" "I feel better now, I can get up," I said. I lifted myself upright and all seemed well. I quickly chugged the tiny cup of water the nurse handed me. She then procured a small plastic bottle of orange juice, which I ravenously sucked down, thinking that maybe some pulp floated within the glorious orange waterfall flowing into my empty gut.

"I have never reacted like that before," I claimed, feeling foolish for the scene. "It happens," the Doctor said. "You're a little guy,

too, so if you haven't eaten anything that would worsen the effect." Then my head felt as if it were five times its normal size. A tremendous sensation of heat bloomed like a balloon in my face; it felt like a furnace pulsating with fire in my skull. "I'm starting to feel kinda flush," I weakly observed, sending them into a panic once again. "Lay back down! Lay back down." As soon as I went horizontal, the pressure cooker in my brain went dead and all seemed well again. After a few minutes of repose, I got up, pissed in a cup and went to wait for the final round in drug study preparation.

A different girl sat and read my *People* magazine, so I picked up the *Entertainment Weekly*, which proved somehow less intellectually stimulating. By now I was weary, hungry, fed up with rotting beneath the florescent sun all afternoon. After too long a time, a woman introduced herself as Mrs. Murphy, amusing since she appeared no older than me. We went into her office. She must have had some seniority over everyone else I met that day, since her office was a palatial estate in comparison to the rest. She handed me more forms, and two unmarked boxes of pills. She told me, "You will receive \$25 for each visit. If the medications prove to work, and we receive FDA approval, you will receive a six month supply of the pills, for free!" Barely able to contain my joy (to leave, not for the free drugs), we shook hands and I walked dazed and abused into the reception area.

The receptionist reimbursed me for my train ride down. As I neared the door to finally leave, the receptionist said, in a creepy voice, "So you're one of us now, eh?" I felt like I was initiated into their cult. I answered, "I guess so." I walked out with a strange premonition of bad things to come. Inside the elevator, two men in suits costing more than my rent shot disdainful sideways glances at me. I pictured them saying when I was gone, "Look Richard, another poor soul fallen under the sway of that pharmaceutical research cult."

Outside the building, I reached for my band-less watch: 4:30. I arrived at 1:00. The air felt cool and I gorged myself with it. I got on the train. I pulled out the orange juice they gave me and saw that it was one month past its sell-by date. I knew it had all been a mistake.

I never heard from the drug study research group again. I never called back. The pills still sit, unopened, on my kitchen table. I took this as an omen, an act of the gods, not to tangle with drug studies.

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Slumped in his chair he reminisced with me about how students used to be more *like me*—how he can relate to being the *odd one out*—because of his face in pictures of anti-war protests and the frowns he got from bosses. A *kindred spirit*, he called me—two or three times—I worked to keep my eyebrows from pulling toward one another. He understood my frustration and just wanted me to *stick it out*. I kept quiet mostly, I knew that was

best in these situations. I spoke up a little when we talked about the IMC or other ways to challenge corporate media. He smiled at my idealistic tendencies and encouraged me *not to limit my options*—to think more about jobs in the mainstream, where I could *make a difference*. I didn't smile at his idealistic tendencies.

He only had fifteen minutes to convince me before the next student would walk in and plead to get the inside scoop for an internship at the *SF Chronicle* or *NY Times*—I would be sure to "grrrrr" at them on my way out.

"Don't you think it's easier to be a radical, leftist journalist writing for an alternative publication?" Easy? I think not. It's fucking hard fighting the 6 headed monster of: GE, CBS, Viacom, Disney, AOL/Time Warner, News Corp/FOX, that keeps growing as heads merge—after getting done with a full day of work—and really just wanting to watch the Simpsons. It's not easy trying to sway mass-pop-culture zombies—fuck it's hard not to become one most of the time, but what he said sunk in.

It is easier to preach to those already in your corner than go out to the 16th and Mission BART station with your small amplifier and crackling microphone. It's easy to get your point across to people who already agree. It's easy and it's comfortable and the pats on your back are abundant—so maybe this was his point. Or maybe he sensed my stubborn side that hated to be told she did anything the easy way, and he really is just another tentacle of the 6 headed monster and was luring me into the world of familiar slogans and simplistic happiness for only \$5.99, so another one would be lost?

When I think of life after graduation I really only had one picture—work as a waitress, and at night contribute to the rising trend of alternative and independent media getting paid solely on the "this is the right thing to do" attitude. But of course it's more than that—Independent media is becoming a crucial tool in the anti-globalization/anti-capitalist/anti-authoritarian (insert your own "anti—" here) movement. Even Subcomandante Marcos reiterates the importance of independent media. "The work of independent media is to tell the history of social struggle in the world. Independent media try to save history, the present history saving it and trying to share it, so it will not disappear." Well really what else can you say, but "Yep." Also independent media is creating an incredibly pro-active response. Every once in a while the rhetoric comes up against corp. media, but mostly they don't even have to say it because they are just doing it—providing inspiring alternatives instead of pointing out all the problems and then offering no real solutions.

But the chair of the Journalism Department (who I swear is the live version of Quoyle from *The Shipping News*)—except he worked for

Rolling Stone, not a small paper in Newfoundland) didn't let up after my schpeal about how I had made up my mind. He leaned back a little further—now eating an apple, which only made him all the larger. Poor little apple never stood a chance. He leaned back and took a sarcastic pause before continuing. "Don't you want to shake

things up?"

I remember in high school watching an episode of Oprah and the topic was potential welfare reform. Oprah, in her charismatic way, convinced the little girl on the couch eating chips and salsa that a two-year limit on welfare was the answer to the whole welfare debate. Yeah, that makes sense that in two years all those pesky welfare moms could get a job and pull themselves up—sure, sign me up for that petition!

I'm sure Oprah's writers and producers said the same thing and smiled at one another over \$5 coffee concoctions and \$100,000 pay checks. The interns smiled over their clipboards admiring the new leader in feminism. But, what if someone brought up the question of childcare, the structural racism that won't go away in two years, the lack of job skill training, that most people die in the same class they are born into and it's not some "bad luck" come their way, and in reality people like Oprah need people struggling to just keep the poverty line in sight to make everything else run smoothly. Ok, maybe that last part would have me blacklisted, but intelligently put thought provoking questions couldn't hurt to a woman who is so obviously detached. If you are only surrounded by back-patters what's going to make you think any different?

There are fewer and fewer refreshing voices in corporate media, and the more that leave the more corporate media becomes completely representative of all those balding white men with antiquated ideals and youthful wives sitting in mahogany offices discussing the future of cleavage.

Of course I REALLY hope I never end up working for Oprah—but someplace like *Time* or *Newsweek* might be interesting—but maybe it's just selling my soul to the devil, or worse becoming a *reform advocate*. Because in reality corporate media is beyond reform. It's beyond reform and we need to build alternative systems and refuse to exist in their institutions while working to tear out the foundation they rely on. However, I'm 21 and doubt I will see the demise of corporate media before I retire to my study of books and yellowed articles with my name across the top. So what is the most effective?

Also, one thing I've learned in my journalism studies is what power journalists have as individuals. When she goes out to cover, say, a "protest turned violent," she has the complete power of who she interviews, where the focus goes (the one broken window vs. the hundreds of puppets), where the camera turns, and she can basically shape the story. Every protest has a hundred stories within it and we know where most corp. journalists tend to focus, and it's not where I would or do.

I mean no matter what—when it comes down to it if you work for corporate media you've sold out, sold your soul to the devil, became a washed up activist hanging on to stories that start out "when I was younger..." Every meal you eat is paid for by images and words that send subliminal (or sometimes obvious) messages of all the -isms.

The fact that I'm even writing this column is difficult—I come from a long history (well a couple years or so) of turning my back to people who start out their speech "If you want to change the system you gotta work within the

Guest columnist: Lauren Rosa

system..." Yeah-fuckin'-right. But maybe it's not about changing corp. media, because I have no desire to do that. But maybe it's about making life a little harder for people like Oprah, and realizing that corp. media is moving towards a homogenous monopoly. So it's more about inserting the voice of dissent.

So where's a gal like me to go? The hand holding the standard college degree in journalism, but the anarchist disposition that wants to create alternatives to anything that fuels capitalism.

Your turn - what's your take on this?
E-mail me: sevenbells@onebox.com

"Sanctions in Iraq... We ain't down with that!!!"

— Memphis Radical Cheerleading Squad

So much has happened this last weekend, but just a single vision continues to haunt me. The picture of a fourteen year old boy laying in a hospital bed waiting for death to release him from his prison... his own body and life. The following is a collection of facts, events, and emotions, both from others and myself. I hope it can serve its purpose.

I was one of the many organizers of a rally in Memphis to end the war against the Iraqi people, be it sanctions or bombs, that was directly linked with the Omran Bus Tour. The Omran Bus Tour is named after Omran Harbi Jawair, a thirteen year old boy who was killed in May of 2000 by American bombs dropped on the field he was tending sheep in. The tour's purpose is to spread the truths and horrors of the sanctions, going from town to town speaking, distributing literature, and gathering school supplies for Iraqi children.

The war itself has never ended in Iraq. It was just hidden away from us in a stack of paperwork somewhere, not touched by the media and pushed from desk to desk for policy makers. The sanctions in Iraq are more severe than many of us know or can fully understand. The United States/UN passed Security Council Resolution 661 which wages war on the civilian population by denying them food, medicines like penicillin, and chemicals for clean drinking water. Even simple tools like pencils are band due to these policies. What is a person going to do with a pencil? Build a bomb with it? Stab an American to death? Two hundred and fifty people die every day in Iraq due to the sanctions. They die from everything from starvation to disease to common and preventable problems like diarrhea. Many of these deaths are children under the age of five.

The air strikes are also killing hundreds, but much more directly of course. America has spent over two billion dollars a year to drop bombs in no-fly zones, with over half of the casualties being civilians. Many times civilians, not buildings, are the primary objective. In the recent air raids by Bush Jr., cluster bombs were dropped instead of regular bombs or missiles. Cluster bombs are used not for destroying structural targets, but instead human ones. Just think about a cloud of land mines falling from the sky and

you'll get the picture.

One of the speakers from the Omran bus told a story about his travels to Iraq visiting children in hospitals. One such story was about a fourteen-year old boy dying of leukemia without any medicine to prevent the disease or the pain it caused. He had come into a room full of sick children and noticed the boy across the room, just a skeleton wrapped in flesh. He visited every child there, passing out sheets of paper with his name and story on them, but just couldn't bring himself to see the boy. Of course the boy felt left out and alone, begging the doctors to bring the man over. Finally he was pulled in and handed the boy the sheet of paper.

The boy studied it line by line until he felt he understood. Then he reached for a pen clipped on the man's shirt pocket. So weak was his state that he couldn't even lift it out, so the man pulled it out, uncapped it, and passed it over. To his surprise the boy carved out his name in English on the page.

Suddenly the boy began to cry, cringing in pain. The doctors came over and tapped an IV in his arm. The IV bag was empty though, only put in to try and make the boy think there was medicine and thus feel somewhat better. This failed though and the boy reached out for the man's hand, still crying. He slowly moved to where his organs were pressed up against his skin and motioned for the man to massage them. He did so and the boy overtime became relaxed and calmed. The human interaction and cooperation was enough.

I have no idea how well I got across the intensity of the story. Probably not too well, as I didn't experience it first hand. Nonetheless those words brought tears to my eyes and turned my stomach upside down. I sat on the ground with my legs crossed and my arms wrapped around my torso, fighting off any feeling of breaking down and crying. That is hopelessness. That is a moment where you feel that nothing you can do will ever be able to prevent such pain and suffering. But damn it if we don't all try. Fuck us if we give up.

And that was what the rally was all about. With the bus as our backdrop in front of the Memphis Federal Building on the Main St. Mall, bands, speakers, performance artists, activists, and just regular folks came together in solidarity because we felt we could change things in some way if we tried.

The protest itself was supposed to start at 2pm but all the speakers and equipment hadn't shown by that time. That is the worst thing to deal with when you have invested a lot of time and effort into planning an event. You want things to run at their best because you know you did your best. Nonetheless, things got rolling with some street theatre that was practiced the day before. It was great, Saddam and Uncle Sam (both being the enemy of course) killing people and shaking hands as truth was laid to rest. Following that, Dr. Nabil Bayakly, the head of Middle Eastern studies at the University of Memphis, spoke about the historical importance of Iraq and how the war on Iraq was also a war on history.

The place were the wheel was created was, in his opinion, being eradication from our past.

While Cadre was playing some socialist folk song, the equipment for the bands arrived. I was finally feeling a bit of relief. By the end of the first set of cheers by the radical cheerleaders, which were incredible by the way, everything was set up and some how we were back on schedule. Yasmine, a student from Iraq, then read a poem and shared her experiences. My band, the People's War, followed. It's so hard to play outside, especially in a place as wide open as the Main St. Mall. We couldn't hear each other at all and the performance was a bit under par because of it. But it wasn't how good we played, it was that we played and gave off/shared that energy and anger. I think the highlight was looking up into an open blue sky while exploding from my throat. I hadn't seen anything but walls before.

By the end of our set Food Not Bombs had food set up for everyone... a definite bonus to any mass gathering. That mass sure did look small in such a big place though. If you didn't count the people around you, it seemed so minute. Following food, speakers from various organizations, including the Omran bus, spoke... all of which were very informative and moving. The crowd grew a lot during those speeches and leveled off by the time Pezz played. Being the eleven-year veterans that they are, they played nearly perfectly. An excellent end to an inspiring day.

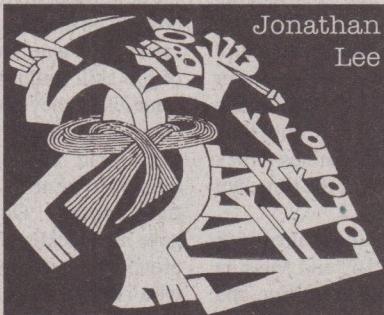
The only complaint I have was the lack of media presence. I guess I expected too much, but there just wasn't any. After personally sending 50 press releases (plus add the ones others sent), I thought there was no way to refuse it completely. I was wrong. Later we heard from many journalists who tried to pick up the story but got it axed by editors above. Fucking typical in this town. Any town. Another reason to start your own media like this one.

Putting on such an event was a lot easier than you might think. It just takes your time and effort but nearly anyone can get permits approved by the City Permits office and the police department. If you haven't a clue how to do it, you are welcome to contact me. The local anarchist collective has the whole day on video if you are interested in viewing some of the speakers and such. We also have tons of literature around town and are more than willing to send anyone some. Please get in touch:

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Soul is Cheap Records also put out the new Remus and the Romulus Nation 7" which contains information on the current situation in Iraq. It is available through Ebullition or Stickfigure. If they are out, e-mail me. Thanks to Ceylon, John, and everyone else involved with the rally. Without you I am nothing.



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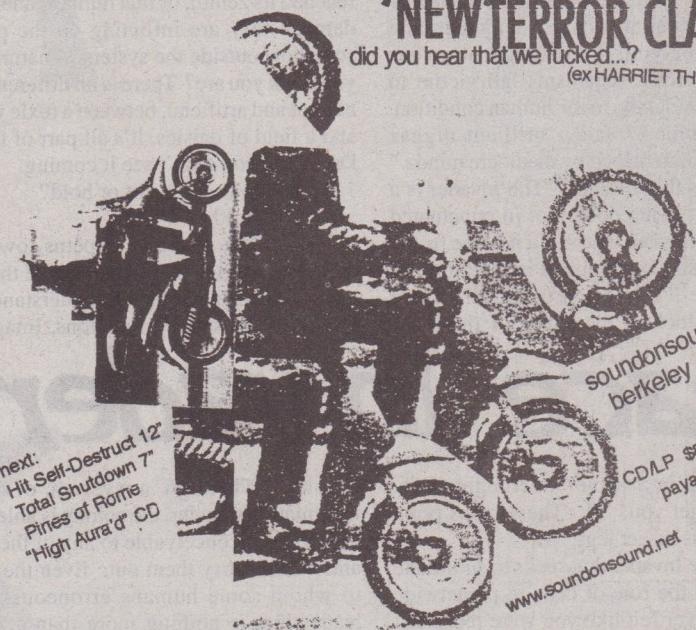
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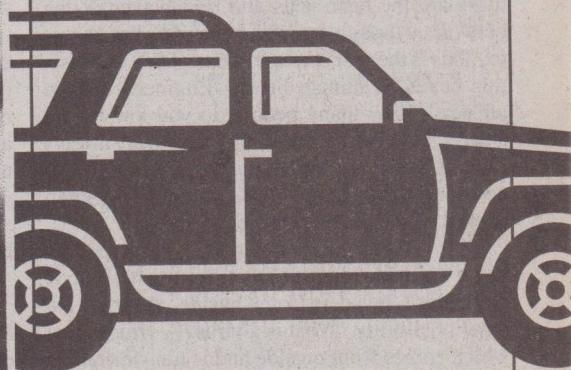
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There is a spectre haunting mankind. The Invader has monkeyed the works and worked the monkeys, like a bad case of the Possessions. The next step in the game of evolution is being programmed as we speak, and all those so cute and cuddly human beings we have all come to know and love like so many Beanie Babies... well, they might just accidentally get fucked. There is a force out there and it is combining and combining and combining: cells into organs into organisms into something that is conglomerating you with neither your knowledge nor your permission. Anarchic organisms fall victim to pack mentality. Welcome to the human condition. As Albert Einstein #7 said, "brilliant niggaz always be gettin bum rushed by mediocre mindz."

Who is this Invader? The Invader is a sentient virus. It is the dotdotdot in punctuated evolution. This invader, where did it come from? It always has been. It is imbued in the fabric of the universe. We'll call this virus M. M. There is no referent—look at the shape of the letter

Space Invaders

looming over you in Sesame Street nightmares. M. Coming to get you. M. The vicious point between chitinous insect legs. M.

M. The Invader that seeks to sublimate human beings to the role of cells in planetwide synthesis. M. Ever felt like you were receiving thoughts outside your own? M. Ever looked down on the city from an airplane and seen a circuit board thinking for itself along powerline-highway neural networks, automobiles binary digits? M. Battalions of space invaders: M. Chikchik chikchik, chikchik chikchik...

M has designed the human mind to store information: a computer chip. Indeed, the entire human race is a planetwide circuitboard, and the commerce of ideas, financial cycles, the worldwide web, fashion entertainment, trends images ideas stemming from indefinable sources, these are the heartbeats and brainwaves of the network, a thought process none of us has access to. This is the vast secret purpose of this exercise, this beautiful human beast. Engineered from outside. How many people do you know who always leave the TV and radio on, who are always jacked into the internet, who read every newspaper and magazine; watch E! to keep abreast of the times? Data entry.

We're being typed and prototyped so fast it's already almost too late to stop it. Who is doing this? Invaders from Outside. A virus. No other possibility. What is a virus? A virus is that which comes from outside and is transformative in nature, turning what was once autonomous into a factory for viral ends. The computer virus? The computer is the virus, get it? The computer will soon become incorporated into the human organism. Commodity to necessity. This is the way of things. Look at your answering machine, your VCR. Wasn't so long ago they didn't exist, now you can't live without them. In the Infolution, the body will become obsolete. Look at any television ad, any fashion magazine: they're already paving the way for the plastic revolution.

Cosmetic surgery will soon be a rite of passage like orthodontics. Who wants an ugly

baby? We'll all be androids soon. Genetic Engineering merges with the silicone revolution and BANG! Another dotdotdot, each change as drastic as the sum of all previous changes—the evolution of evolution. Faster and faster, and faster and faster. It's a merry-go-round you can't get off, a merry-go-round that ain't so merry any more.

What? Did you think evolution had reached its zenith, or that humans and that drastic damage they are inflicting on the planet were somehow outside the system of nature? Who do you think you are? There is no difference between natural and artificial, between a toxic waste dump and a field of daisies, it's all part of the process. Don't say you didn't see it coming.

In or out? Hit or hold?

Hold.

The phantom impetus towards meta-organism exerted by M can best be thought of as a Headless Conspiracy. To understand the way a Headless Conspiracy functions, imagine an ant

colony. Through a system of rules and information transfer, the colony is able to achieve objectives inconceivable to any of the individual ants which carry them out. Even the queen ant, to whom some humans erroneously attribute leadership, is nothing more than a specialized breeding organ of the colony who has no more power or understanding of the workings of the whole than does the lowest slave. The same model works for the United States of America and its president, who is nothing more than the hood ornament on the Car of America. It's no surprise that ex-actors and pro wrestlers make the best presidents. M. The conspiracy so deep that all its operatives are unaware of its objectives, of its very existence. At best, they see the workings of M's puppet fronts: the CIA, Taliban, Scientology, the Masons, the Catholic Church, Scientific Atlanta, KOCMOC. Deeper and deeper.

Despite its exclusion from university classrooms, *The Illuminati Trilogy* and *The Book of the Subgenius* are the greatest piece of literature of the Twentieth Century, and the funniest thing about it is that it is 100% true. Everything is 100% true. Do you get the picture?

No?

Too absorbed in the pixels. Take a step

back.

M.

What are the aims of an entity such as M? A difficult question to answer. To the outside observer: assimilation, control. But these are merely tools for a something that eclipses our scope of comprehension. Think of yourself as a binary digit in a computer chip. The course of your existence is determined by the gates you pass through in the course of your existence: AND, NAND, OR, NOR, XOR. These gates seem to you to be ends unto themselves, agents that dictate the course of your actions, gatekeepers and angels in a nightmare straight outta Kafka. Their goals as they seem to you are not even remotely akin to their incomprehensible function in the operation of the chip and the program being run. The power of the Babylon system is that it hides behind

bureaucracy, employee handbooks, and K-Mart propaganda films. There's no one doesn't have to answer to someone. Everyone's just trying to get what he can grab without getting gaffled. And the citizens, (i.e., you) they all just fall in line.

Look at an ant colony: a failed attempt at corporatism. The organism had not developed enough. But the humans have. And the time for the Next Step is now. What do you do for a living?

ANSWER: The same thing over and over. Welcome to the ant farm.

So how can you fight M? Sabotage a multi-national corporation and it's the workers who'll suffer most. The partitioning of tasks, the assembly line are assimilating mankind into a new entity, a prototype of corporatism. These corporations functions on a tight conglomerate of specialized systems, and they are invincible. All commands are hardwired in, all parts easily replaceable. Look into the scratches in the buildings and you will see the traces of the giant that stalks the earth. It is a new form of organism—the next step on the evolutionary scale. We have become parts of the machine, uniform bodies move as one, the same way that organelles became parts of the cell, cells of the organism. These metaorganisms are nearly impossible to destroy, because they do not exist on the human level. You see, no one is actually an agent of M. We are all just pretending. We are all just doing our jobs. We are all just trying not to get caught. The reason your boss is such an asshole to you is that he's afraid of his boss and on and on ... Think it's any different over in Communist China?

So who's behind it all? Despite what the simpleminded Socialists proselytizing off-campus might say, that Boss of Bosses—let's just call him Rex Hugo—he just does not exist.

At least not here.

Rex Hugo slips through the sands of system. Oh he exists all right. Just not as a human being, nothing you can touch. More like an electromagnetic field orienting particles in a particular direction. He is an Operator.

Listen to me here. (Are you listening to me or no?) There are two classes of people: Operators and Things. Things are one dimensional: the ants, the drones that keep the metro-organism functioning—cells. Faceless Suits on the subways looking angry and corporate, cellphone robots, cubicle geeks genetically engineered for data entry like veal calves.

Workers and Bosses, Man et La Machine, blahblah blahblah blah, nothing you haven't read a hundred times before in The Communist Manifesto that you've never actually read, right? But you see, that's not quite how it goes. The world of Operators & Things is a world off kilter to our own. Far away from the Here & Now that you have come to Know & Love so much so much, right. A particular Operator never coincides exactly with a single human being, and therein lies his power. Thus arguments about whether the Operator we have come to call the Antichrist (aka Mr. 666, aka Lew Siffer) is the Pope or the President of the United States are moot, because the Antichrist only appears as phantom menace hovering over a variety of personages in a variety of times and places exerting metonymy that links persons to a realm of power and event greater than themselves. But the Chick tracts are right, the devil is real; and he

functions via Operation.

Like, Hitler was just some dude, dude; and the swastika, it's just like six lines, man. Right? But not right. It's not real, and it's more real than that. The notion of Operators & Things works like that, on metonymy. Like the Bohr model of the electron, simple and pretty, it works as long as you're only playing the averages and don't try to predict individual behavior. An Operator is the virus web of plague influence; you can only see his face in composite pictures spliced together of the myriad infected. It's in the averages, son. Absolute control is impossible, so you affect the propensities. Change the tides and the waves will do your bidding. Operators work at a distance by means of a psychic gravity. A pull, a longing, a sort of ennui, and the Things fall right into orbit.

So who is this Rex Hugo? Rex Hugo is the man in your nightmares. He is all the ugliness, he is stain personified. He is the frowns on all the jugglers and the clowns. I can just see the hole now, in an ugly green suit, smoking an Capitalist cigar so nasty, holding his GAP whip over those Indonesian sweatshop children with sadsad tears in their oh so adorable Japanimation eyes—looks like something right out of a feed the children infomercial. Ain't that Tiny Tim himself? No, no, too—well, how do you say it—too Asian. Making 'em make Nikes for niggaz to buy with crack money fronted through the same channels the CIA keeps the immigrants poor too poor. It's all the same. Nike is a Columbian drug cartel supported by the CIA selling shoebase to the brotherman on the night of the living dead, and we have a taste of the logic that you will need to adapt in order to see the agents and entities of M. Rex Hugo is not Ill Gates or The Donald, but the field within which they can exist. All celebrities are robots, and Rex Hugo is their programmer. Rex Hugo is the uberGates; he wasn't Rockefeller, but he is now.

So how can you find him and fink him out?

Like all Operators, Rex Hugo is a figment of the collective imagination of an invisible brotherhood known as HEAVEN: Humans Eliminate All Viral Entities Now. Rex Hugo is face we have put on M for this most dangerous game of ours. The members of HEAVEN are counter-agents, antibodies. They are glitches within the system, autonomous agents who function like vires, appropriating it to their own ends. Most of these agents are simply bad sectors, disk error, land mines wiped out in their own catastrophe. Snow crash. Total annihilation. But amongst the ranks of simple glitch, there are fringe characters and lunatics from every era, harbingers of the apocalypse, who have bequeathed their DNA and rewired the beast. Saints, Perverts, and Geniuses: Nostradamus, Kafka, Sigmund Freud, Nietzsche, Albert Einstein. They are the ones who have succeeded, infiltrated—I could tell you what they're all about and I've read none of them. Nor care to. I am only interested in the image they have projected into the future, the echo of their monstrosity, calculated to haywire the machine. They have ascended into soundbyte, into language. Their names becomes words: -isms, -esques, -ians. From Sadism to Marxism, it's all the same. Whatever their purpose, they are extremely

dangerous to M. They are cancerous tissue, bricks through the window of system.

Smash rationality and commune with the Mind Behind. Rip the veneer of sensibility off Control and smash the robot power beneath. Everything random and haphazard is your friend, a helpful little munchkin pointing the way. Everything published, broadcast, manufactured is an agent of control. Look at the test rabbit faces staring at you from checkout-counter Cosmos and Glamours and Mademoiselles. Recurring worlds of violence grow like toadstools on pages of newspapers, newzines, keeping the citizens under self-imposed martial law. What we call the Media is a tool of a cartel of Operators known as The Image Brokers. The Image Brokers invade media host cells and turn them into image identity factories. Anorexia is engineered in an effort to eradicate superfluous material. Makeup ads, music videos, magazines promote plastic surgery, boob jobs, the waif look, whatever. The corpus is become obsolete; soon we will all be made out of plastic. Tattooing and body piercing lead the way for fashion statement plastic surgery. Mankind will ascend from organism into image through the vulgar mechanisms of the Image Brokers spewing the Black&White Panic: plane crashes, maniacs, terrorists, guns, drugs, cults and gangs. Hysteria. The safe and sane American has no choice but to hunker down in front of his redwhite&blue television set and commiserate with the victim's family. Either that or laugh at some schmuck getting mauled by a bear on Fox, in the process consuming more and more gigabytes of useless noise.

But there are innumerable methods you can use to distort the Control Waves emitted by the Operators. Look for signs, Prophesy in the random. Why do you think that prophets of every age and school rely on cards and dates, thrown bones and the patterns in tea leaves and cigarette embers? Our lives are arranged according to tight patterns. We are slaves to routine, and communion with the random is communion with the Outside, an earsplitting burst of static feedback that can shatter the crystal palace of time and rationality and send the courtesans running for the chicken coop. Routine, control, even matter itself are nothing but wave patterns, radio signals from beyond, connections and reactions interference patterns between the waves.

Disassemble archetype and scatter the shrapnel onto the future. There is a world at angles to our own, a green district. It's not easy to see. It's been beaten out of you. But you can do it. Look at things askew. Fuck system and rip the squares to shreds. Believe everything you hear, but not like they mean it. Fuck Dan Rather and CNN. Do not listen to the newscaster man; he is not mellow.

Get your facts from The World Weekly News and bums explicating the apocalypse. Everything is true. Repeat it like a mantra. Can you fathom. Open. Open. Open. Tune in on everything. It's all true. The World Weekly News is more accurate than The New York Times. Every paranoid conspiracy buff is right, every rambling lunatic is right. They're all right. Who is the eye atop the pyramid? Correct. Whatever you said, correct.

The CIA engineered the slayings of King, X, Kennedy, Kennedy & Kennedy. They

knew too much about the plan for the CIA and the Medellin Cartel to combine force to create a ghetto market for crack, putting money into the hands of gangs. Weaponry increases and the police have an excuse to tighten security.

The Moon landing was a hoax, pictures taken in the Nevada desert. Why do you think there were never any more moon missions? We never got there. No man has left the Earth's atmosphere. Space is a dead wasteland. The whole race to the moon was just a Happy McFace to put on the Arms Race. Missile technology. Give the marks at home something to cheer about bigger than the Olympics, make 'em proud to be American.

NASA has been building bases on Mars since the Sixties using warez acquired from the Nazis after the war. Kidnapping the homeless and the alienated for slave labor to build a habitable Mars for the upcoming Earth crisis, which Terrence McKenna and the Mayan astronomers both predicted will happen on December 21, 2012. Global warming floods Florida, freezes Europe, California falls into the sea. The 3L33+ escape to Mars. Too much to be coincidence. And so the Operators are building colonies on Mars with slave labor. How else do you explain all the missing people. You can't deny it, people are disappearing.

Agents of HEAVEN are not bothered by seemingly contradictory hypotheses. An agent is everything at once. She flips systems like biscuits. The sutra for the agent is this: "Someone is trying to tell me Something."

Someone is trying to tell you something. Listen. Read the signs in everything, because everything is a sign. Psychic power is not some secret ability that some have and others don't. It's been right there in front of you all along; it's just a matter of practice. In no time at all, things will jump out at you. You are learning Telecult power. Let them guide you. Ask questions; you will find them answered. Be alert. There is but one tenet of Telecult Power and it is this: Everything is Significant. Remember this well, Grasshopper, and repeat it like a mantra. There are no accidents; it is all orchestrated. Everything is talking to you. Shut up and start listening. Start paying attention. Stop being a drone. Don't watch television, or when you do, pay more attention to the commercials than to the programs. Only by disassembling information can we see it for what it really is and break its hold over us. Smash the control images and you smash the control machine. Soon you will soon discover the sinister purpose behind it, you will begin to understand what the Image Brokers want you to believe.

There is no system stronger than a single man, geddit cowboy? And the larger the system, the more susceptible it is to the monkey's wrench—why do you think disease is so lethal? The ultimate goal of HEAVEN's agents is to enter into system, and beat M at its own game. Masters make apprentices into masters who make more apprentices into more and more masters. In this way can the beast be ridden with sickness and destroyed.

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Movie Chat with Marianne and Andy

The movie chat is done online using instant messenger. If you have made a short film or an independent movie, feel free to send it in to us! (Use the *HeartattaCk* address)

The first tape we talked about was *Broke*, a twenty minute b/w film that was written, directed and produced by Matt Goldman. *Broke* is a quirky short that deals with the pressure and the ensuing insanity of living in a major city. There are multiple story lines that intertwine and bounce off each other and then, towards the end, all come together in a neat resolve. If you're interested in seeing this movie for yourself contact Smog Veil Records at 774 Mays #10-PMB 454/I.V., NV 89541 or www.smogveil.com.

Marianne: Okay then, *Broke*. What did you think?

Andy: I enjoyed it, I felt it was well done.

M: Me too, as far as production values go it was definitely good.

A: It was well paced, it never seemed to drag.

M: It was definitely one of the better student films I've seen. Actually I'm not sure it was a student film...

A: It was cool the way they were able to connect all the stories together with minimal dialogue.

M: It had this sort of karmic feel to it.

A: Totally.

M: What goes around comes around.

A: Even though they never really stated it outright the film dealt with a lot of issues; religion, lack of empathy for your fellow man, cultural dominance, etc.

M: I'm really glad that was in there, otherwise a guy like the nut nazi would have been just obnoxious.

A: Yeah, it tied up nicely. I was worried at first that it was just going to be a bunch of random things happening that looked cool but never amounted to anything.

M: I was thinking about the correlation between movies and music.

A: For example?

M: There are bands that just play a number of random riffs in a row, but it never really becomes a song.

A: The songs just get messy and never amount to anything. So many metal bands seem to do that. They just pile endless riff after riff to show how technically proficient they are but they can't write a coherent song.

M: It's hard to keep people interested, a lot harder with movies, actually.

A: A lot of films seem to be like that too, just random and aesthetically pleasing but lacking substance.

M: How many times are you going to want to watch those?

A: By my own admission I have a short attention span so it better suck me in quick.

M: Hehehe...

A: And as usual I was happy they filmed it in black and white.

M: Yeah, I was very much into the look of *Broke*.

A: It helped add to the grittiness of the story. And the interaction with the music was done well too, it actually lended itself to the story rather than being just a soundtrack. The cast was well selected too, with a lot of movies like this the director just seems to cast friends who really can't act and it shows.

M: Oh, definitely, especially the nut guy—who I think is the director—did a very good job. I'm just wondering why so many songs are very political but I haven't really seen that many indie/underground movies that have that same sort of anger. It seems to be very hard to translate that momentum into moving images without being corny.

A: It is definitely harder to transfer that with moving images. I think it's because with music you can add your own visuals and see what angers you and make it more personal so it doesn't seem corny. Whereas with movies you are seeing someone else's version and it is hardly as good as your own. Which isn't to slight anyone, it's just you imagine it one way and when you see it differently you can't help but be let down. It's the same reason most books don't transfer well into films.

M: Well, maybe it's just easier to "fake" it with music. You can write your 2 minute song and be all pissed off and revolutionary, but what does it really amount to? If you had to make that feeling stick to a story line for 20 minutes...

A: Yeah, but it amounted to the band expressing themselves more freely than with the limitations of film, even if it didn't change anything.

M: Good point.

A: Music is just a much more immediate medium. Just think of how many bands you can relate to and not understand any of their lyrics. For example, when you see a band like Los Crudos play you don't know what any of the lyrics mean but you can relate to the intensity of it. It's harder to do that with film.

M: Maybe it's just wrong to want to compare story telling and songwriting.

A: I don't think it's wrong to compare the two. It's a valid idea, the best films tend to be an interaction of the two. I'm not talking about musicals here, either. I mean, think of how many emotional scenes are heightened with the soundtrack building in the background. The music gives it that immediate feeling that the dialogue is hard pressed to deliver on its own.

M: But if you do compare music and movies, would you say that *Broke* failed or not?

A: I don't think it failed. It succeeded in getting its message across without being emotionally void.

M: All I'm saying is that there are records I want to hear again and again, but not that many movies

that I want to see over and over.

A: Records tend to hold that feeling longer. All the movies that made me cry on their initial viewing, the second time through they didn't have nearly the same effect, but songs can retain that over and over.

Next up is Episode 11 of the Comedy Show *Fun and Games*. (I think it's doubtful that 10 more episodes of this show actually exist—I'm assuming that this was another bonus joke.) *Fun and Games* is sketch comedy that might or might not have been inspired by shows like *The Kids In The Hall* or *The Upright Citizens Brigade*. It features members of the Sophie Nun Squad and is about 45 minutes long. Let the hilarity begin:

Marianne: So what did you think?

Andy: I thought it was pretty grating and only occasionally funny. I thought all the obnoxious laughing was really, really annoying.

M: Totally. I don't want to be all negative, but it was really quite awful to watch. I find it very hard to say anything positive about it. The skits were definitely all far too long. Not even the outtakes were funny.

A: Yeah, even though I really wanted to like this, but it felt like if you weren't there or directly involved with it then it wasn't funny.

M: Is there anything positive you can say about it?

A: I liked the Britney Spears cover, done all Tom Waits-style.

M: That part wasn't so bad.

A: It didn't save the movie but it wasn't bad. Man, I feel so negative...

M: It just seems like the kind of project that doesn't really need to be shared with the rest of the world.

A: It's like a big "in joke" that we aren't in on. I had to watch it in 5 different sittings.

M: It wasn't even all that long but it seemed to take forever, it just dragged.

A: That silly thing with the clowns... I was so sick of that.

M: I wonder if they thought that other people would find it funny.

A: I'm assuming, if they sent it in for review...

M: Or if they're aware that other people might not like it and they released it anyway.

A: I don't know, that's a lot of work for just that. I'm stuck because I want to be constructive about this, but I'm not sure what to say. The thing is it wasn't even technically that good outside of plot. It resembled all the school videos I made (none of which were good).

M: I was just thinking that it would be cool to do a punk comedy thing in the vein of *Roger and Me*, you know, going out harassing people and big corporations. That might be punk and fun.

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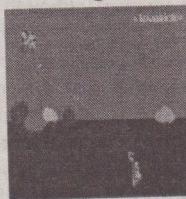
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Voice from Russia

Hello Roman Izmailov

If someone learns I am Russian, I am often being asked what part of Russian society do I belong, to the one that seconds the Communists and dreams to bring back the Soviet Age or the other that upholds the reforms and wishes to live under democracy. I think that actually there is no difference between them. Today's regime calls these democratic still has the Party school and career in their past left it in late 80's or in the beginning of 90's when they could not live on it any more. I think now we have the same old totalitarian system as before. Only now the great value is not the communist dreams but capital. Now in Russia we have the true cult of Money. The division into the wealthy and the poor took place very quickly, and the gap is very big. Hate is the most prevalent sense in Russian conscience.

Individual is still nothing for the regime. The Constitution declares the prevail of Human Rights, but in fact nobody cares about them. When I came to Moscow from Saint Petersburg it could always happen to me to be caught and forced to go back because I do not have Moscow residence permit. The point is that under their law I have to register myself and pay the fee for staying in *their* territory, in *their* city. Moscow officials are sure that it is a kind of struggle for the order. Ha ha. It's me who can't afford to pay the fee but the criminals always can. Instead of finding the killers they struggle with the students. Thank god this foolish rule acts only in Moscow territory.

Glaring example of this "struggle for human rights" is Chechen War you probably have heard about.

There is a Russian joke: "Beat your own so the others would be afraid of you." What is now happening in Russia has ceased to be a stupid joke a long time ago. A civil war is being fought for a long time. No one wants to pay attention to it, but that is so. The authorities want to impose an opinion that they fight the terrorism this way, we hear daily from our TVs that the federal troops have destroyed 50 or 100 Chechen terrorists. It is always stressed that the terrorists are Chechens, that this nation is a nation of criminals and thugs. Even if a Chechen person has committed a usual crime, one of those that Russians commit every day, all the news agencies will report that, and the words "criminal, Chechen in nationality" will be heard everywhere. It's terrible, because you don't ever get to hear that a criminal was a Russian or a Belarussian; the mass media are fabricating a myth of a third-rate nation of Chechens.

Racist statements in society have become increasingly more often heard, in the public transport as well as in the highest spheres. Pro-fascist statements are being made by governors, State Duma (parliament) deputies, ministers and governments members. President Putin won the elections only because while he was a prime minister he made the bloody Chechen

campaign tens of times more bloody than before. More Chechens killed today—tomorrow Putin's rating is higher. Many people, the majority actually, believe that they will reach peace, economic prosperity and stability only after the final extermination of Chechen people. The cases of oppression of other peoples have increased in frequency. The first thing the cops check is the "nationality" section in the passport. Officially it no longer exists, but really it's not that simple. My best friend gets searched daily only because he's Armenian, so he looks like a Chechen. When we walk the street and he gets a document check, while I get no attention; when he's advised to leave Russia; when he's arrested "for elucidation of person"; I feel fear and disgust. Sometimes I'm ashamed to be Russian.

Yet there are people trying to change something. It's hard for me to write about things that happen outside St. Petersburg, there's too little and contradictory information. What happens in Moscow you may learn from Misha Tsvoma (polnoch@mail.ru), what is happening in the provinces is a mystery even to me. I think the most active antifascist association here is the newspaper *Tum-Balalaika* (xxx). xx issues has been published already, besides that they regularly organize pickets, including those against the war in Chechnya, give away leaflets. Punk/hardcore 'zine *Knives n Forks* (Dmitrij Ivanov/PO Box 30/St. Petersburg-9 195009/Russia; iq0@pisem.net; <http://knivesnforks.cjb.net>) sometimes makes small festivals, organizes gigs for antifascist bands, initiates boycotts. 6 issues of this 'zine have been published so far. It seems that only *Tum-Balalaika* and *Knives N Forks* are active enough and are acting shoulder to shoulder, all the others are living by "to each his own" principle. Not that much for a 5,000,000 megalopolis, right?

I think that pickets and festivals against the war have almost no action, it looks like preaching to the converted. Most of the people here consider the anti-war fight as a sort of criminal or terrorist activity: if you defend the gangsters you are gangsters yourself. And no one even pays attention to the news that show the state "fighting the criminality" with mortars, heavy artillery, mass bombardments. The government is forcing an opinion that there are no civilians in Chechnya. Many, too many people are believing it.

The constitution says there is a freedom of religion. In reality a christian state is being built. To be an atheist is considered ignorant, defective, and shameful, it's synonymous with barbarity. If you happen to be a Buddhist, you're a lost sheep who hasn't yet come to Orthodox Christianity. If someone is called a Jew, it means he's cunning, not quite honest, a swindler, a rogue, a miser, all that combined. If you're Muslim, you're treated like an enemy and a criminal. It all isn't just words, not just spirits, cause it all gets real approval and support on a state level.

There's a concrete example: the windows of the institute where I studied is in the neighbourhood of the Mosque. The students can see from the windows of lecture-rooms everything that is happening in the Mosque's yard. I was shocked when I watched a police raid on one of the muslim holidays in that very yard, it was disgusting. There were more cops than the believers, they searched all the people who came to pray, checked their documents, humiliated them. The reason for such raids is that these people have dark skin, black hair, and are hook-nosed (that indicates the people from asian and caucasian countries).

I often hear various politicians saying there are no political prisoners in Russia. This is a lie, you can learn about them by contacting The Group Of Resistance To Political Repressions (Olga Miriasova/PO Box 13/Moscow, 109028/Russia; anti-kgb@mail.ru; <http://anti-kgb.da.ru>).

Everyone knows that Soviet Union was a police state, the KGB empire. Only a few people think of where we live now. I think that to reform the special service which I'd rather call the secret police nothing better than the Perestroika could've been invented. The people started to believe the state again, they lost vigilance that was developed by the years of life in the USSR. Russia got rid of the west's economical blockade. KGB has been ostensibly dissolved, though in reality it was just renamed (it's interesting that FSB means exactly the same, instead of 'commitee' we have 'service' and the word 'state' was replaced with 'federal'). The staff in this organization has been renewed but not reduced in any way (although the country's territory has been considerably shranked). Not one of the KGB leaders has been convicted, no one wants to remember that the commitee has been performing criminal activity, for instance, it hasn't only been involved in counter-intelligence activity, but also organized murders and terrorist acts all over the world. In every state enterprise, in every state higher school, in army, in police, on state television, radio, in newspaper editorial offices, etc., the so-called 'first departments' which are the departments supervising what is happening in the enterprise and directly subordinate to the FSB. I, for instance, was discharged from my institute having only four months before graduating after I refused to collaborate with 'first department' of my institute, namely inform against my friends. My foreign passport was also confiscated there so I can't go abroad now. In short, the KGB people still feel themselves at home here.

Urgh... Probably there's too many dark colours for one article. I hope I didn't spoil anyone's mood.



P.S. Thanks to Sharapov for the help in translating.

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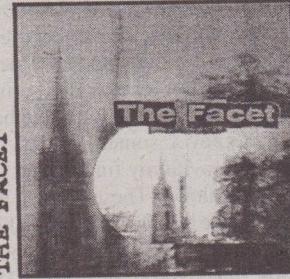
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FIGHTING FOR SILENCE

Sera Bilezikyan

Rat traps cost \$1.73 in my town. I'm sure this is average for the west coast, the strange mix of modern and ancient which defines this area for me. The kind of traps designed to snap their backs, kill them instantly. Does this disturb you? Live traps cost more, I'm sure, and they don't have them at the 24-hour place down the street. One rat trap, one jar of sauerkraut, and a six-pack of the cheapest beer in the northwest. The woman at the counter looks at me half in disgust and half in amusement. She knows, somehow, that the sauerkraut will be eaten with my fingers and the beer will be consumed alone. These women are everywhere and they have been looking at me like this for as long as I can remember. With both intrigue, confusion, fascination and pity. The woman at the drug store in my home town in a large broken city on the east coast where I would go with prescriptions to fill for me, my mother, all the women in my family. Medicines with fancy names and glamorous but bad reputations. The woman behind the desk at the food stamp office. The woman I have to see before I can sign bail for someone I don't love. The woman at the emergency room and I want to cry on her lap while she is sighing loudly waiting for someone to stitch me up under a fake name. 'Writing supplies' I mutter under my breath while counting out change.

Life has not been easy lately, I think later while baiting the trap with food stamp peanut butter. I have been drinking a lot. Dreaming not at all. Trying to drown out all the background noise in my life, from scurrying rodents to loud neighbors. People look at me and I can't tell how I look back. It is as if someone else is controlling the zoom lens and I cannot decide what to focus on, who to obsess over. Even my desires seem ungenuine. I feel unlovable and unreachable in this town of fog and stealth.

Sleep is how I narcotize myself, how I disappear, how I stop existing and how I hide from hate. I don't deserve it. Everybody deserves it. I blame everything on being a writer. I keep thinking I should give it up already, find a new dream which will eventually sell me out, take away the hope and chase the skeleton around which remains. Chase it, without footprints and without breath it runs and runs lighter and faster than me, no hands to hold, no eyes to gaze into, no heart to magnify or drown out the pulse of mine it is a shadow of who I was at one time. I hate alcohol, hate the idea of it, hate how it has ravaged cultures I have known and killed ones I love. With this awareness I drown myself in it deeper, with the constant sense of falling downward, always, picking up momentum in laughter and dizzy late daydreams. Each cell is craving sedation. Sedition from my mind. Drunk, I see myself running or biking home up a big hill my heartbeat like a drum in my throat, giggles haphazard and aloud like singing to no one like nothing on top of nothing. I want more from these nights, from these days from this life. I want both solace and connection but do not understand either one. I do not want the past but it is all my mind

will reflect. If I were really there I would know a life which cannot be lived twice.

I cannot sleep unless my bed is spinning like my head, whirring, as if it has been plugged in to an electrical outlet and a constant stream of live wire is pulsing through below. Otherwise it feels too incomplete, too permanent and stoic but not safe. I am uneasy these nights, and exhausted I do not sleep right away. I think, drunkenly, about tomorrow, about now. I think about that space between skins, between souls, before a touch takes place and pushes all breathable air to the peripheries. Creating small wind storms of fate and future. I think about how my upper right shoulder hurts, hurts from holding a pen too hard and driving it deeper, deeper into paper, later barely decipherable but onehundredpercent burnable. I think about summer, silence, and why I am not a writer yet. What I have done wrong. When is it my turn.

It is a display of anarchy to not choke on the words. It is an act of terrorism to swallow life whole and not be alone. I sleep in a spin cycle. And wake up with a bad headache and ink all over my hands, at 5:30 AM and it doesn't even seem early. The alarm brrings me into this life again. Sometimes I have bad dreams and sometimes I have none. I have not had a good dream since before I started drinking again. It was one of those dreams in which you know you have lived it before, knowing you could not have imagined properly the intense softness of his lips and the boyish way in which he sleeps, the way he turns away when he is scared. 5:30. I drink a lot of coffee these days and I live where the fog in the morning is the only redeemable quality. Sometimes I see possums crossing the street, slow, syrupy, so slow it as if they are ready to die. I see them dead sometimes. Through the fog they look like broken piles of bones and murk. I saunter past fire in the fog, fire in the homes of folks who have not run out of wood and are not too distracted to steal more. The smoke climbs and mixes and is overtaken by the fog creating a continuing gloom, a penetrating chill. I ride over potholes. Cracks. A hole in the road near the sewer where I swore I would throw the rat if I ever caught him.

There is a tense paranoia about people who have lived with rats. A loss of freedom or ignorance, a turning around quickly at the slightest sound, a gasp at anything in motion. A blind spot, a passing shadow. A loud exalt at rustlings, crinklings... and a skepticism. A holding back before reaching into drawers or opening cabinets, peering into corners. Awaiting the hate, the exasperation. The futile screams and kicks and slamming down of pots, knowing no imagination but reality. Long nights of loud, loud and inescapable noise. Intensity. A wish to kill, to create death, to understand the unspoken language of so many who want to inflict terror and create nightly suffering without apology, and without regret. In the city back east there are rats as big as cats—sometimes they are half black squirrel and sometimes they are just huge by some other freak of nature. They get in fights with cats and they win. Women put chicken wire over their babies cribs at night to keep them from getting bitten in the face. I've heard them in walls and

seen them in tunnels. Part of me finds comfort in them, in their power to create fear and terror. And part of me knows the hate of so many, feels it internalized and kicking back like a gun. Part of me just wants to kill.

There will be a time when I will respect these battles as equal. When baiting a \$1.73 rat trap with food stamp peanut butter maniacally and sadistically, all the while sad and ultra conscious as if I am packing a gun as if I am telling the truth. Wishing I were somewhere else, someone else, making a real change in the world instead of trying to do it in the form of conversations with the mighty. I will see this all as only a tiny but integral part of whatever revolution we are fighting for, starting with our everyday lives. When this cloud of depression lifts and an ounce of joy can be found, when the tall trees are still high enough to absolve me when I reach the top, when late-night chaos can give way to magic rather than loneliness. When I remember once again how to try and love another person and I will not shy away from them as if on principle. When the space between our skins will disappear, fast, like fog mixing with smoke. When the air will not be cold but the fog still strong. When my luckiness will be an asset and I will find words to translate. When I will no longer need to numb myself but will once again invite the hot sharp feelings of everyday life scratching at the surface of my skin.

I wake up with a headache which dissolves fast. In my resilience I remember, I go through my day and dream about death. I walk around in a haze. Every pothole or crack in the road or curve I heavily bang over sends a deliberate chill of pain throughout my head. It makes me want to scream someone's name, like swallowing bitter medicine, like being separated by oceans or bars or circumstances. It makes me want to create, to fight death, to carve off my place in this world and rub my dreams together in order to create some kind of spark, fire, to get me a little bit of warmth and trust. The world asks me for a story. And the morning is another chapter and the night is my proofreading and self-disregard. One day, this will all change. I will recognize the revolution I am fighting. I will work harder. I will tell the women I am strong and this is my weapon.



Postscript. The rodents of this damn generation are too damn smart—they have learned from the past and perhaps this is why they are thriving still. After a sleepless night of wrestling with my conscience I found the trap empty and unsnapped, every ounce of peanut butter licked from the surface. Strangely relieved, I went out the next day and bought some drywall and sandpaper, and sealed off the opening in the wall between us, forever. I bought the supplies from a man who did not seem to pity me. He did not seem aware of my willingness and internal need to think I could kill. And merely chuckled when I asked for a sheet of 64 cent sandpaper. 'The absolute grittiest.' Fighting for silence can be strangely rewarding. —Sera Bilezikyan '01; sera@disinfo.net

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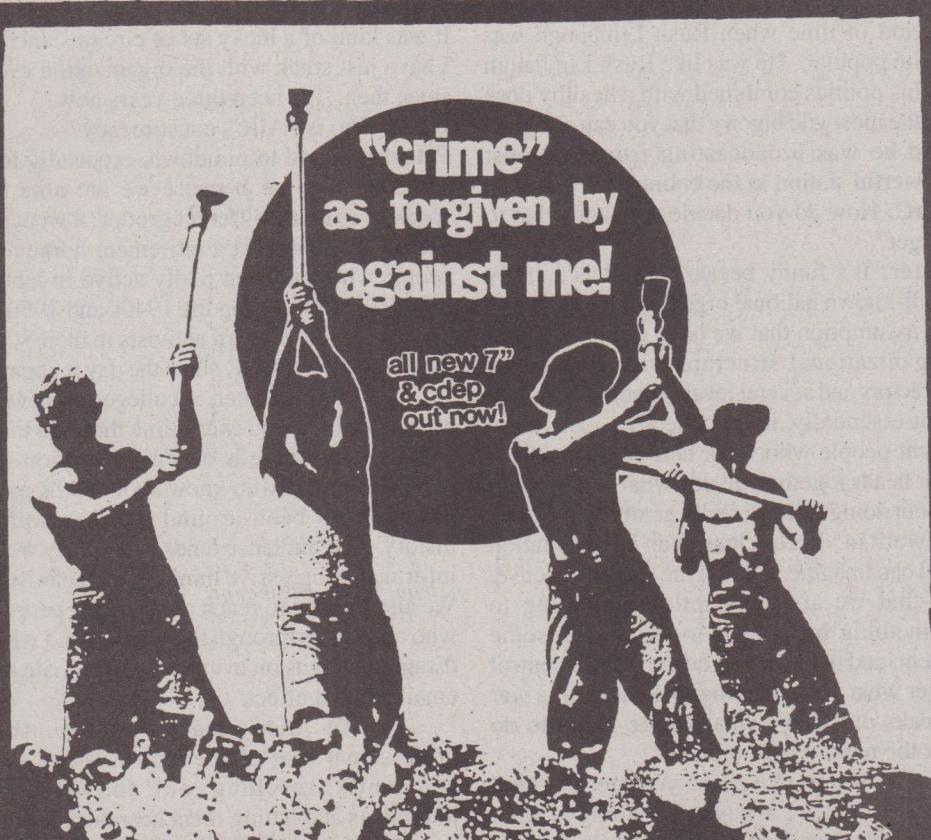
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Peter used to do a 'zine called wrong back in the day, but in my opinion you might want to know him more because he's one of the smartest, crabbiest, most sarcastic people ever. I wanted to include Peter in this series because he is a great example of someone who has taken what he was passionate about as a punk-making 'zines, critiquing the political and cultural status quo, and challenging people to begin to think more critically about the world in which we live—and has transferred these ideals into doing great political work in a new social context. Peter frequently does public speaking on behalf of FAIR, so check FAIR's website to find out about his next appearance at your local college dorm basement, union hall or retirement home (no, really!). As always, feel free to write me with suggestions and comments about how to improve this interview series. Thanks!

—Daisy Rooks (arooks@hotmail.com)

Heartattack: Let's start by having you explain the work that you do now.

Peter: I work for FAIR, which stands for Fairness and Accuracy In Reporting. FAIR started 15 years ago as a very D.I.Y. operation. It was just one guy with a phone and card table in his kitchen. The goal was to provide a progressive critique of corporate media, and in that sense it hasn't changed in the 15 years that the group has existed.

My role at FAIR is complicated. I host our radio show, which is called 'CounterSpin' (for a list of how to find this show in your local area: www.fair.org/counterspin/stations.html). I also direct our media activism work, as well as do other less interesting tasks such as doing a little bit of writing for our magazine which is called *Extra*. I also do some speaking as well.

HAC: What does that mean, 'media activism work'?

Peter: That's the component of my job that I like the best, and it's what separates us from being a think tank or something like that. The idea behind FAIR is to give people the tools to do media analysis on their own, and encourage them to take that analysis to the media and talk back to powerful media companies. So we have to devise strategies for doing that, whether it is in the form of public actions, letter-writing campaigns, or speaking events.

HAC: How do you decide which tactics to use?

Peter: Well, it depends on the outset and the results that we want to get. For example, if the goal is to draw attention to an obviously racist talk show host, it might make more sense to do a more public action. In our most famous case, the company that we were targeting was Disney, which made for a kind of interesting and unfortunate irony because

Disney was responsible for bringing this foul, bigoted personality to the radio. So it made for an effective organizing campaign, because everyone could plug into the problem. Our actions provoked pretty quick action on the part of Disney, mainly to avoid further embarrassment.

These actions are not unlike what the National Labor Committee does when they want to expose sweatshop conditions. There is an element of shame and embarrassment invoked by certain tactics,

an interview with:

Peter Hart

and when we share certain facts with the public. So media activism can take a number of forms. My role is to decide what to do in a certain situation.

HAC: Who was the target in this campaign?

Peter: Well, in that case it was WABC, or 770 AM in New York City. The host was Bob Grant who was a foul, bigoted individual. He had a call-in show during the period of time when Rush Limbaugh was quite popular. He was like Rush Limbaugh in his politics combined with a healthy dose of the most vile bigotry that you can imagine, and he was broadcasting from the most powerful station in the country.

HAC: How do you decide who and what to target?

Peter: It's funny because FAIR is a fairly well-known national organization, so there's an assumption that we have a very standard organizational structure with a board of directors and several levels of administration. But essentially, it's a collective. There are eight people who work here and we all put our heads together, decide what to do and go about doing it. It's a really great environment to work in. It's as close to an ideal situation as I can imagine. A lot of the work is reactive, in that we are constantly responding to something happening in the world, some event, and in that way you don't have control over what you are going to do next. If a war breaks out, that's what you're going to do for the next several months.

So in that sense you are in a bind because you are always responding to what the media are doing. But there's never a shortage of ideas, never a time when we pause and say 'things are going pretty well.' There's always something going on out there.

It's just a matter of figuring out what's most important and where you can have the most impact.

HAC: How did you get into doing this kind of work?

Peter: I came across FAIR during the Gulf War. I was in high school at the time, and it was one of those events that was defining for me, politically speaking. I was at the age when you can learn fairly complicated and unpleasant things and you have the tools to process and act on them. FAIR was at the forefront of exposing the fact that the media coverage of the war was regulated by Pentagon censors and normal practices in mainstream journalism. It just shook me to be on the receiving end of that. FAIR was one of the groups out in front debunking some of the myths about the war at the time.

I had been involved in activist groups during college and had crossed paths with FAIR in

NYC several times. I had been involved with Paper Tiger TV, which is a very old collective that produces video documentaries. I was familiar with some of the people at FAIR and had interacted with them. I had gone to a FAIR demonstration—a picket line at the *NY Times* to protest their coverage of the CIA crack cocaine story. A job just opened up at the time that I was graduating, and I got it. It was kind of a lucky set of circumstances. I have just stuck with the organization ever since then. It's been three years now.

HAC: Who is FAIR's constituency?

Peter: It's hard to pin down, especially for someone like me because we are able to speak to so many different groups. I went to Florida and spoke at a retirement home for people who had been really active in labor unions in NYC during the 1940s and 1950s. They were real diehard activists in their 80s, who had known FAIR since the day it began.

I have spoken at colleges and even at a punk show, and every time that I do that I realize that there is a new generation of activists our age who know about FAIR as a group that's been around and has some history. Our audience tends to be fairly well informed, progressive thinkers and activists. We also happen to reach our share of people who contact us through the internet and who disagree with us on every level and write us emails to that effect.

We also reach out to the professional face of the industry—we are constantly reaching out to working journalists and letting them hear our take on the state of media. That's one of the aspects of the job that's most interesting to me, which allows me to look at these issues from a labor perspective. These journalists, who are

working as best they can under very difficult circumstances, often come up to us and say "I work in this business and know what you're talking about and I wish that I could do something about it from the inside." They are starting to awaken to it. They are starting to take labor actions against newspaper companies, the writers and reporters are starting to speak up about the demands placed on them.

HaC: These actions are about their work demands?

Peter: Yeah, they are often very straightforward labor struggles in which the parent company says that 19 percent profit rate is no longer good enough, that now it has to be 22 percent. They decide to reach this goal by firing 100 people and make the remaining reporters pick up the slack for their recently laid-off colleagues. There are working journalists who are saying, "We can't do that. That's not the kind of environment in which we can do quality work." In some cases the companies aren't interested in quality work, such as Gannet and Knight-Ridder. Gannet has an infamous labor history, so their workers are well aware of their tactics.

HaC: Are you referring to the Detroit newspaper strike?

Peter: Yeah. That's the best example of where the reporters were able to put up a long fight and bring the public to their side. Detroit is a union town, so public sympathy was with the locked out and abused workers. This wouldn't necessarily have happened in other places. Gannet owns a lot of newspapers in New Jersey, but NJ unions have a hard time generating much interest in this kind of story.

At FAIR we can reach a lot of different people, but the idea is not that we sit around in white lab coats measuring the newspaper using scientific methods that would be hard for people to understand. Instead we are political people and activists, and we have developed these transparent methods to analyze the media, and we make no bones about the fact that we want to share them with people so that they can understand how to do this media analysis themselves.

It would be great if there was something like FAIR in every town so that people could feel like they could make an impact. It is not supposed to be mysterious and exclusionary. **HaC:** When you have FAIR actions, who do you try to turn out and how do you do it? **Peter:** Well, it depends on the issue involved. Our narrow issue is the media, but you can find ways to incorporate many other issues under that one, such as foreign policy, racism

and sexism. You can express ideas about those issues using a media critique, which is our challenge. So it depends on what we're doing.

Last year we went out to San Francisco to protest the National Association of Broadcasters convention. They are one of the main lobbying groups in Washington, DC and one of the most powerful groups in terms of shaping public policy. When they lobby Congress they carry an implicit threat because these are the people who control politicians' access to airwaves. So Senators and Congress people are more likely to listen to them.

So they were having their annual convention in San Francisco and we did an action. The turnout was very young and much more diverse than it has been for other issues we've worked on. The crowd was extremely energetic and enthusiastic about this idea that the public could have some voice about what is carried on the public airwaves. For a lot of these kids, it was a very local issue. There was a great urban affairs program in San Francisco called 'street soldiers' that ran on one of the corporate radio stations. Well, the show was pulled from the station when Clear Channel Communications bought the station and decided to reformat it along more homogenous lines. Clear Channel is the largest radio company in the country and is responsible for some of the most bland programming in the country.

So these young people turned out because in the last two years they've been moved by some of the other actions and activist campaigns such as the WTO protests or the political conventions in Philly and Los Angeles. They wanted to transfer some of that passion to this fight. So at that action our constituency was very young and enthusiastic, but the other half of the people there were primarily labor activists who have understood this issue of media concentration

who were labor-oriented until it began to impact them personally. They were not activists or agitators, but working under certain constraints turned them into labor activists, and they came to understand that the strikes and picket lines that they had covered as journalists made more sense to them. It's just nice to see that kind of awakening in the profession as a whole.

The issue of constituency is important for figuring out who we are. You have to understand that the people who appreciate your work and follow it closely are generally people who are following current events and political scandals or foreign policy. They are often people who are more educated and have more leisure time to spend understanding more complicated issues. Having a fairly sophisticated audience is a blessing on the one hand, but on the other hand you feel like you can't reach huge numbers of people, that you have no impact on their lives. So that's our challenge—to figure out how to bring them in. Most of them have a nuanced understanding of how the world works and how power works and how resources are distributed in our society. So they get the message, but they don't necessarily pick up your magazine or look at your web site or do the kinds of things that other people are able to do. It's a frustration and a bit of a challenge.

HaC: How long do you see yourself doing this kind of work?

Peter: At FAIR specifically, it's hard to say. I have been given a remarkable amount of freedom and I get to work with people who just a few years ago I really admired and looked up to, so it would be hard to decide to move on. More generally, I think that this is the kind of work that I'll want to do for as long as I can do any kind of work at all. At the core of our group is a commitment to certain ideas about social justice. Everyone who works at FAIR shares a similar vision,

and this is the way that we've chose to express those goals and idea. We all understand that it's not the only way. You can certainly see yourself doing something very different with the same vision and the same outlook. There's not really an opportunity to sell

out or something like that. It's not as if you do this until CNN calls or something like that.

HaC: So one thing that I am particularly interested in is how you think that punk has set the stage for what you're doing now?

Peter: There are certain tendencies within punk thought that encourage people to look beyond a rather small music scene to try and

Activism

people in motion

how it affects workers for a long time.

HaC: Which is how?

Peter: In general journalism was not an environment that is conducive to organizing or to enjoying any kind of freedom in your job. These people were professionals who are reigned in by outsider companies who have an interest only in maintaining a profit margin. They were not necessarily people

find other opportunities to express ideas and contribute to social change. Those were the concepts that I thought were most important to punk, especially when you see so many bands talking during their set about how the real fight to make the world a better place, is in the streets. These were ideas that I heard a number of times in punk, and for some of us it made some sense. Unfortunately, the path from there to here is not very clear for most people. For me, something that I always understood was that this kind of work was what I always wanted to pursue. But it was not always clear to everyone in the scene.

The lessons that I learned and the things that shaped me during that period in my life were essential to do what I wanted to do in life. I have had the opportunity to work in an environment that is very similar to what would be considered a great environment by certain punk standards. So I appreciate the connection between the music scene and what I do now.

The most striking thing about going to the Republican convention was walking into the central gathering place for all the activists in Philly. From my perspective it was like walking right into what looked and sounded and smelled like a punk show. These kids were all punks from around the country who had begged borrowed or stolen their way to Philly. It was really incredible to see that there were a healthy number of kids who were protesting because they had been guided and schooled in the same kind of scene that I was a part of. And then seeing Jello Biafra standing to the side doing video commentary and things like that was great too. You got a sense that it's not a huge jump between going to basement shows to really getting out into the world and making a ruckus. That was nice to see.

When I spoke at a big festival in NJ, it was a very similar experience. People knew the group that I was representing and appreciated it and at the same time, I felt like I was contributing to the scene that formed part of my understanding of the world.

There's a way to do this and kids are figuring it out, which is gratifying. All too often when I was younger, I felt that most of the people who were involved were just going to drift away and would not put much effort into trying to take things to that next level. But now it seems like people are doing that and that's really exciting. The great part is that I have little or no connection to the scene that they know, and yet we share something that's hard to explain. We all went through the same process, even though it was 7 or 8 years apart.

HaC: What process was that?

Peter: I guess that on some level you are young enough that all of these ideas are very

new to you. The D.I.Y. attitude, the independence, the idea that individuals acting together can create something that you can take some responsibility for and have some pride in. The idea that you can have a copy card and access to a computer and publish something of your own. Those principals haven't changed, as far as I know. Even the music doesn't change, even though the bands come and go. The standard function of the punk scene is essentially the same. It can give kids the same tools to create and think and learn outside the boundaries of mainstream youth culture. The trick, I think, is in figuring out how to grow older and still hold onto those ideals, how to not lose your sense of enthusiasm about them.

HaC: So how have you been able to do that in the three years that you've worked at FAIR?

Peter: I see what I do as a natural continuation of what I did in punk. The only difference is that that it's my job now. I create a radio show that we distribute and produce ourselves. We put out a magazine that's essentially laid-out and conceived and written in-house. The tactics are not that much different than the kid with the record label or a band or the fanzine. What's different is that you're addressing different issues and a different audience. Publishing a fanzine in the punk rock scene means that you are going to reach other people in the punk rock scene.

With what I do now, I feel like I reach a different audience. An audience that is often older, who have no obvious connection to punk rock, but who share a certain political orientation and interest in media analysis and activism. The nuts and bolts are remarkably similar, and it's gratifying to find a situation where I can do this kind of work without having to become a part of a more hierarchical structure or more traditional bureaucratic model.

We do get a fair amount of punks who do internships with us, and I think that they always feel somewhat at ease with the structure of the work environment because it's not really stuffy or alienating. It's still very bare bones and hands-on.

HaC: Can you offer some resources and organizations for HaC readers who want to get involved with media activism?

Peter: We always encourage people to look at our website (www.fair.org) in order to get some of the fundamentals about media bias, as well as suggestions about the kinds of things that they can do. We encourage people to write letters and speak up, and as an organization we give them plenty of opportunities to do that.

The movement that has sprung up in the last couple of years to encourage independent media centers is exciting. It's a

new brand of activist journalism that has blossomed in cities across the country, that people can find out more about at (www.indymedia.org). This kind of activism does give people a sense that they can write and publish works, and that they can and should do this because their perspective is not represented in traditional media forms.

It's another thing that is very much rooted in punk, but it's just in a different medium, which is the internet. What people are writing about is definitely activist-oriented. They are writing about local actions that they are taking and about national politics in general. People will put their heads together and plan national convergences and events through this new medium. So it's kind of exciting because it represents a healthy dissident brand of journalism.

HaC: What are some other organizations that you think are generally doing good work?

Peter: There are local groups springing up everywhere, which are trying to do locally-oriented kinds of media watch dogging. There was a group that started in Boise, Idaho that called themselves 'The Idaho media project.' (www.idahomediaproject.com) It was essentially a professor and some college students who were doing a newsletter and distributing it at activist events and building up a network of like-minded people. So it's nice to see that the FAIR model can be adopted elsewhere.

For people who are more generally looking for something else that they can read, there are other bigger media outlets like: *The Nation* (www.thenation.com), *The Progressive* (www.progressive.org) and *Z magazine* (www.zmag.org). There are also other groups that work in different mediums. In Boulder, Colorado there's something called Free speech TV (<http://members.freespeech.org/fstv>). They have satellite time and they air activist-oriented documentaries and video works and up-link them onto a commercial satellite so that people with satellite TV can tune this stuff in. They take an approach that's familiar to anyone who's followed the debates in punk rock about whether you want to try and reach a mass audience or build a grassroots constituency. Free Speech TV opts for going out and reaching as many people as possible by using an opportunity available to them in a commercial environment. Again, the further away you get from punk rock, the more you realize that the debates are often the same about how to make your work available and under what circumstances. Whatever you think about what this debate, Free Speech TV offers a tremendous opportunity for independent media makers to be heard. They're a great group to check out either online, or on your TV set.

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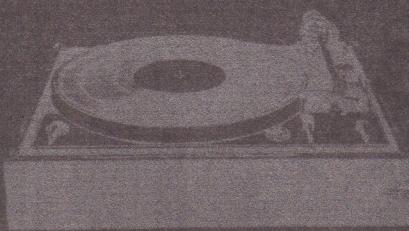


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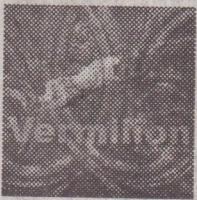
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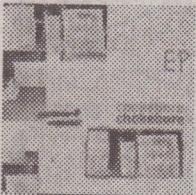
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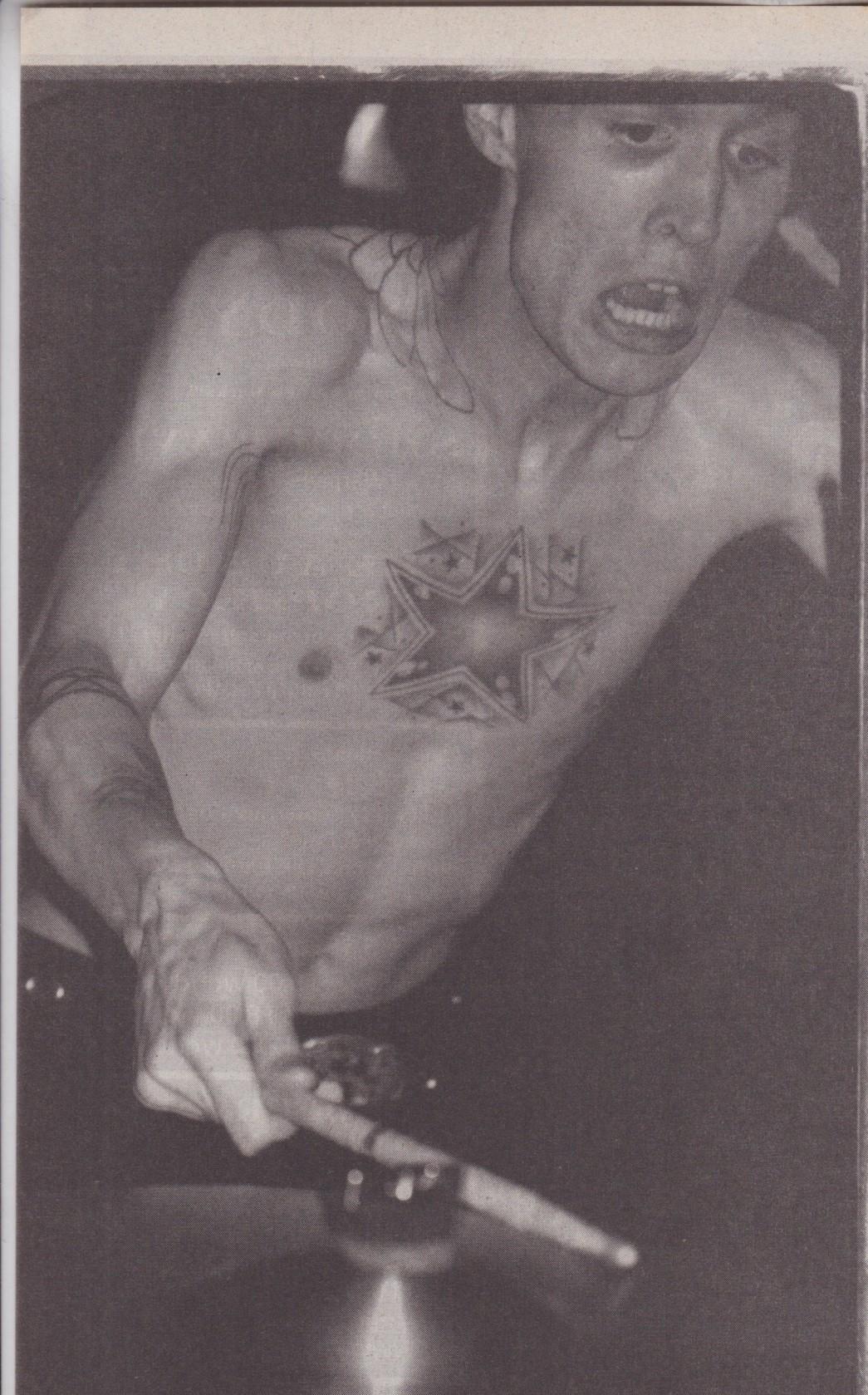
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FAT KIDS UNITE, DEMAND XXL SHIRTS



Bury Me Standing is a band of great people whom I've had the pleasure to interview here. They are Charlie—guitar, Eli—guitar, Starr—vocals, Ryan—drums, Bill—Bass, Brendan—vocals, Ronnie—Code of Ethics Records and utilities... — Lisa

HeartattaCk: One of the things that strikes me about your band is while you play a certain sound that is popular today, I think you have a very different message as opposed to most "metal influenced" bands around. It definitely makes you a hardcore band first and foremost. I don't know if you run into a lot of people who don't expect what you guys have to offer in terms of a live performance, but I really like the fact that you are very outspoken about particular issues. I wanted to ask you a couple things about some of the songs you played tonight about the problems with the border and the experiences you've had living close to that kind of situation. In your own words, what do you think about that and where do you think that song comes from? It seems you take a wider political issue and examine its effects on a more human scale. You were inspired to write something based on what you have seen; a local issue that is really a bigger human rights issue.

Brendan: "Razor Wire Highway To The Promised Land" is the name of the song. We live in such close proximity to the Mexican border, an hour north in Tucson, so in our daily lives we see the border patrol presence in Tucson. Especially since Tucson is a home base for the border patrol in that area. Also, people in Tucson regularly travel to Nogales to shop and "party down" in the various cities in northern Mexico. We've all been a part of that at one point or another and we've been made very aware recently of the massive increase of border patrol presence and military presence along the border. We've also been made aware of the combined human rights abuses, not only from the authorities, but also now from individuals who are land owners along the border who take the law into their own hands, in the vigilante sense. They round people up much the same way the border patrol does, but obviously quite illegally. Basically now there is absolutely nowhere for these people to go because if they go through the main crossing areas they find extreme resistance

BU^RY ME

with the border patrol, and la migra, and the police, and the military. If they risk their lives by going out into the periphery and the desert. They not only risk freezing to death at night or expiring in the heat during the day, they also risk being rounded up by these vigilante land owners, being thrown in the back of a truck. There are lots of cases of beatings and rapes and murders at the hands of these people. The police, in the Arizona counties down along the border, have come out in the newspapers in support of the vigilantes saying that they would rather have them policing the borders for them than allowing people to stream across in the numbers they have been recently.

HaC: So most of the police figure that they are helping them?

Brendan: Yeah. They operate practically with impunity. It is only recently that people have spoken out along the border and brought it to the attention of the general public; they have been under pressure to answer for those actions, for their lackadaisical attitudes towards the human rights abuses and the simply illegal actions that these people are taking. All along the authorities have known what is going on but they've quite readily accepted the fact that people were being treated in this manner because they are all for it basically.

HaC: How much do you think the general public where you are is aware of this? To take myself as an example: A few years ago I saw a documentary done by Jose Palafox about the walls being built along the border making it nearly impossible for people to cross and not meet border guards anywhere but along stretches of desert; places where it just seems like you won't survive. To me it seemed absolutely atrocious, but I was also surprised. I'm from Southern California—but I didn't really have a sense of how much was happening until I saw this documentary. So I wonder if where you live the issue is well known or not? Or do people know about it and not really deal with it?

Brendan: It is a little of both in my opinion. Since it is a regional issue it does make its way into the newspaper, but it doesn't end up in the media until it has been twisted in a way that allows it to be written off. Very often it is written as to paint the people who are trying to come across as doing so in a criminal manner. Like, they are coming across bringing drugs or the labor scapegoat

issue that claims these people are coming to suck from the welfare system. So we do hear about it in the media on occasion in Arizona, but it is always twisted to benefit the authorities. As a matter of fact, the authorities have now brought in a new plan wherein they have a couple helicopters and ambulances they drive along the border, which they claim to be a humanitarian aid effort—that they are saving peoples lives by bringing them out of the desert. Which is another way for them to cover up the fact that the people have been pushed to the point where they are going to die, in the first place, by the border patrol presence. So, I mean, there is always something little going on in the media in the southwest but it almost never

Ronnie: They weren't resisting arrest or anything. Basically all the article said was that it was an accidental shooting. That the officer somehow accidentally pulled out his gun and shot this guy.

Brendan: Accidentally pulled the trigger and accidentally aimed it perfectly at the person's body.

Ronnie: There have been other cases. I don't know much about it but, a few years ago, one of the border patrol officers actually shot and killed somebody and the next day he was going to bury the body somewhere until his partner turned him in. The cop had shot the person from something like 100 yards away in the back as he was running away. Nothing ever happened to him. That agent got off



puts the correct human rights spin on it.

Bill: I think it is mainly that if the media does pay attention to the issue it is largely in order to justify a larger police presence or border patrol presence really.

Ronnie: Speaking of the media... I read in the paper a week ago that a border patrol agent killed somebody who crossed west of Tucson. It was called an "accidental" shooting. The cop will never be charged because he was "doing his job" and because it was an "illegal" immigrant who had no rights. Which is just untrue. But that is the truth of that situation that will play out.

HaC: Did they talk about the circumstances that allowed that person to be shot?

free.

Brendan: He lost his job so the border patrol agency could save face but he was never tried as a murderer.

Starr: Another thing that definitely occurs is in the city. I have seen border patrol agents just pull over cars at random. You'll see them stopping people, checking their license, checking their insurance, and what not. Then, twenty minutes later, you'll see two border patrol vans coming and very, very maliciously yelling at the people, handcuffing them very roughly, and tossing them in the van. It is just on a random night for absolutely no reason. They aren't

STANDING

speeding, there is no reason for them to be stopped at all.

Brendan: It is a racial profiling issue.

Starr: They do it in certain areas of town all the time now.

Ronnie: I work in construction and they definitely target the construction areas because they know that is the type of work for day laborers. They go to the sites, all around town, and pick up people every day.

Brendan: The way that relates to people out here is that they do it with the migrant farm workers in southern California. In Tucson, a lot of the labor is construction oriented but in California it is almost all farm work. We played the song twice in San Diego and one of the things we were inspired by was the fact that we had quite a few kids come and ask us to explain further why we wrote the

particular set up. This situation ties in completely with NAFTA and there would have to be an overturning of NAFTA to change it. And it should be done away with for the benefit of the people in the US and Mexico. "Razor Wire Highway To The Promised Land" came about because we were touched locally by it, but it scratches the surface of an enormous issue. In my opinion, it is entirely overlooked in hardcore. It is major human rights issue that we feel that we are very much connected to, so it is important for us to address it.

Bill: I have a question for Brendan... It's weird to talk about the working class being clueless and stuff. Do you feel that the working class is being clouded by issues of racism by the powers that be? Prevented to seeing the economic issues that are common

already been provided to you as a convenient scapegoat than it is to sit down and try to work through the many layers of muck and to find the real criminal. That is also very difficult because it also requires you to point the finger at yourself and find out how you contribute to that system. That is difficult for all of us. But important, no question.

HaC: That sort of ties into how you try create discussions at shows. I really like the fact that Bury Me Standing does that. Every time I have seen you talk a lot about whatever subject you attack. You were telling me earlier about how you had recently played a show in San Diego, a town very close to the border that has to deal with many of the same issues involving immigration, and there were a lot of people just on the cusp of learning about this issue which you got to talk to. I think that is why a lot of people are drawn to music with a message that has layers to it, a mature complexity dealing with the different situations that can come together under the heading of one issue. We have to take all that into account if we are trying to change the world. Obviously, changing the world is hard, and pretty hard to do just in a band. To me, it seems like you take a very active role in that process.

Bill: I don't want to make it seems like the kids in San Diego were morons until we came to town.

HaC: Oh, yeah, that's not what I meant either. I just meant the basic feeling of, when people talk at a show, it doesn't matter who it is... you can always learn something new from someone. The familiar DIY style is for a band to talk during the set and explain the songs. Sometimes we take for granted the things that we do in the space that we have. I was using that show as an example, wherein the people who want to communicate can in order to enrich their lives—and maybe that helps them change the(ir) world in the way they want to see it. I think most youthful, idealistic people are interested in changing themselves and improving themselves and the world simultaneously. For example, Bury Me Standing has a song about being self-conscious and scrutinizing who you are. I like the fact that the band as a whole talks about considering the world and your place in it, and trying do the best with what you've got.

Starr: It is always beneficial to share that information, I think it is necessary. You would be surprised with how 90% of the people, who aren't familiar with our band, and happen upon a show are taken aback because they hadn't thought of that before. That can be wonderful but also very frightening. I sometimes expect the average person to be more aware.

Ronnie: It is amazing to think that some people we met in San Diego weren't aware

Razor Wire Highway To The Promised Land

Comfort demands that race will play scapegoat every time. And so with blinded eyes we can't see the fences between brothers. So the walls are raised like monoliths. And from the desert floor they pierce into the sky to divide us all by our tongues and colors. While the heads of state convene to choose which lives are worthy and which pigment passes. Human beings are hunted by landowners. And with their firearms and poison fingers the uniforms arrive to draw another line. Across the bodes laid to rest by borders. While the smiles are wide and careless on so many faces of the pale. This economic squeeze on life is just seen as the suffering of "the others." No mas fronteras! Justicia para todos!

song, what we meant, or give them more information on the subject. It was inspiring in the sense that we recognized that we weren't preaching to the converted, that we were making connections with somebody. Through conversation we were able to link this to the entire idea of race as a scapegoat and the divide and conquer idea of creating a certain group of people as an economic scapegoat. It is interesting that you'll hear the middle class talk about how welfare money is being sucked out of the system by these illegal immigrants or that they are taking jobs from good. They don't make the connection that the US government, through the passage of NAFTA, has created this speedy highway for jobs to leave the country and head south to the Maquilladoras in Mexico and farther abroad just so that we can then have goods created cheaper and brought back to this side and sold to us. So many people don't make that connection. There are the obvious issues of human rights abuses and racism, but the overall issue really is an economic and labor one. If the work force would sit down and make the connection, I believe there would be a lot of interest from unions and other groups of workers to support a destruction of this

to everyone?

Brendan: Absolutely. I don't think it is an issue of the working class being simply clueless. It is not that everybody is a wandering dunderhead.

Bill: Yeah, that is dangerous lingo.

Brendan: Right, it is not that in any way, shape, or form. It is actually what we are all subjected to, which is the media spin that obviously serves the arm of the government. That is, to keep us busy pinning the tail on the donkey, using the people as scapegoat for our woes, when we actually should be pointing our anger and our discontent at the people who make the economic policies which create the situation in the first place. I know that is an extremely rudimentary anti-authoritarian philosophy but it is true. I don't think it is better presented than in this particular situation. The thing is that people are forgetting it. The hardcore scene is forgetting it. The activists are forgetting it. And the general public has completely forgotten it because they are getting caught up in this. It is important. Everyday people struggle to make a living and every day they are trying to bring home the bread and make a life for themselves. It is much easier to point the finger at somebody when they have

of the immigration issues because when you come into San Diego you are stopped and checked. And when you leave you are stopped and checked again. Yesterday when we left San Diego we were behind someone who, I don't know if they were Sonoran plates but, had Mexican plates. They were stopped and the driver was harassed. I am sure lots of people realize that is going on, but I don't understand why that isn't a bigger issue. I mean, why should a person be stopped just driving on the interstate.

Charlie: Well, a lot of the talk tonight has been about the lack of interest in San Diego as far as this issue is concerned... but we don't have to limit it to San Diego in terms of relevance. It can be any region near the border. I was actually inspired by the reaction in San Diego; by kids who wanted to lean more about what we had talked about that night. That conversation and response was probably the best experience I had this trip. To answer your question more eloquently, we sort of personalize everything that we do before we express it. That is the core of Bury Me Standing for me. I feel pretty safe speaking for everyone and saying that we all come from that perspective. We are in such a unique position because we all identify with each other on that level, and that is sort of our source of creation and creativity. There is a common bond that we are in this together, this personal expression that we all bring forth. Nothing that we create happens without the input of each member of this band. We hold that to a very high standard in our creative process with one another.

Brendan: Another thing that ties into that, Lisa, is the fact that you said that is difficult to change the world through a band. I actually tend to disagree. There is no way that we can create revolution in any way, shape, or form until we revolutionize the spaces that are around us. And, of course, the first place is your personal self. We take things from an introspective sense first. Like, I'll think to myself, there is an issue that bothers me or inspires me and I want to address it in a song, as a band, musically or lyrically. So we come at it from the inside out. A lot of these issues can be taken from a very black and white perspective, in ways that are very well accepted in the hardcore scene, and would be valid, no question. But, for us, we all bring our own personal sense to it. We are trying to remove the stigma that bands with something to say are preachers. Which I think is unfair because lots of bands over time have had a lot of amazing things to say and I don't think they were coming at it from a preaching perspective. They get the tag anyway, as if to say that if you are spouting

off what songs are about you are simply dumping it on a crowd where nobody has any wits about what is going on. We are careful not to do that in the sense that we are still very passionate about these ideas, but we are coming from a position of inquiry rather than perfection. Most of what we say is a question. Even though we comment about what is going on, there is a question about what there is to be done. We are hoping that people will bring answers forward.

HaC: Well, obviously, at a show it is hard to have a real conversation, especially since one person has a microphone and the other is in the crowd. It is hard to not seem like a lecture. That is why a lot of people are put off by that preachy aspect. What I mean by saying a band itself can't change the world

harsh and the sweet. They come together in such a way that explains the layers of multiple people coming together to create one unified sound.

Brendan: We find, musically and lyrically, that there is a congruency between the frustration and the hope. It might sound cheesy but... the more harsh and discordant lyrics and sounds that come out of the band obviously personify the frustration we feel about the way things move in the world right now. Sometimes there is our sense of powerlessness against it or frustration in trying to ask the right questions to get the ball moving. Other times there is the sense of hope that we can make a difference, we do connect with others when we play these things, we have had amazing experiences, discoveries, and moments of empowerment through playing this music.

HaC: That definitely stays true to the idea of punk rock and hardcore over the ages. People can get caught up in what is considered a punk sound, but the school of thought I subscribe to is that punk isn't a sound but rather a state of mind or a certain feeling. Which is why there can be so many different kinds of music which can fall under this heading. Especially since it really is about the message, because it is about the people. However people express it, it can come out to be the same message overall.

Ryan: In my position... I've been in the band almost a year, and it is the most amazing thing that I have ever encountered. The emotions that run through my body when we play these songs is absolutely incredible. Sometimes I will be very angry, and have this ferociousness to myself when we play. It is a passion and I fucking love it.

HaC: Starr, I want to ask you a question. There is often a lot of discussion of what women do in bands, not only what she performs but what she symbolizes. Some of that is tokenizing and some if it isn't.

What impresses me is your strong presence. For a younger woman to go to a show and see a woman on stage being fierce can send out an important message. I picked up on it the first time I saw Spitboy and get reminded of it every once and again with bands today.

Starr: I know that on a certain level, especially in our own scene, there has been an uproar of female involvement in hardcore. I noticed it when I became an active member of Bury Me Standing. There was an influx of new punk rock scenesters, which was predominately younger boys, but then after my 3rd or 4th show I noticed that there were mostly girls in the front that would come and dance and scream along. It made me feel strange to have them be inspired



was that the band itself probably wouldn't—but I admit the way it can inspire people certainly can have that effect. For me personally, hardcore has changed my life incredibly. Now, I don't mean to say I was a totally different person from the start, but it has given me the space to examine my own life and think about the things that I can change. I agree with you, it definitely comes from the inside out. Like you were saying before, everything that you do starts from something inside of you. Even if you were to take Bury Me Standing just on the sound, you have this harsh noise mixed with emotional harmony. That is a very humanistic range. It rings true to how you are feeling and what you are expressing. That is what I notice in the juxtaposition of the

through me, because I had never been in that position. But I know that the more that we travel the more I have been able to be introduced to other metal and hardcore bands that also have women in them. Obviously there are more, but lately it seems like there is definitely been an increase. I'm not exactly sure why, but I think it is wonderful. Sometimes after the shows other girls who are there tell me things like I inspired them, or that they have always wanted to be in a band but they never had the guts, or they are curious to see what being in a minority in a band is like. There are songs we have that deal with things like rape, which was written before I was a member but, effect me a great deal. It is hard for me to deal with being singled out. I don't necessarily think it is always because I am female.

Ryan: The thing I get a kick out of is when people realize that Starr is the one with the crazy voice, the look on their faces is just like "oh, my god!"

HaC: It is inspiring to have an example of a woman being strong and not being ashamed of it. Even within the realm of punk and hardcore there aren't a lot of examples of that, even though I find them to be pretty important. So I am always impressed by it and I have to wonder if I notice because there is something akin to myself up on stage that I can't help but see, or if it is as much of a symbol for other people as well.

Brendan: There is no question. Starr touched on how the local scene has been effected. I know there are a lot of local women who take some pride and self empowerment seeing Starr being involved in band that has been a local favorite and thus in a position to speak with influence to others. It doesn't take a backseat role in a band. We function, as a band unit, as utter equals. The sex issue comes into play only in as much as the projection to the audience that there are two genders coming together, and all presenting a sensitivity and power all at once. Therefore everyone in the crowd can find a way to relate somehow, which is very important to us. Especially because there is that marginalization of women in the scene. And nine times out of ten they have to be doing something they think is important to even have a position in the scene that is not "coat rack" or the like. What was wonderful for us, for a long period of time, was that a lot of the women who came to our shows found that empowerment and catharsis in simply singing along. That they felt they could come

up front and song along since they could connect with who was on stage. Whereas before it was a wall of men who created this testosterone barrier that they didn't break through.

Starr: It is very intimidating whether you want to admit it or not. I know I have always been a little more headstrong than I should be at times, so I had wanted to be connected in that same way... singing along or grabbing the microphone... but I would always hold back. So I think it is wonderful if I see anyone rocking out at a show, pulling their hair out, or just screaming along (whether I can get the microphone to them or if they

come out of me. I haven't really been able to stop it since then, and I am very lucky in that respect. It is refreshing to get any kind of compliment about how Bury Me Standing as a whole is a wonderful band. I love that we have diverse ethnic backgrounds, age groups, and gender.

Charlie: I think we are (like before) touching on the live experience of Bury Me Standing and I think that it doesn't really happen unless there is some kind of connection or interaction with who we are playing to. We completely feed off the energy and response that we get when we play. And we are lucky enough to get a positive response (a lot of times) when we play. When there are people really connecting to what we do... that is totally the most rewarding experience. When we don't have that I feel like we didn't accomplish what we were trying to do, or it doesn't even feel like we played.

HaC: So you would say that the most important aspect of the band is communication. The communication of ideas, of emotion.

Charlie: Yeah, I'm not expressing myself well but what I am trying to say is... the point I am making more is that we don't like to confine the idea that Bury Me Standing to being the people in the band. The six people that happen to be in this band. Bury Me Standing is what happens when we have an interaction with the people we are playing to. We feel that fucking energy transferring back and forth—and that is Bury Me Standing to me. That is totally electric and amazing. I don't feel like I am member of this band and that I am playing to these people. I feel like these people are giving something to me and they are making the experience happen for me. Just as much as I might be doing it for them. That, I think, expresses what I mean a little better.

Ryan: The last time we played a show in LA, the crowd there was amazingly energetic. I am talking bouncing off the walls. I had a kid tackle me after we finished playing. It was absolutely insane and it makes you feel so good to drive somebody with the music and they are driving you just as much. There is no better feeling.

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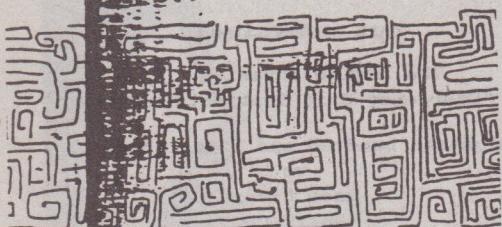
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Photos by Jeremy Dyer

are just screaming in my face with me). To have people hear the band and not realize there is a woman in it as well can be educational; to think that someone hears it but doesn't necessarily pick out the harmonizing female voice. That is not the role that I need to play. I am not the pretty or delicate girl, or the one who looks like she can be pushed around. I remember (before I was aware of a lot of the issues I deal with today) I used to think that was my position, that I didn't have a right. When I joined the band it all happened very spontaneously, actually here in Goleta at the Pickle Patch, I just got up and grabbed the mic and never had any expectation of becoming a member or knowing what could

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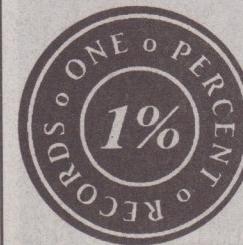
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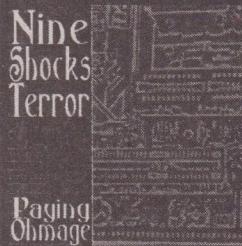
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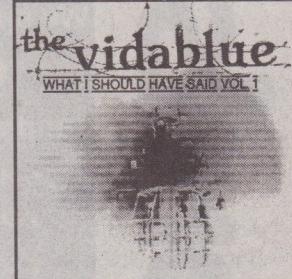
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The first time I saw Le Shok, I was in San Diego, at a local all ages venue which has since been shut down, opening for the recently but only briefly reunited Crimson Curse. The place was packed with stylish San Diego types with bad posture and pasty skin waiting to kneel before the alter of Justin Pearson. I wasn't quite sure what to expect from the crowd; but I had a feeling it would be a low energy show, with a bunch of well-coifed kids rocking back and forth and nodding their heads to the music but generally not having very much fun. The last thing I expected them to do was go apeshit for a drunken garage band.

Le Shok staggered onstage, clearly intoxicated, looking pissed off and ready to fight. Lead singer "Hot Rod Todd" pointed an accusatory finger at the kids in the audience and slurred "look at all the pretty fucking people in their pretty fucking fur coats. You know what, it's a good thing that Justin Pearson has a fucking girlfriend, or else you'd all be on your fucking knees sucking his fucking dick." With that, drummer Joey Juvenile barked out a quick "1 2 3 4!" and they lurched into their first song, while Todd flung himself into the audience, grabbing kids, screaming in their faces, punching them upside their heads. And the kids were eating it up. They were dancing, yelling, throwing shit around and having a great time. I knew then that Le Shok was a force to be reckoned with. Since that show, they have continued to impress by putting out a whole bunch of raw and trashy yet totally catchy records that grabbed me by the ear and kicked me in the crotch repeatedly until my will to resist had been totally eliminated. But quite frankly that's the way I like it and of course I didn't put up much of a fight. Bassist "Over The Counter" Rusty and "Hot Rod" Todd were nice enough to sit down with me and shoot the shit for a bit in Todd's bedroom. Afterwards we went out and had a few drinks. [Guitarist Asshole Andrew was kind enough to add a few comments later on]

—Interview by Mike Joyce

HeartattaCk: Todd, I'd like to start off by asking you about Long Beach. You were born and here right?

Todd: I moved here in junior school, but I've lived here

HaC: The first impression Long Beach is that its all snoop and shit like that, I'm missing out on want to elaborate on

T: Long Beach has punk, the Vandals, those bands, been from Long just been a bad music that sort of about, but I think I'm Gonna Stab there's a good the kids realize Sublime.

HaC: When did Beach begin? a big thing?

T: Long it's really big go to one part s u b u r b a n you can go to

raised h i g h since that. that you get of sublime and but obviously something. You that?

always had a ton of T.S.O.L., and all Moreno 39 have all Beach, I think there's insurgency of popular generalizes what we're especially now bands like You, Defacto, I think underground scene again, the city isn't about

the yupification of Long They seem to have given it makeover, is that a recent

Beach is so weird because and divided, I mean you can of Long Beach and it's total neighborhoods, and then another one like this one,

where it is what it is [working class, multi-ethnic], and you can go to Belmont shore, where it's all 3 story houses. It just really depends where you go. But recently downtown, which has been more like this, a shittier part of the city, run down, lower income part, they've tried to renovate, and make it sort of an "east village" and make it some sort of art community, which I guess is cool in a way, but at the same time it does nothing but raise the rent.

[at this point Rusty comes in and joins the interview]

HaC: Has being in a band gotten you laid yet?

T: No.

HaC: Do you see this happening any time soon?

Rusty: Well, I've got quite a stable of young boys since I joined this band....

HaC: Do you think if you toned down your live

show at all you'd have better luck with the girls?

T: I don't think we really care about the women....

R: I don't think we really care about the stage show....

HaC: So what happens in between the studio, where you guys are really tight and really catchy, and on stage, when you are really drunk, violent and all over the place?

T: It's always been very important to us to have 2 different types of.... I don't know. Anybody can listen to a record, you know. I can say I'm equally impressed by a band that's super tight and stuff like that, but if there's no energy involved with it, I think it's a real drag. I just don't think there are any bands that are doing what we're doing, as far as being confrontational and stuff, especially when we started playing. That was the whole point, me, Rusty, Andrew and Joey were just so fed up with.... when we started playing it was the height of boring boring boring fucking emo.

HaC: Was this 97? 98?

T: It was 98. It was right when the Promise Ring and the Get Up Kids and all those bands were just getting huge out of nowhere. I mean, whatever about those bands, it's not necessarily our cup of tea but we just wanted to do something different. It's been years since anybody went out and grabbed some kid by the fucking shirt collar and...

R: Kissed him on the mouth

T: It's funny how a kiss on the fucking face is offensive or shocking...

HaC: The first time I saw you guys was in 1998, I was down in San Diego visiting a friend, and you were opening up for the Crimson Curse at the Che Café, and I had never heard of you at that point, and you guys get up on stage, and you're huge and you're drunk, and you're cursing the style kids and calling them fags, you spit on them, punched a number of them on the head [including the author of this piece!], and they loved it. They fucking ate it up. They went nuts, dancing, throwing garbage cans around

R: Yeah, I pissed on the stage...

HaC: Really?

R: Yeah, that's why we got kicked out of there.

HaC: You got kicked out of that show? Wow, I don't remember that part.

R: It was a combination of that, but they didn't really say that, but Todd broke some lights...

HaC: Well, they're pussies anyway, I don't like those guys. They banned a friend's band for writing their name in the bathroom...

T: We were told we could never come back there, that was part of the reason too.

HaC: Well they got shut down, I guess the joke is on them...

T: I don't think that, necessarily.... I think it's good to have all ages venues, I just think everybody



needs to loosen up a bit, can't be so uptight about a little paint on the walls, especially when you can paint over it, it's just a bathroom for christ's sake.

HaC: Especially the bathroom of a punk club, which has seen more layers of paint than a.... I don't know what. Anyway, how do you explain your appeal to those kind of kids, you get up there and talk a lot of shit about them and call them out on whatever they think is cool.

T: I don't know what the appeal is, the whole reasoning for it is just to speak our minds and....

R: I think we have something they're not seeing [from other bands].

T: There is a point to be made with all that stuff. It's a gas to me how you go to shows anymore and you look like you're shopping at Urban Outfitters... that's my one forum to say something and so I go for it. It's weird that these kids that are showing up are the same kids that were pointing their fingers and laughing at you a couple of years ago. That's how sad and weird it is, that in two years time... it baffles me how quick people can change, and it's weird to me that this sort of punk scene or whatever has become really fucking hip.

HaC: This sort of punk scene meaning...

T: Everything, from The Locust to... At The Drive In for example, they've been playing forever and all of a sudden out of nowhere...

HaC: They're on Grand Royal

T: Same thing with The Locust, Rusty and I saw the Locust play a million times to 50 kids, now they play to 300, 400. That has a lot to do with hard work and stuff but at the same time... it scares me to death about what's going to happen in another 2 years.

R: A Monsters Of Emo tour.

T: Punk won't be good anymore and they'll go back to whatever... I'm waiting for this type of punk to be on MTV.

HaC: I think it'll happen, I mean The Locust has been all over the place recently, but a lot of it seems to have to do with the fashion and the image than their music itself... I mean how many people like The Locust for the way they look and the way they rock out on stage or whatever and how many like the actual music. In terms of Justin Pearson projects, I think I like most of them better than the kind of music that the Locust is putting out right now, it's kind of weird to me how they manage to make it big with 30 second blasts of bleeps and grind.

R: I like it, they definitely have their own thing going. They're totally original and they deserve all the praise they have coming to them.

HaC: Are you guys going to be coming out with any Le Shok cocaine compacts any time soon?

T: Maybe not cocaine compacts, maybe syringes...

HaC: You have been accused of being French in the past with the name and all, and the early photos you do kind of look French. Does it go past the name and possibly the clothes? Are there any advantages to being French over being German, for example? I mean why aren't you guys Der Schoch or something like that?

T: It's just not as sexy, I suppose. France always gets the bad end of the stick, I think we're guilty of getting the same.

HaC: How many wars have you lost?

T: None yet, I think it's because we don't have anybody that's too short, any Napoleons....

HaC: Joey is kind of skinny, that's close.

HaC: How about battles? How many battles have you lost?

R: We've lost some battles trying to stay in clubs and play our songs.

HaC: How many clubs have you been banned from?

T: Pretty much just about any 21 and over venue. There are certain places where I am not allowed even to be in. For example the tiki bar in Costa Mesa, I tried to just go there, one time after we played there and got thrown out. I got stopped in the parking lot before I even got anywhere near the door and surrounded by bouncers, while I was with my girlfriend. They just sent me home.

HaC: What did you do to that place?

T: That place.. I think they sort of just freaked out after we played... but when they were kicking us out, Joey did something to some bouncer, I think he threw a taco at one of them or something silly like that.

R: Or we broke like 10 million dollars worth of equipment...

T: Finally when they convinced me that I should leave, I snuck around the side and I was trying to steal the marquee, they saw me and chased me down the street and so I pulled down my pants and started jacking off, to try to make them stop.

HaC: Did you get arrested that night? For indecent exposure?

T: No, I didn't get arrested that night, but Shaan, coincidentally did. The last time I got arrested was at the Glass House, in Pomona.

HaC: For assault?

T: No, the reason the cops came was because of the fighting, but nobody was pressing charges or anything, so they got me for drunk in public, but I actually wasn't drunk.

HaC: Have you ever been in a situation where you're just like "fuck, what have I got myself into this time?"

T: Yeah, a couple times when I've been bleeding and stuff like that; I had to go to the hospital for about a week, and have surgery on my hand for getting it cut on broken glass. That was from the last time we played the Que Sera [in Long Beach].

HaC: Did you get banned?

T: No, they love us there, they're actually really cool.

HaC: Let's get back to the music for a second, I want to ask about the song "white tie you die." Now I see Andrew wearing a white tie a lot at shows. Is that about him? Do you want to kill Andrew?

T: Well it's about all of us actually, we've just sort of gotten lazy with it. We used to all wear white ties.

R: That was one of the first things in the band, we were all going to wear white ties.

T: And we all had a wall of pink cabinets when we first started. We had these huge obnoxious cabinets that we put pink screens on. I'm so tired of seeing bands matching and shit.

HaC: Like the Icarus Line?

T: They will never admit it but they got that from us.

R: When we were first doing it, nobody was really doing it at the time, but then it seemed like everyone and their mom jumped on the bandwagon. I'm not saying it was because of us, everyone started getting the same idea at the same time.

HaC: So Daryl [keyboards] is not in the band anymore?

T: No. He's an old man, he's grumpy like one, he's crippled like one, he just wants to go play soul covers or something, so more power to him.

HaC: So Shaan is a permanent addition to the band?

T: Oh yeah definitely. We've considered him a part of it for the whole time he was filling in [for guitarist Andrew on tour]. He's done so much for our band, as far as helping us out, I think its awesome to have him in there, and speaking on behalf of myself he's one of my best friends.

HaC: Does he have a rock and roll name yet like the rest of you? Like Long Gaan Shaan or something like that?

Andrew: Shaan's parents sure fucked his name up. It's spelled weird, but pronounced the same as Sean or Shawn. He's been Long Gone Shaan [a take off from local L.B. hero Long Gone John who runs Sympathy For The Record Industry], but I think we're going with "Shitty Shaan" ["Shaan prefers shits" was etched on the center of the LP] or something like that.

HaC: Has he gotten his share of Le Shok related lumps yet?

T: Oh yeah, his first show for when we went on tour, he got a black eye in San Diego from some kid, which was pretty rad.

HaC: Did you get a lot of guff for your album cover, for having a "dick" and a "pussy" on the cover of your record?

T: You know we really haven't. I've only seriously gotten it from a couple of people when we were on tour, at the Michigan fest some crusty girl came up to us and gave me the "ugh, that's nice" sour face, and even that wasn't that big of a



deal. Recently at the Glass House we had a couple of people that seemed a little uptight about it. But when we first did that I was really curious to see what happens when this comes out. And it's been awesome, people that I expected to be uptight about it thought the artwork was neat.

R: I really appreciate that, it restores my faith in people's open mindedness.

HaC: Who did the cover art work?

T: Me, and Andrew helped out.

HaC: Totally awesome dudes, thank you.

T&R: You're welcome.

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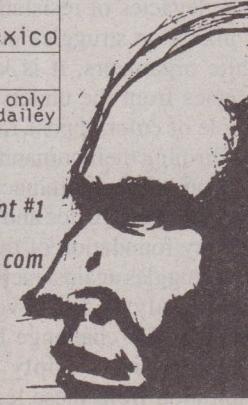
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Lessons from the Civil Rights Movement and Thoughts on Anarchist Organizing

When thinking about organizing, about the possibilities for movement building, about the potential of challenging injustice and fundamentally altering the relationships of power in this society—my mind turns to the Civil Rights movement of

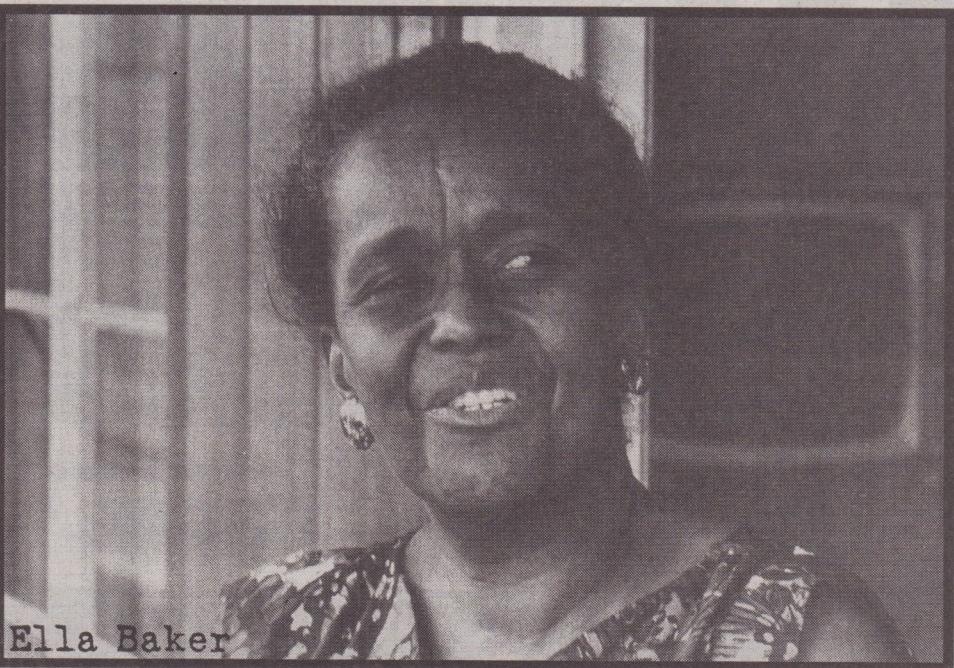
that I'm currently engaged in. The mass actions against global capitalism in the last two years have heavily influenced the local work that I'm involved.

The mass mobilizations in North America opposing corporate power and global capitalism—including Seattle, Washington DC, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and in Quebec—have opened up important conversations about strategy, about racism

working for immigrant rights and housing, teaching in public schools and free schools, running community gardening and radical art programs, Reclaiming the Streets, working to dismantle the prison industrial complex and support political prisoners, and so on. When the critical analysis and lessons developed out of the mass mobilizations are applied to the local work that we, as white radicals are doing, then new possibilities and potential is found.

While there are numerous challenges and complex questions to be struggling with, the goal of this essay is to look at issues of organizing, power and leadership in relationship to anarchist practice. Anarchism as a political theory and organizing strategy has been overwhelmingly white and therefore influenced and shaped by white privilege. White privilege is the flipside of racial oppression and each must be challenged in the struggle against white supremacy. Additionally, the voices dominating anarchist movement for well over 100 years have been male and this too has shaped much of anarchist thought and action.

This essay argues that anarchists need to follow the advice of Pauline Hwang, an organizer with Colours of Resistance, who writes, “Organize from the bottom up, and follow the lead of women and people of colour who are organizing at the grassroots level.” With that in mind, there are three immediate challenges which present themselves to white activists generally and white anarchists in particular: understanding and dismantling privilege and oppression based on race, class and gender; critically examining our understandings of power; and rethinking our conception of leadership. With those challenges before us, let us now look to some of the most dynamic organizers of the twentieth century for both insights and inspiration in doing this work.



Ella Baker

the 1950's and 60's. More specifically, my attention focuses in on Ella Baker and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee who initiated some of the most exciting work that I've ever come across. Today, when I read and hear so many debates, dialogues, and discussions about movement building and "Where do we go from here?" I again look to the insights and inspiration of Miss Baker and SNCC.

The Black liberation struggle and movements for Civil Rights have shaped the history of the United States. From slave revolts to Ida B. Wells international anti-lynching campaign, to the 50,000 women in the National Association of Colored Women at the beginning of the century, to the struggle today against the prison industrial complex: these legacies of resistance are at the heart of liberation struggles in this country. For white organizers, it is key to study these legacies from the understanding that when people of color oppose racism they are also re-affirming their humanity. In a social order built on white supremacy, people of color organizing for justice and dignity challenges the very foundation of this society. This is why struggles against racism have repeatedly been catalysts for revolutionary social change. The challenge for me, as a white organizer, is to apply the insights and inspiration from these legacies to the work

in white progressive movements and the goals of organizing. While these mass actions are connected to a history of resistance over 500 years old, they have served this generation, particularly white activists, as a catalyst for both organizing and reflection on that organizing. In particular, they have created openings for broader movement debate and dialogue. Writings by radicals of color critiquing the whiteness of these actions and the ways in which racism operates within social change movements have presented clear challenges to white radicals working for social change. These challenges and the issues that they bring up are opportunities for growth and learning that white radicals have a responsibility to take seriously and engage with. The questions, possibilities and challenges coming out of the mass mobilizations become concrete when they are connected to the day-to-day work that makes the mass actions possible.

The critique developed by Elizabeth Betita Martinez in her essay, "Where was the Color in Seattle" needs to be examined for what lessons it has for organizers involved with Food Not Bombs and anti-poverty organizing, Earth First! and environmental action, union organizing and economic justice, alternative media like micro powered radio, Independent Media Centers and activist 'zines everywhere,



Ella Baker, Community Organizing and Participatory Democracy

Ella Baker, who was born in North Carolina in 1905, was politicized and radicalized by the poverty of the Great Depression. She participated in self-help programs throughout the 30s and developed an understanding and respect for the process by which people take control over their own lives while also protesting injustices.

In the late 1930s, Baker became a field organizer for the NAACP. She would travel throughout the South and lecture, network and organize with any one person or group of people she could find. She would stay with local branches and help organize membership drives. She would assist local

groups that were having either internal or external problems. However, her overall goal of organizing was to bring the NAACP to the grassroots. As an organizer, Baker believed very strongly in the abilities and the knowledge of local people to address their own issues. She believed that the national organization should serve as a system of support to offer assistance and resources to local campaigns and projects. She believed that organizations needed to serve the grassroots that made the organization strong.

In the early 1940's she became the assistant field secretary for the NAACP and by 1943, she was named the national director of branches. Baker describes her years of organizing with the NAACP and what she tried to accomplish as follows: "My basic sense of it has always been to get people to understand that in the long run, they themselves are the only protection they have against violence and injustice. If they only had ten members in the NAACP at any given point, those ten members could be in touch with twenty-five members in the next little town, with fifty in the next and throughout the state as a result of the organization of state conferences and they, or course, could be linked up with the national. People have to be made to understand that they cannot look for salvation anywhere but themselves."

Baker's organizational style actively worked to keep people informed and empowered, with the goal of people organizing themselves. Baker argued that strong people do not need a strong leader; rather they need an organization that can provide mutual aid and solidarity. Those views on organizing were very different than those of the national NAACP. In fact, Baker became critical of the national NAACP's failure to support the development of self-sufficient local groups, as it failed to help "local leaders develop their own leadership potential." In response to the unsupportive stance of the national NAACP, Baker began organizing regional gatherings to bring people together and help develop local leadership and organizing skills.

Baker worked to organize and support regional gatherings to both develop people's skills and build communities of support and resistance. This is an example of Baker's commitment to bottom up organizing that values the work of

decision-making is tough, and the process of growth is slow.

In her essay, "Ella Baker and the Origins of 'Participatory Democracy,'" Carol Mueller breaks down Miss Baker's conception of participatory democracy into three parts: (1) an appeal for grassroots involvement of people throughout society in the decisions that control their lives; (2) the minimization of hierarchy and the associated emphasis on expertise and professionalism as a basis for leadership; and (3) a call for direct action as an answer to fear, alienation and intellectual detachment.

The call for direct action was one of Baker's main strategies for creating meaningful social change. She argued that it is the people themselves who create change; that not only does direct action challenge injustice in society, but that ultimately individuals confront the oppression in their own heads and begin the process of self-transformation and self-actualization.

She also believed that as people organize, they will learn from their mistakes and successes and become stronger people in the process: people who believe in themselves and feel a sense of their own power to affect the world around them and make history. If there was a shortage of food due to economic injustice, she would help people to provide food for themselves but she would also help organize folks to protest the economic conditions that deny people food. If the school system isn't providing a satisfactory education, then the community must come together to demand changes and to also provide alternatives ways of learning (i.e. after school programs, study groups, tutoring programs, free schools, homeschooling, etc.). For Baker, direct action was about achieving immediate goals, but it was also deeply connected to developing a sense of power in the people involved. It is this sense of power that would change people far beyond winning the immediate goals and help build a sustainable movement with long-term commitment and vision. It would also hopefully impact people's perceptions of themselves in relationship to the world and open up greater possibilities for happiness and satisfaction.

Miss Baker had an innovative understanding of leadership, an idea which

with others to develop their own sense of power, capacity to organize and analyze, visions of liberation and ability to act in the world for justice. Miss Baker believed that good leadership created opportunities for others to realize and expand their own talents, skills and potential to be leaders themselves. This did not mean that she didn't challenge people or struggle with people over political questions and strategies. Rather, this meant that she struggled with people over these questions to help develop principled and strategic leadership capable of organizing for social transformation.

Baker described good leadership as group-centered leadership. Group-centered leadership means that leaders form in groups and are committed to building collective power and struggling for collective goals. This is different than leader-centered groups, in which the group is dedicated to the goals and power of that leader.

Baker's commitment to participatory democracy led her to resign as the national director of branches of the NAACP in 1946. She moved to New York to care for her niece and became the local branch director and immediately began the process of taking the organization to the grassroots; out of the offices and into the streets.

After the 1954 Brown vs. Board of Education verdict declared segregation in public schools unconstitutional, Baker and the local branch started campaigning against segregation in the New York school system. Additionally, after the court decision, Baker and several other organizers formed the group In Friendship, which provided financial assistance to local leaders in the South who were suffering reprisals for their organizing. In Friendship believed that the time had come for a mass mobilization against the legally sanctioned racial apartheid of Jim Crow society in the South. When the Montgomery Bus Boycott campaign generated local mass participation, national support and international media, In Friendship thought they might have found the spark that they were looking for. The group established contact with the Montgomery Improvement Association who was leading the campaign and began taking notes as well as offering support and advice.

Once the campaign came to an end

Looking to the Light of Freedom by Chris Crass

in 1956, with a major victory against segregation on the city buses, In Friendship put forward a proposal to the local leadership of Martin Luther King, Jr. and others. Ella Baker, Bayard Rustin and Stanley Levinson

Looking to the Light of Freedom

developing relationships between people and building trust, respect and power on a grassroots level. She believed in participatory democracy, not just in theory or on paper, but in the messy and complex world of practice: where mistakes are made,

she thought of in multiple ways: as facilitator, creating processes and methods for others to express themselves and make decisions; as coordinator, creating events, situations and dynamics that build and strengthen collective efforts; and as teacher/educator, working

approached Dr. King with the idea of an organizational structure to help network and build a Southern movement against segregation. They believed that Montgomery had shown that "the center of gravity had shifted from the courts to community action" and that now was the time to strike. In 1957, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference was founded. The SCLC was intended to be a network of local leaders and communities coordinating their actions and providing assistance to one another. The SCLC was also formed around the strategy of getting more clergy members to involve themselves and their church communities in the Civil Rights struggle. SCLC started with sixty-five affiliates throughout the South. The leader of the SCLC was Martin Luther King, Jr., but it was Ella Baker who opened and ran the group's office in Atlanta, and she used her connections throughout the South to lay the groundwork for the organization. The two principal strategies of SCLC, laid out at the group's founding conference, were building voter power in the Black community and mass direct action against segregation. Baker spent two and a half years as the acting executive director of SCLC. She ran the Atlanta office and traveled throughout the South building support for the organization. The first project was the Crusade for Citizenship, which aimed at doubling the number of Black votes in the South within a year. With hardly any resources and little support from the other leaders of SCLC, over thirteen thousand people came together in over 22 cities to plan and initiate the campaign.

During her two and half years of organizing with SCLC, her relationship with the leadership began to wane. While Miss Baker continued her work building a bottom up, grassroots powered organization, others in SCLC consolidated their adherence to the strategy of the charismatic leader-centered group style that formed around King. In addition to this, she was never officially made the executive director during her tenure as 'acting' executive director. Baker said that she was never made official because she was neither a minister nor a man. The failure to recognize and respect women's leadership was a major weakness in the SCLC and in other formations of the Civil Rights movement.



Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and the Organizing Tradition

In 1960, a massive resurgence of Civil Rights activism and direct action took place amongst students who initiated the sit-in movement, which swept through the South like wildfire. Thousands of students participated in desegregation actions in which Black and some white students would sit at segregated lunch counters requesting to be served and refusing to leave. The sit-ins were dramatic; they brought the tensions of racial apartheid to the surface and often ended with white violence against the sit-in protesters. The sit-in movement erupted out of previously existing autonomous groups and/or networks that had been forming. They were largely uncoordinated beyond the local level and there were no visible public leaders—it was a self-organized movement. Within a year and a half sit-ins had taken place in over one hundred cities in twenty states and involved an estimated seventy thousand demonstrators with three thousand six hundred arrests. Ella Baker immediately realized the potential of this newly developing student movement and went to work organizing a conference to be held in Raleigh, North Carolina in April of 1960.

The conference brought together student activists and organizers from around the South who had participated in the sit-in movement. There were two hundred delegates out of which one hundred twenty were student activists representing fifty-six colleges and high schools from twelve Southern states and the District of Columbia. As the conference was organized by Baker and she was the acting executive director of SCLC, the leadership of SCLC hoped that the students would become a youth wing of the adult organization. However, Baker, who delivered one of the key-note speeches at the conference, urged the students to remain autonomous, form their own organization and set their own goals that would reflect their militancy and passion for social change.

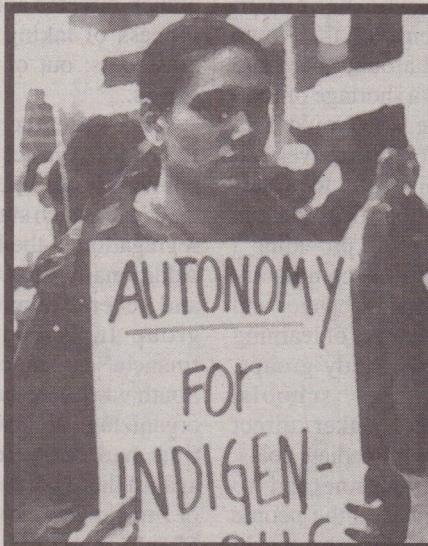
The Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee was born out of the Raleigh conference. SNCC (pronounced Snick) was run by the students themselves along with two adult advisors: Ella Baker and Howard Zinn. It would become one of the

most important organizations of the 60s. They played a major role in the Freedom Rides, another direct action tactic that dramatically protested segregation. Its organizers started the "jail no bail" strategy of filling the jails and refusing to pay bail until segregation was ended. SNCC also played a principle role in Freedom Summer in Mississippi. That campaign followed their strategy of grassroots community organizing that took them into some of the most formidable areas of the South.

Ella Baker has been referred to as both the mid-wife who helped deliver SNCC and the founder who helped articulate the base principles from which the group developed. For instance, SNCC was committed to group-centered leadership, to mass direct action, to organizing in the tradition of developing people's capacity to work on their own behalf, and to community building that was participatory and involved local people in decision-making with the goal of developing local leaders. In looking to the lessons of Ella Baker's organizing strategies, it is useful to look at SNCC to see how these concepts were experimented with and applied. From the examples of SNCC, we can draw both insights and inspiration for the work that we are doing today.

Charles Payne writes in his book, *I've Got the Light of Freedom*: "SNCC may have the firmest claim to being called the burning organization [as in inspiring and helping shape other organizations]. SNCC initiated the mass-based, disruptive political style we associate with the sixties, and it provided philosophical and organizational models and hands-on training for people who would become leaders in the student power movement, anti-war movement, and the feminist movement. SNCC forced the civil rights movement to enter the most dangerous areas of the South. It pioneered the idea of young people 'dropping out' for a year or two to work for social change. It pushed the proposition that merely bettering the living conditions of the oppressed was insufficient; that has to be done in conjunction with giving those people a voice in the decisions that shape their lives. As SNCC learned to see beyond the lunch counter, the increasingly radical philosophies that emerged within the organization directly and indirectly encouraged a generation of scholars and activists to reconsider the ways that social inequality is generated and sustained."

One model of organizing in SNCC was the Freedom School used in Mississippi. The Freedom Schools prioritized political education informed by daily reality to connect day-to-day experiences with an institutional analysis. The Freedom Schools focused on building leadership and training organizers. SNCC envisioned the schools



to operate as "parallel institutions" or what many anarchists refer to today as "counter-institutions." Charlie Cobb, who first proposed the creation of the Freedom Schools said that the schools were to be "an educational experience for students which will make it possible for them to challenge the myths of our society, to perceive more clearly its realities and to find alternatives and ultimately, new directions for action." Curriculum at the schools ranged from "Introducing the Power Structure," to critiques of materialism in "Material Things and Soul Things." There were classes on non-violence and direct action as well as classes on economics and how the power structure manipulates the fears of poor whites. The lessons learned from the Freedom Schools can help us to envision programs that educate as well as train people to take action.

Ella Baker devoted her time, energy and wisdom to SNCC, which came to embody those principles of participatory democracy and grassroots community organizing that she had helped to develop throughout her lifetime as a radical organizer. Both Baker and SNCC struggled to create collective leadership, to engage in activism that empowered others to become active, to generate change from the bottom up and to experiment with expanding democratic decision making into everyday life.

The history and experiences of SNCC offer much to organizers today, in terms of how we go about our work and how we envision our goals. One organizer from SNCC, Bob Zellner, described being an organizer as similar to a juggling act, "Organizers had to be morale boosters, teachers, welfare agents, transportation coordinators, canvassers, public speakers, negotiators, lawyers, all while communicating with people who range from illiterate sharecroppers to well-off professionals and while enduring harassment from agents of the law and listening with one ear for threats of violence. Exciting days and major victories are rare." Ella Baker described community organizing as 'spade work,' as in the hard work gardening when you prepare the soil for seeds for the next season. It is hard work, but it is what makes it possible for the garden to grow.

Charles Payne warns us repeatedly to look at the everyday work that builds movements and creates social change and to draw from those experiences in order to learn the lessons for our work today. He writes, "Overemphasizing the movement's more dramatic features, we undervalue the patient and sustained effort, the slow, respectful work, that made the dramatic moments possible."

From here, he develops an analysis

of how sexism operates in organizing efforts. He explores why it is that in most histories of social movements, the profound impact of women is rarely mentioned. In the Civil Rights movements it was women and young people who were the backbone of the struggle. On this Payne writes, "We know beyond dispute that women were frequently the dominant force in the movement. Their historical invisibility is perhaps the most compelling example of

the way our shared images of the movement distort and confuse the historical reality.

There is a parallel with the way in which we typically fail to see women's work in other spheres. Arlene Daniels, among others, has noted that what we socially define as 'work' are those activities that are public rather than private and those activities for which we get paid. In the same way, the tendency in the popular imagination and in much scholarship has been to reduce the movement to stirring speeches—given by men—and dramatic demonstrations—led by men. The everyday maintenance of the movement, women's work, overwhelmingly, is effectively devalued, sinking beneath the level of our sight."

As organizers today, it is crucial that we look at our own work and consider what activities we place value on. How do we treat the people making the grand speeches and leading the rallies? And how do we treat the people making the phone calls, facilitating the meetings, distributing the flyers, raising money, taking time out to listen to the troubles of other organizers, coordinating child-care, cooking all day, patiently answering dozens of questions from new volunteers or potential supporters, or working really hard to make other people in the group or project feel listened to, respected, heard, valued and supported?

Whose names do we remember and whose work do we praise? As organizers we are not just putting together actions; we are helping to build community, helping to build supportive and loving relationships between people, helping to sustain and nourish alternative values of cooperation and liberation in this fiercely competitive and individualistic society.

This was the strength of Ella Baker's work, a strength that I think we can learn enormously from: her attention to group development. Ella Baker stressed the need to not only politicize and mobilize people, but to consciously develop people's

capacities to be organizers and leaders in the long haul struggle for a better world. While "each one teach one" strategies and training

people in the skills of organizing don't grab headlines in the media, it is this work that builds movement and develops a community of empowerment, solidarity and support that we need in order to transform society. Ella Baker's legacy is one that both inspires and informs our day-to-day efforts. The challenge before us is to make

sense of her legacy in relationship to our work today.



Resisting Privilege, re-defining Power and re-thinking Leadership

At the beginning of this essay I mentioned three immediate challenges which present themselves to white activists generally and white anarchists in particular and they were: understanding and dismantling privilege and oppression based on race, class and gender; critically examining our understandings of power; and rethinking our conception of leadership. As a white anarchist, I want to embrace the complexity of these issues, to acknowledge that there are no clear answers, but rather good questions that can challenge us to go further, to break out of what is comfortable and static so that we can open up new possibilities.

First, the challenge of understanding and dismantling privilege and oppression based on race, class and gender. When talking about privilege and how it relates to one's life, it is important to stay focused on the goal of such reflection. It isn't about guilt or confessing to one's sins. Rather, it is about placing oneself in the matrix of domination that shapes our society. Recognizing the complex nature of where one is placed allows for sharper insights into how your position influences you and how you can take part in dismantling the structures of domination altogether. It is also important to recognize how one's place in society shifts and takes on new meaning in different situations, which pushes us to be more and more aware of these dynamics.

For example, white privilege impacts the ways that white radicals conceive of politics and organizing. I've been socialized most of my life to speak my mind, to take my opinions and thoughts seriously. Teachers, parents and adults have looked at

kids like me as the “future of this country.” Pictures of people who looked like me (white, male and ‘assuredly’ heterosexual) filled the history books, were the important people on the walls and were celebrated as the smartest and brightest of those who have ever lived. Much of my initial politics was based on rejecting this middle class culture, rejecting this role of being among the “future leaders of this great country.” I had the material privilege to do this comfortably, in terms of money and my parents house. I say all of this, not because I feel the need to express some sort of guilt, but rather to place myself in both history and society. In this way, I can analyze how my privilege, my location in the matrix, impacts my view of the world, my understanding of myself and my conception of organizing, resistance and liberation.

My anarchist politics were firmly rooted in a politics of rejection, a refusal to participate in a society based on exploitation, oppression and massive destruction of the environment, animals and people. My politics were summed up by saying, “Fuck all authority.” Anarchism is indeed a much more complex body of theory and practice, but this anti-power politic, largely based on rejection, has been a strong undercurrent in anarchist thought—certainly in mine. Much of anarchist thought on issues of power, leadership and organization has been informed by both a brilliant critique of how power operates and of white privilege. One of the most important contributions of anarchist politics has been the analysis of power inequalities and the visions of egalitarian social relationships. One of the biggest shortcomings of anarchism has been, How do we get from here to there? White privilege has been one of the major barriers for anarchists struggling with this question.

The understanding of both power and leadership held by most anarchists has maintained inequalities both within anarchist circles and in our relationships with others. In our rejection of both power and leadership, we frequently work in or create organizations that are breeding grounds for informal hierarchies often defined by race, class and gender. We have frequently also argued for a complete rejection of organization altogether, advocating for spontaneous revolt, which again breeds informal hierarchies with no means of challenging this behavior. Given this situation, anarchism is one of the most white, often male dominated political movements in the United States today. Admitting the realities of white supremacy, patriarchy and heterosexism, I am not trying to isolate the anarchist movement, but rather to argue that we need to examine where we are at if we are to seriously think about where we want to go.

As a movement we also need to look to the writings and organizing of anarchists of color, women and queer anarchists for thoughts and leadership about what direction we are already going in and should be going in.

One of the most significant aspects of anarchism is the argument that the ends do not justify the means of organizing. This has generally been thought of in terms of the tactics and organizational structure one uses. While there is a strong tendency in anarchism to lay out a very simplistic, dualistic framework of good/bad, right/wrong to think about these issues, there is also a large body of theory and practice coming overwhelming from anarchists and anti-authoritarians who are women, people of color and/or queer. The multiple roles of the state, the ways that power operates, processes for empowerment and self-determination, what group development and collective action looks like and how this informs our organizing are all issues being developed. This is not to say that everything a radical of color or white queer says is brilliant, useful or right, or that nothing a white, hetero, male says is of value. Rather, I’m saying that the voices marginalized in larger society are often marginalized in radical movements and that anarchists who champion egalitarianism have a responsibility to do much better than this. Furthermore, marginalized voices are often the most radical and realistic about social change.

How anarchism is defined and conceptualized is crucial. For example, defining anarchism as being in opposition to not only capitalism and the state, but also to white supremacy, patriarchy and heterosexism is a move in the direction we need to be going. The next step would be to figure out exactly what that shift in thinking means for the ways that we view and act in the world.

How anarchists talk about power is a big issue. For example, the anarchist punk band Crass put forward a slogan that has been widely used and highly popular, “Destroy Power, Not People.” The Black Panther Party put forward a slogan that has also been widely used and highly popular, “All Power to the People.” It is not inconsequential that the band Crass was all white people. While both of these slogans utilize the word ‘Power,’ are they both using the word to mean the same thing? Crass talked about oppressive power: the power of the state to

go to war, the power of capitalism to devastate the planet and exploit people. The Black Panther Party talked about power in terms of self-determination. The first demand of the Black Panthers 10 point Party platform was, “1. We want freedom. We want power to determine the destiny of our Black community. We believe that Black people will not be free until we are able to determine our destiny.” The Black Panthers, Ella Baker, SNCC and many, many others (including many anarchists), have argued that the people are the source of power and that we must organize to build collective power to dismantle oppressive power. It is also useful to distinguish between power over others and power with others.

While this may sound like a debate over semantics, it is actually a debate about the ways that anarchists think about the world and the ways that we act in the world. It is also about the ways that white privilege and male privilege have influenced anarchist politics—to speak of anti-power rather than building power. This goes deep. Look at, for instance, white anarchist men who say that there are no ‘power dynamics’ within their organizations because no one has or wants power. Or worse still, look at white anarchist men who say that there are no power dynamics because they don’t believe in organization anyway and everyone should just ‘act.’ These ideas must be challenged, as they fail to see the complex reality of race, class and gender, or how power and privilege operate on multiple levels. This must be challenged because while white anarchist men might reject power and denounce privilege in theory, we all still live in a society that grants and denies power and privilege on the basis of race, class and gender. This is why white male anarchists repeatedly say things like, “if women aren’t being heard, they should just speak up,” or “I’m not the leader, I’m just

always doing everything because no one else knows how” (I can’t even begin to count how many times I’ve said something like this over the years).

Helen Luu, an amazing organizer with Colours of Resistance, frames the issue of white privilege as following, “Genuine anti-racist work involves building alliances and working in solidarity with people of colour; it means understanding the ways that unequal power relations manifests itself in all settings (including activist ones) and how it works to oppress some while privileging others; it means looking to people of colour



as leaders, and not as mere tokens in order to prove how ‘anti-racist’ your group is (“We’re not racist! Look, we have two Asians in our group!”). It means a whole lot more too, but above all, it means being dedicated to proactively and consciously working to bring down the structure of white supremacy and privilege.”



Towards a theory and practice of anti-authoritarian leadership

In her ground-breaking book, Black Feminist Thought, Patricia Hill Collins writes, “Black women have not conceptualized our quest for empowerment as one of replacing elite white male authorities with ourselves as benevolent Black female ones. Instead, African American women have overtly rejected theories of power based on domination in order to embrace an alternative vision of power based on a humanist vision of self-actualization, self-definition, and self-determination.” This understanding of power, in conjunction with a critical analysis of how oppressive power operates is a solid foundation for our work.

Organizing is about building collective power. In the process of building collective power it is also about developing the power that each of us has to act and engage with the world. The ways that anarchists conceptualize issues of power and politics plays out in the ways that we conceptualize organizing.

Ella Baker talked about and worked from a model of group leadership, of developing the capacities of each person to be a leader to participate in the shaping and making of decisions. She also paid great attention to developing the capacities of people to be organizers, to create a movement based on participation and empowerment. Traditionally, the idea of leadership is based on one person making all of the decisions in an authoritarian manner; a model in which people follow others, often times blindly. Anarchists have been rightfully critical of this model, but our thinking needs to be more complex than this. Furthermore, anarchists are not alone in thinking about these issues. Ella Baker and SNCC, among many others historically, present an approach to organizing concretely struggles with the question of getting from here to there.

Baker’s model of organizing and leadership is firmly rooted in a politics of empowerment. She believed that a movement fighting for social transformation must also be transforming the individuals involved. She believed that people grew and developed through collective work to challenge oppression. She wasn’t just talking about the ways that people see the world, but

also the place they see themselves in the world; from being acted upon by forces of oppression, to acting in the world for social justice. This shift involves learning politics and skills, but also a sense of self and being prepared to act. A leader or organizer in the spirit of Ella Baker is one who actively encourages other people’s participation, who works with others to develop skills, confidence, analysis and ability to take action for the long haul. Leadership in the spirit of Ella Baker and SNCC means not prioritizing the ends over the means, because the means lead you to the ends. While they were not anarchists, the theory and practice they developed for egalitarian organizing was far more sophisticated than what most anarchists are working with.

The challenge also for a mostly white movement, is how to bring people together to not only fight against oppression, but to also dismantle their privileges. This is a major reason why we need to develop understandings of organizing and leadership. How do we support and encourage self-organization, while also being committed to dismantling white supremacy, patriarchy, heterosexism, capitalism and the state? As a mostly white movement, that means we are mostly speaking to white people, and when white people have spontaneously demonstrated their rage it has usually been directed at communities of color (from lynchings, to rape, to burning down whole towns, to voting overwhelmingly against immigrant rights and affirmative action). White radicals have a responsibility to play leadership roles in challenging white supremacy in white society.

A theory and practice of anti-authoritarian leadership is a subject full of contradictions, tensions, questions, discomforts, confusion, and uncertainties and that’s what I like about it. Being honest about contradictions opens up possibilities for understanding, where denial does not. Furthermore, tensions can be a creative force to develop something new, something uncharted, as oppose to strict guidelines that contain and restrict. By tensions I mean looking at what exists between the binary or dualistic frameworks; the gray areas, the both/and rather than the either/or, where one is multiple. For example, the tension is what exists in the middle, if on one side you had leader and the other side was follower. What exists between these two concepts? What does it mean to be, all at once, a follower, a leader, an individual, a participant in a collective process, someone who is privileged on the basis of race, but oppressed on the basis of gender, someone who has experience and wisdom to share with the group, and also wants to encourage broad participation in discussions, to know that at

all times one can be both oppositional to and complicit with oppression? When all of these different positions and ideas are recognized, rather than denied, then something more creative and dynamic can be developed. I am not wedded to the word leadership, rather I am interested in struggling with the tools and concepts of leadership in relationship to being an anarchist. Anarchists need more tools, more concepts to use in our day-to-day work. In looking for insights and inspiration on organizing that priorities egalitarian practices, I have looked to liberation struggles from communities of color. Many of these struggles are lead by women of color, who are producing many of the most radical and hopeful strategies for social transformation out there.

With that in mind, we should heed the advice of anarchist organizer, Gabriel Sayegh. Sayegh writes in his essay, “Redefining Success: White Contradictions in the Anti-Globalization Movement,” “We [white activists] must become active, effective listeners if we are serious about being part of a movement. We must be willing to challenge our selves—our behaviors, actions, and thinking—as much as we are willing to challenge the global institutions of capitalism. This is a difficult task indeed. We can find direction by examining what radical people of color have been doing for centuries—organizing a movement for liberation.”

We must be willing to struggle over these complex and difficult questions of theory and practice, but we must do so as we engage in our day-to-day work to transform ourselves in the process of transforming this society. Facing the complexity of reality is one of the most radical acts we can take.

Recommended reading on the Civil Rights movement and organizing:

—Black Feminist Thought: Knowledge, Consciousness, and the Politics of Empowerment by Patricia Hill Collins. Routledge, 1990.

—I've Got the Light of Freedom: the Organizing Tradition and the Mississippi Freedom Struggle by Charles M. Payne. University of California Press, 1995.

—When and Where I Enter: the Impact of Black Women on Race and Sex in America by Paula Giddings. Quill, 1984.

—Bearing the Cross: Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference by David J. Garrow. Vintage, 1988.

—Women in the Civil Rights Movement: Trailblazers and Torchbearers 1941-1965 edited by Vicki L. Crawford, Jacqueline Anne Rouse, and Barbara Woods.

Special thanks to Kerry Levenberg, Clare Bayard, Prof. Laura Head, Johnna Bossuet and Chris Dixon, in particular, for critical feedback on this essay.



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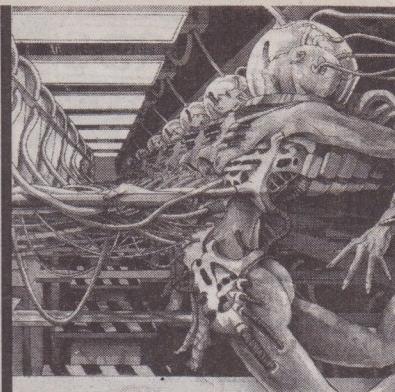
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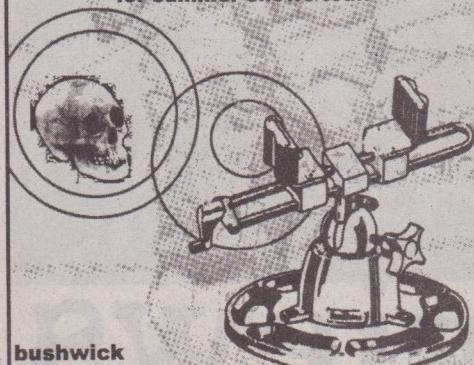
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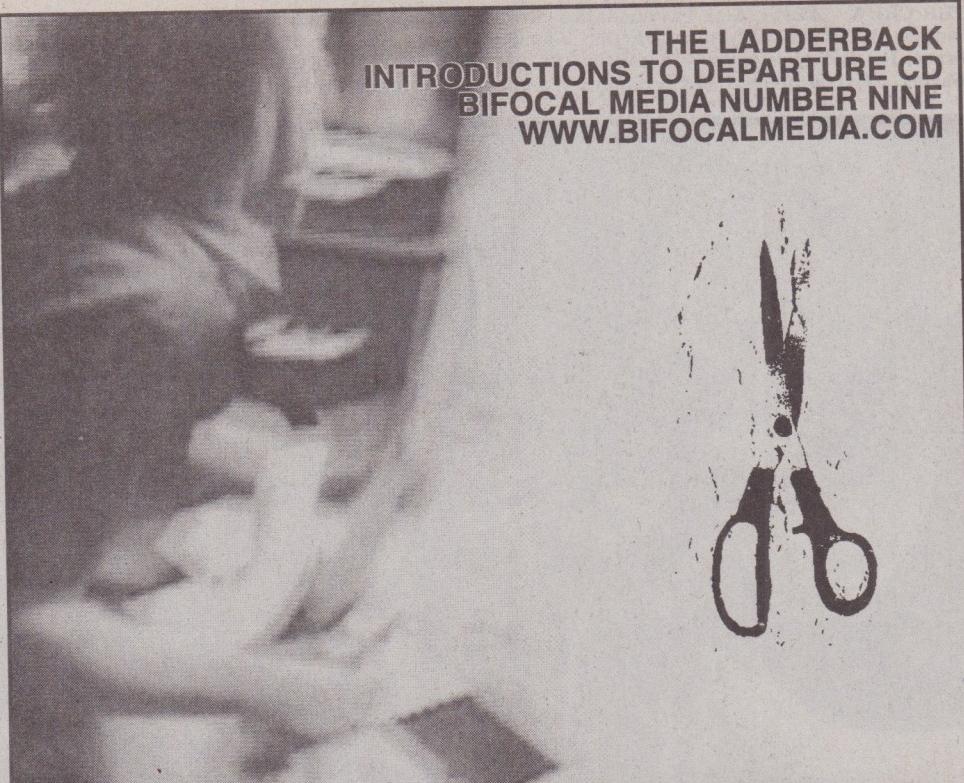
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FROM ASHES RISE

photo by Fil

Record Reviews

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5 DAY GETAWAY • CD

6 songs. These four chaps from Belgium play proto-European hardcore that I found hard to get excited about. The absence of a lyric sheet and any other info about themselves didn't exactly get me all fired up about them, either. Hmm... These songs aren't bad, but they all have a similar mid-paced groove and no exciting breaks. I don't know, I guess I'm still pissed off about the lack of words. Can't say anything else that wouldn't be an insult. MH (Toystore Records/Leemstrasse 3/9820 Merelbeke/Belgium)

A GREAT DIVIDE • CD

The west coast Sleepy Time Trio has finally embraced us with a full length. This record is fucking great! 10 songs here of stop and start timing with yelling to screaming vocals that have you humming their songs weeks after you hear the record. This has been in heavy rotation the past few weeks and since bands like 400 Years and Sleepytime Trio haven't put out records lately, A Great Divide has filled that vacancy. Noisy, chaotic, simple but also technical, intense rhythmic hardcore. Fucking love it! SA (Frenetic Records/PO Box 640434/San Francisco, CA 94164-0434)

ABE FROMAN • Baltimore Is Scum 7"

Why is Baltimore scum? They yet have to explain that to me. Anyway, this band sounds like a less polished, early version of Discount. They play melodic hardcore that features tuneful female vocals. The recording is pretty raw. I wasn't super impressed by all of this, but it definitely isn't bad. MH (What's Your New Address?/PO Box 6393/East Lansing, MI 48826)

ATROCIOUS MADNESS • Spectres of Holocaust 7"

The brutal thrash attack of Atrocious Madness shows no signs of giving in, giving up, or taking any prisoners. Eight "songs" of pure musical thrash noise. Spectres of Holocaust features info about how the United States smuggled Nazi war criminals into the employment of our government, and the songs are mostly about war and the horrific aspects of the human condition in the 21st century. Brutal and pure terrorizing noise. KM (Wicked Witch Records/PO Box 3835/1001 AD Amsterdam/The Netherlands)

ABUSO SONORO • Herencia CD

Here comes Abuso Sonoro again. And once again I am very pleased. 12 songs of anarcho-hardcore in Portuguese (?) and in English. They are very intelligent and very interesting as well. I have listened to this approximately 13 times since I got it a couple days ago and it kicks ass every time. DJ (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Ave/Cotati, CA 94931)

AMENDMENT EIGHTEEN • Every Knife has a Home 7"

Straight Edge Hard Core! Rockin mid paced hardcore that reminds me of Born Against. The lyrics are about personal stuff, although I can't understand them much beyond that. This is some really solid stuff, and it grows on me with each listen. DD (Fixed Star Records/Bastian Brune Robert/Koch Str. 3/44135/Dortmund/Germany)

AMERICAN HERITAGE • CD

All over this CD it says that it's also a CD-ROM, I guess something that we (the listener) are supposed to get excited about. After listening to this bad instrumental rock album, I would recommend American Heritage spend more time on the music side of their releases rather than on the interactive CD-ROM side of it. Personally I'd take The Fucking Champs any day of the week. (Side Note) I think this album is only available on CD format, with the rest of the releases on this label, because Mike Simionetti says vinyl doesn't "move enough units." You've got to love a label with that kind of integrity. MO (Troubleman Unlimited)

ANASARCA • discography CD

Anasara was a band from 1994 to 1997, this CD and LP release chronicles their releases during that time. For a discography, it is pretty short. Seven songs tell you their story. They come from the 7", split 7" with Anonymous, and some demo stuff—all of which is long out of print. To my memory, I saw Anasara twice. They were good and they fit in well with much of the emo hardcore that was happening at that time. Bands like Current, Constantine Sankathi, Julia, Five-O, and Indian Summer had the midwest, east coast, and west coast under a their very intimate spell. The songs on this CD take you through high and lows of that sound in seven tracks. LO (Second Nature/PO Box 11543/Kansas City, MO 64138)

ANDY CIGARETTES • The Understated 7"

These songs are made of distorted, spoken or half-sung vocals sprinkled over a casio keyboard and a drum machine. All this is done with some degree of intelligence and a sense of humor. I'd say the first track especially could have been somewhat of a hit in the techno scene if it had featured a stronger kick drum and more bass. (I don't believe I'm giving this guy tips on how to sound more like Daft Punk. I'm sure he has no intention of sounding like them. I'm sorry, I don't know what I was thinking.) The last track on here even reminds me a little of Bright Eyes (a very low-fi interpretation of Bright Eyes, but nonetheless...) If you feel adventurous you might wanna check this out. MH (Junkpuncher/PO Box 513/Columbia, MO 65205)

ANTI-STATE • When Corporations Rule the World 7"

For as good as the layout and lyrics to this record are I was really hoping that the music would be better than it is. They just don't sound very tight. It seems like the members of this band have put plenty of thought behind their lyrics, now let's hope that next time the music is rad too. DJ (Gasmask Records/PO Box 2626/Portland, OR 97208)

ANUBIS RISING • Opening of the Mouth CD

I've been hearing good things about this band. They sounded different then I imagined but I'm not let down. The music is a bit tricky to describe, they mix elements of epic punk/crust but keep it melodic in a Scandinavian way and they're even spacey at times with quiet interludes. Soothing to go to sleep to similar to Neurosis. This is a good first release even though the recording is a bit rusty and I'm really looking forward to what this band progresses into. The "pot head" sample was over done. ADI (Demon Core Records; Anubis_Rising@yahoo.com)

AREA 23 • Dreams Die When They Come True CD

4 tracks at 15:18 minutes. These are low energy melodic rock tunes with loud vocals. Demo quality music on a CD. SJS (no contact info provided)

ASTERISK • Dogma: Death of a Dromologist LP

Grind, thrash, spastic noise, aggravating noise, and a lot of distortion are all part of the uncomfortable sonic assault that Asterisk spew out. Ugly and irritating, this shit is guaranteed to annoy 99.99% of the world's population, but the other .01% will go stark raving mad as the aural damage is thrust into their ears. Asterisk cums from Sweden and the band features members of Demon System 13 and Female Anchor Of Sade. KM (Three One G/PO Box 178262/San Diego, CA 92177)

THE AUGUST PROPHECY • Five Endeavors... LP

Heavy and damaged, The August Prophecy play a crazed mixture of hardcore, noise, and metal. The end result is an intentionally messy assault that keeps you guessing with numerous turns and altered directions. Featuring x-members of Another Victim and Hermon Dekab, two bands I am not familiar with but I guess if you knew these bands then it might make a difference. The CD version of these five songs was released on OHEV Records, and it was reviewed in the last issue of HaC #28 if you want another opinion on this one. KM (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

APATHEMY • Encased in Black This is forever CD

Apathemy plays some kind of metal/death metal combo. Unfortunately the low vocals are mixed way to high and I couldn't stand to listen to much of it. Sorry, no dice. DJ (Tribunal Records/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419-1322)

ARTIMUS PYLE • Cold Cold Earth 7"

Another great record from Artimus Pyle. Five songs of desolate sounding hardcore that can be compared to His Hero Is Gone. The vocals scream, the guitar howls, the drums pound, and the bass pummels. Get this and then get their 12". Fucking great stuff. KM (Prank Records/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

BILLION DOLLAR MISSION • The Cup CD

4 songs. This Norwegian band plays nice upbeat emo/indie rock that would fit perfectly on one of those Emo Diaries compilations on Deep Elm Records. It's all very well done, it even reminds me of Quicksand sometimes (mostly just because the singer sounds a little like Walter). Personally, I don't think, it's all that interesting, but whatever. Well-recorded, well-played. MH (Immigrant Son Records/PO Box 150711/Brooklyn, NY 11215)

BORN UNDER SATURN • Reflecting The Beautiful... CD

Heavy and assaulting, Born Under Saturn come in hard and furious. The music is complicated, metal, and powerful. They draw from all sorts of influences grind, speed metal, and plain old metal hardcore. The vocals are heavy and raspy, but not a monotone growling mess like some heavy bands use today, which is good in my opinion. Hard rocking and bone snapping hardcore. KM (Ellington Records/PO Box 13445/Berkeley, CA 94712-4445)

BILLY • The Band CD

5 songs. Very Texas Is The Reason-ish post-hardcore. I must admit that—if well done—I'm a sucker for this kind of thing. Billy (almost) gets there. I'm not a 100% convinced, but it was a close call. The little bio sheet that the label sent along states that they are looking to do "some aggressive advertising". Sounds like a weird choice of words to me. Not very "feel-good hardcore". Which again reminds me that I just don't seem to have what it takes. MH (The Life Recording Company/43 Essex Street/Marlboro, MA 01752)

BITCHIN • 7"

If it's bitchin then it must be alright they declare in their Bitchin Anthem and I totally agree. This 7" is so good, it's pop punk with really well done female vocals that does not sound nearly as generic as that description sounds. Really, this is perfect drive around with the windows rolled down and sing along music. I hope to hear a lot more from them. AM (Scene Police c/o dpm/Humbolster/15/53115 Bonn/Germany)

BLACK DICE • Cold Hands CD

I actually liked the first two Black Dice releases, then of course I saw them play live and realized the novelty of a band that can't play their instruments only lasts about one or two songs. Luckily for Mike Simonetti you can put out a band composed of bad musicians and still "move units." Although you'd think since some of these kids go to art school the art for this CD would look half decent, you also might think that after putting out a bunch of releases Black Dice might actually start sounding better. Well, rest assured they don't. A typical Troublemaker release, a band with a buzz about them, who just plain suck. Maybe Simonetti should stop putting out shitty records and go back to delivering pizza. MO (Troublemaker Unlimited)

BRUCE BANNER • I Love Fucked Up Noise! 7"

You better love fucked up noise if you are going to listen to this manic thrashing piece of shit. Fourteen tracks of raging hardcore complete with grinding distorted vocals and frantic noise, Frenzied and furious. And they do a cover of Sepultura's "Demon" just to make sure you know exactly the sort of fucked up noise they love. I shudder at the thought of what they will sound like if they transform into Bruce Banner's alter ego! KM (Putrid Filth Records/Rodrigo Alfaro/Södra Parkgatan 35/214 22 Malmö/Sweden)

THE BLACK HAND • Pulling-Your Strings CD/10"

This 4 song release from Canada's The Black Hand is a brutal and powerful assault, pretty much what you would expect from ex-Iraq members. Originally released as a demo, these are the first songs they have released. They were good live and the record material is quite good as well. My only complaint, of both the live show and the recorded material, is that pretty much every song sounds the same. They hit a groove of harsh vocals and thundering music and they just ride it out from beginning to end, which is amazing if you are floored by their sound but a bit monotonous if you aren't blown away. 10" version on Scorched Earth Policy and CD version on Ellington. KM (Scorched Earth Policy/19/67067 Ludwigshafen/Germany) or (Ellington/PO Box 13445/Berkeley, CA 94712-4445)

BOOMFANCY • 7"

This record features some superior emo packaging. Very pretty indeed. I was expecting a more moody and introspective sound, but this is almost frantic emo-punk with aggressive (but not grunted) male/female vocals. The guitar work is melodic but the singing is very hardcore and in your face. Worth checking out, I suppose. MH (Harlan Records/7205 Geronimo/N. Little Rock, AR 72116)

BOXER REBELLION • Courtesy With Claws CD

4 songs, 21 minutes. This release seems a lot more coherent to me than their other LP that came out years ago (they might have had other releases in the meantime—but I haven't heard them). Just like with the first Hoover album, it takes a while to appreciate these songs' strange hypnotic quality. But once you do, it's as if somebody just opened the curtains for you and you get to fully appreciate the musical landscape in front of you; a beautiful flow of serene rhythms, driving bass lines, melancholic guitar work and poignant vocals. Excellent. MH (Corporate Records/PO Box 783001/Wichita, KS 67278-3001)

BLAKE • LP

Side A features 6 songs that were recorded in 1996, side B has 4 newer tunes (1999). The newer stuff has a definite Hoover feel, it is on the mid-tempo side, but there is an underlying tension there that keeps things moving along briskly. Very much grounded in excellent drum and bass work and repetitive guitar hooks. When this kind of thing is well done it achieves an almost hypnotic quality. And Blake does it well. Really well. The older songs are a little harsher, more aggro, more Shotmaker than Karate. Again, well written, as expected. Basically, this is somewhat cerebral music that still rocks. Well worth checking out. MH (Blue Skies Turn Black/214 Thornhill/D.O., Quebec/H9G 1P7/Canada)

BROKEN PROMISES • Dying Before the First Step CD

This CD starts off with a build up: they play quarter notes with open muting for over a whole minute. So it's pretty much this really, really big build up and there's a whole lot of tension as you wait to blow your load and mosh up a storm when it kicks in... it never really does. They end up going into such a lame powerless part after the build up, it was totally let down and now I'm pissed off. Fuck this slow/mid-tempo mosh metal band, the only cool thing these guys have going is that they can solo but even that these guys can't do very well. Musically these guys seem like they're trying to be really dark but I'm not buying into it. I can believe Good Life signed a band this sloppy in both song writing and playing. ADI (Good Life Recordings/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

CAMPGROUND EFFECT • CD

The latest in a loooong line of third- or fourth-wave "emo" bands that share numerous ties with one another... if not members, undoubtedly style. Silly name and occasional bad track aside, this is a pleasant listening experience for fans of driving indie-rock. The first few times were less than thrilling, but it's aged like a fine wine in my CD player. Now, the parade of easy-access reference points—"West is Left" brings to mind Seven Storey Mountain and bigtime 80's rock. "Lifter" is almost directly lifted from Antarctica complete with flanger effects and eerie vocal work, with some serious Elliott guitars thrown in for good measure. "Money Changes Everything" sounds an awful lot like Campground Effect doing Cyndi Lauper, oddly enough... "Flu Season" uses the line "I saw you yesterday..." which is a total Christie Front Drive phrase (I think) and the whole thing hits me like Cross My Heart. All in all, it rings too many bells to win originality points, but it harkens back to a time not too long ago, when life was easy and radio rock was only a threat. Fun and good solid rock'n'roll. 12 songs, 69 minutes. DO (Glue Factory/PO Box 404-CE/Redondo Beach, CA 90277)

CAPITALIST CASUALTIES • Planned Community 6"

Three more great songs from this rad band. They focus on suburban waste. Plenty of lyrics are packed into these three songs titled School Shooting, Prayer Meeting, and Planned Community. If you haven't heard the Capitalist Casualties just know that it should be fast enough for you. If you have heard them then you know what I'm talking about. This is totally awesome. DJ (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Ave/Cotati, CA 94931)

CARBURETOR DUNG • Sheep Farming in Malaysia

This is a short sampling of a longer cassette-only EP previously released by this long time Malaysian five-piece. More punk than Hardcore, yet more hardcore than Punk (note significant capitalization), CD kick out four high-energy punk anthems. Vocals are in English as far as I can make out, and that would be consistent with other bands I've heard from the region. Unfortunately there's no printed lyrics, but from the blurb about the state of free speech and freedom of the press in Malaysia printed on the back of the sleeve—I can guess they are probably pretty thoughtful and critical of the State and corporate power. CD also maintain a record label in Malaysia and would seem to be quite active in the DIY scene there. TS (Hideous Records/PO Box 22016/Brixton D/O/London SW2 2WE/United Kingdom)

CROW • Neurotic Organization 7"

Damn, this is really good. I had always heard good things about Crow, but I had no idea that they would be this damn good. They are obviously influenced by Discharge, but they have totally made that sound into something of their own. They tear out song after song with energy, angst, and a catchy feel. Fierce guitar, savage drumming, screaming vocals and extremely catchy guitar riffs. Excellent. KM (Prank Records/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

CATARACT • Golem CD

Metal hardcore as told by this five piece hailing from Switzerland. This will no doubt have kids reenacting scenes from The Karate Kid on the dance floor. Heavy and genuinely predictable, it has all the elements needed to make it. Nine songs of the same song over and over again. Good if you are into this sort of thing. Not my cup of tea, but worth a listen. JF (Ferret/341 Monmouth St. 101 D/Jersey City, NJ 07302)

CAULFIELD'S ASIDE • Last Minute CD

Another band with God on the thanks list. I must admit that I feel kind of silly condemning them just for that, just for these 3 letters, while other bands get off scot-free because they don't put things like "thanks to my uncle the butcher and all his free steaks" or "thanks to the girl who I managed to talk into sex last night even though I don't give a shit about her" on their thank lists. Lucky for me then that Caulfield's Aside just isn't a very good band. They play that sappy, boring emo kind of thing that you can only pull off if you have exceptional song-writing and singing skills. Well, they don't, but maybe God will be merciful and bestow it upon them if they keep praying for it. MH (Tree Of Woe Records/1831 Arch St./Little Rock, AR 72206)

COCKROACH • Stay Angry 7"

Cockroach are from the Netherlands, and like Sein' Red, who are also from the Netherlands, they play fast, angry hardcore with political lyrics. At times the similarities between these two bands are very extreme, but when Cockroach goes for a more raspy screaming vocal style they sound a bit more harsh and almost grindy. Either way they hit hard and with plenty of fury, and yes they stay true to their title. KM (Acme Records/PO Box 441/Dracut, MA 01826)

CELEBRITY ROAST • They Misunderstood the Knife CD

I have a feeling this band puts on a fantastic live show. I turned around and my speakers were jumping around and this stuffed animal in my room had its paw pointed in the air. Total energy from this NYC three piece. Lyrics that seem to be political without being obnoxious but can be taken on a more general and/or personal level sometimes screamed, sometimes sung over sometimes melodic hardcore, sometimes more on the punk rock side, played fast accordingly. Damn, what a poorly structured run-on sentence. But kind of like this band, all over the fucking place and hard to nail down. I still can't believe this is a three piece, there's just too much energy!!! JP (Creep Records/PMB 220/252 E. Market St./Westchester, PA 19382)

CHOKEBORE • Strangelines CD

3 songs, 25 minutes. Well, I had heard of Chokebore before but this is the first time I'm actually listening to them. So, Andy tells me they sound like Blonde Redhead, but I've never really heard them, either. Not my scene, I guess. Anyway, the tracks on here are slow and mellow like a summer breeze. Somehow I think Slim would sound like this if they decided to cover Pink Floyd. The feel is very spacey and relaxed, topped with occasional, softly sung vocals that are high on reverberation. Minimal music for astronauts in love or drug addicts. Or lonely sheep farmers and three-legged dogs. Like dreams that wash in and out of your consciousness, images linger like driftwood, then they disappear. And whereas I sound pretentious, Chokebore actually doesn't. MH (Redwood Records/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834)

CO2 • First Time Around CD

I'm sorry, I honestly could not make it through all 5 songs on this CD. So maybe this band really kicked ass on the last 2 songs. Somehow I doubt it. From what I heard it sounds pretty much like Pearl Jam or Creed or whatever's hot in that whole grunge rock genre these days. If you're an avid fan of that stuff, pick this up. JP (Spivey Cool Entertainment/90 Atlantic Ave Suite 4A/Brooklyn, NY 11201)

C.R. • Forty Six Songs CD

Forty-five minutes and three seconds of power violence from the East Coast's C.R.!! It has been a long time coming. But the wait is over. Now everyone can get their sweaty little hands on the brutal assault of speed and violence that was C.R.—all forty six songs as the title points out. Handle with care; C.R. may cause serious damage to your hearing!!! Let the brutality commence! KM (Chainsaw Safety Records/PO Box 260318/Bellerose, NY 11426-0318)



Photo by Jamie S.

THE VIDA BLUE**CRISPUS ATTUKS** • The First Album CD

Crispus Attucks, a runaway slave, and freedom fighter killed in the Boston Massacre, is relived here, through this band from Baltimore Maryland, who share ideas of community activism and politically left lyrics. What we find here is fast and tight hardcore played in the mix between bands like Minor Threat to bands like Outspoken. The vocals especially remind me of an earlier Outspoken reference and similar to bands like Against the Wall and others that came out during the late 80's and early 90's. There are 14 songs here so you really can't go wrong if you like politicized hardcore in this direction. This is a repress of their first album, hence the title, so I'm sure this is their rawest recording they've got, if they follow most bands in their genre. Some good shit here. SA (Soda Jerk Records/PO Box 4056/Boulder, CO 80306)



CROSS MY HEART • Temporary Contemporary 12"

Last I remember CMH was a melodic indie band that could rock out kind of hard in that untamed "emo" indie sort of way. On this record CMH are quite controlled and have mastered the aspects of soft indie rock similar to Karate or Chamberlain. They play all the parts right and have a great production to back up their efforts but I can't find any meaning in these songs. I find the lyrics to be indie rock tripe and are trying too hard to be like every other indie band who likes to use geographic locations as metaphors (a la early Promise Ring trademark). On top of that the lyrics are sung in a way that's almost impossible to find any hook or melodies in. On a positive note I did sort of like the songs "Great Depression" (which has an Antarctica feel to it) and "Self Loathing Bastard." Also the picture of the road is very cool. ADI (Dim Mak/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

CRIMSON SWEET • Foil Beach CD

This is a weird release; it's a five song CD, with a sound that falls somewhere between Cheaptrick and Joan Jett. The title track, "Foil Beach," is definitely the stand out, I've probably listened to it ten times since I opened it. The rest of the songs, however, aren't that great. But it's almost worth getting just for the one song. MO (Slow Gold Zebra Records/PO Box 20506/Tompkins Square Station/New York, NY 10009)

CRUCIAL UNIT • Premium Iced Tea 7"

Everyone, it's time to put on your bandana, your DRI shirt and get in the pit! IT'S TIME TO FUCKIN THRASH!!! I know that the second people hear this, mosh pits will break out where ever they are! ICED TEA CORE! Lyrics range from love (Baby, I don't wanna make out, I just wanna circle pit!), iced tea, god (Off the Gods!), sell outs (Boy I'm going to set you on fire if you say another fucking word!) and much more! Crucial (ha!) for thrashers and iced tea fans everywhere! DD (Crucial Blast/PO Box 364/Hagerstown, MD 21741-0364)

DOUGLASS KINGS • Inc. CD

I have no idea who to compare the Douglas Kings to. I simply don't listen to enough rock to know. So maybe they are influenced by some really awesome band, but I simply don't know who that would be. What do I know is that this shit rocks fucking hard! Extremely catchy and powerful rockin' punk. Great song writing, awesome singing, and totally memorable grooves. I simply can't stop shaking the rump while listening to this. But be warned this isn't what most people would call hardcore, so don't be expecting something along those lines. The Douglas Kings are just a great underground rock band. Pure, simple, raw and very good at what they do. The CD includes studio tracks and a live set as well. KM (Douglas Kings/PO Box 577909/Chicago, IL 60657-7909)

DOWN IN FLAMES • Start The Fucking Fire 7"

In the same vein as Tear It Up or Life's Halt, Down In Flames make a vicious attack of old style hardcore. The music is sort of a trashy version of the old youth crew sound; going from "Screaming For A Change" to "Screaming In Your Face." They rip through these ten songs like a whirlwind looking to destroy a trailer park. Snotty, rebellious, and hard hitting gritty hardcore. Great stuff in my opinion. KM (Gloom Records/PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212)

DESTINATION: DAYBREAK • One Beautiful Hour CD

Being from Florida and loving everything that comes out of that state will probably make me a little biased in this review. Needless to say I really like this. Well executed hardcore but with a twist. It definitely has its screaming parts, definitely has the palm-muted guitars, and of course the occasional slow to building to I'm-going-to-rip-your-fucking-head-off parts. But it has enough originality to make me hit play again after it's over. Please come out to California and give me a taste of home. Thank you. JP (165 Tracy Rd./Lake Mary, FL 32746)

DRAGO • This Time Next Year CD

These six tracks are all power packed high energy hardcore songs that have a lot in common with the Gorilla Biscuits with regards to the catchy melodic elements that make the songs shine. Snappy and upbeat, but not wimpy or stale sounding. It is obvious that Drago comes from a youth crew background because most of the songs are about friendship; friendship gone bad, friendships lost, staying true to friendships. Musically, Drago does a great job with some catchy kick ass hardcore, just don't expect anything new on the lyrical front, which isn't necessarily a criticism, but more of an observation. KM (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

DRIFTNET • What We Seek CD

14 songs, 31 minutes. Straight up euro-straight edge hardcore that is pretty easy on the ear. The guitar work is very catchy and melodic and then there are of course all the breakdowns, mosh parts and singalongs you could ever wish for. The vocals are somewhat high-pitched, but not annoyingly so. I can't really come up with any band comparisons—it's been so long since I've listened to this kind of stuff. At this point in my life it just seems too constrictive, lyrically and musically. But I do remember the good times I've had at straight edge/posi-hardcore shows in the very early nineties, so I can't really blame anybody for being into this kind of thing. It's not their fault that were born ten years too late, right? The only constant thing is change, and, well, posi-core. MH (Let It Burn Records/Daniel Nagel/Krautgartenweg 3A/86663 Asbach Baeumenheim/Germany)

THE DEALERS • Peace Everybody and Tranquility CD

6 tracks, 45 minutes. Basically the tracks on here are just jams, somewhat melancholy, trippy tracks of indie emo with a very low-fi feel. Various vocal samples are sprinkled on top of that. Very laid-back, kinda coffee-house-ish. I dug it, but it didn't rock my world or anything. It was like laying on your back on your favorite lawn, the sun keeping you warm just at the right temperature, then some dog strolls by and starts licking your face. I mean, you either like that, or you don't. Not much I can say except that this is a limited CD-Rom release, so if your CD player has trouble dealing with CDR's you might wanna stay away from this. The same is true for the "X Planet X" CDR that came out on the same label. Available for \$5ppd. MH (Easy/Eric De Jesus/1806 Eastman Ave./Bethlehem, PA 18018)

EASY ACTION • CD

Hard to ignore a band featuring former members of Negative Approach, Laughing Hyenas, and The Necros. The music is centered way more in rock than in hardcore, and those that loved The Necros and Negative Approach—but hated Laughing Hyenas will be disappointed with Easy Action. But for those of us that worshiped at the alter of Laughing Hyenas this material is a true listening joy. The style is a bit more straightforward, but there are a lot of similarities and John Brannon's vocals are just as harsh and powerful as ever. The hard driving, guitar heavy, and acidic vocal domination of Easy Action works very well, and they don't pull any punches along the way. Three tracks are re-recorded from their two 7's but all the rest of the tracks are spanking new. KM (Reptilian Records/403 S. Broadway/Baltimore, MD 21231)

EGON • Behind the Curtain CD

10 songs. Lyrically and musically this reminds me of Broken Hearts Are Blue. It's melodic post-hardcore with only the slightest distortion in the guitars. The vocals are clear and on the high end side. Clearly this required several listens, but then the melodies started to stick in my mind. The first song features an especially catchy guitar hook. This is a rather pleasant release. Well done. MH (Has Anyone Ever Told You?/PO Box 161702/Austin, TX 78716-1702)

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED FROZE TO DEATH • The Last Staple in the Paper Coffin CD

I liked this CD, but it is kind of hard to pin down. Think jangly emo with punker than usual vocals for this type of music. If Mike Ness sang for Cap N Jazz it would most likely sound like this. The lyrics seem really heartfelt and the music has plenty of rocking parts to keep you interested. All and all a solid release, hopefully we will see more from these guys. AM (Red Elephant Records/RR #4/Trenton, ON/K8V 5P7/Canada)



ÉL GUAPO • *The Geography of Dissolution* CD

23 songs. This CD consists of 2 live recording by this somewhat avantgarde outfit. Really, all I can compare this to are The Lounge Lizards and maybe some more out there Tom Waits material. Maybe I'm just saying that because there is a harmonium and an alt-sax in the background. Who knows. It's all a little too free jazz for me. I don't mind strange and non-hardcore material usually, but this is too much. Clearly, I am not open-minded enough for this. MH (Mud Memory Records/1654 Monroe Street NW/Washington, DC 20010)

EDIE SEDGWICK • *First Reflections* CD

13 songs. So what's Dischord doing to us now? Edie Sedgwick is made up of two dudes (bass, vocals, drums) doing the best they possibly can given the limitations of their line-up. Some of the tracks have a high energy, nervous groove that establishes without a doubt that they know how to play their instruments, other tracks are slower, more contemplative. But that is really all I can say about it. It's drums, bass and vocals. I mean, it's up to you to decide whether you want to hear that or not. It definitely carries the stigma of art student material and that's not a good thing in my book, but whatever. MH (Dischord/3819 Beecher Street NW/Washington, DC 20007)

EMPLOYER, EMPLOYEE • *Sic [sic]* CD

Seven tracks. This could have been really awesome pissed off, high energy hardcore. Unfortunately they decided to have some of those stupid grunted grind vocals on top of the screamed vocals in every song and—in my opinion—that just sucks. Really, I feel kind of betrayed, because this could have been so much better. Clearly they seem to be into that sort of thing and they apparently like vacuum cleaner vocals. That's all fine and good. I just think it's a waste of what could have been incredibly harsh, kick ass material. If you don't mind grind vocals you should definitely check this out. Otherwise you might want to stay away from it. MH (Robodog Records/12001 Aintree Lane/Reston, VA 20191)

EYES UPON SEPARATION • *The Leaves Fall*

With Grace, The Fall Leaves With Sadness CD

These random core maniacs sure can spew out heavy breakdowns and chaotic sounding riffs. Unfortunately these songs are a bunch of riffs that don't have anything to do with each other. Just riffs strung together without ever going back to or exploring any of the parts or ideas presented earlier in the song. These songs have no sense of beginning, middle or closure leaving them no where to go but to fall short of grabbing my attention or making me want to listen to them again. So if your into shit like Dillinger Escape Plan and Burnt By The Sun then check this out, if you're not already burnt out on these metalcore random bands. The singer has a cool voice and everyone in this band is razor sharp when it comes to precision playing, because this stuff ain't easy to play and they do it much better than most bands trying to get on Relapse. ADI (Tribunal/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419-1322)

THE FACET • *Adult Comedy* CD

12 songs. The Facet plays heartfelt melodic hardcore and aims to write anthemic songs but never quite gets there, which is too bad, because this really isn't bad at all—it just lacks that certain oomph. I liked the lyrics and I liked it when they had two people singing at once. Not bad. MH (Not Bad Records/PO Box 2014/Arvada, CO 80001)

FADED GREY • *A Quiet Time of Desperation* LP

Faded Grey offer up eleven songs of catchy mid tempo melodic hardcore with memorable singing and lyrics about life, hardcore, and liberty. The singing is well done and it fits nicely with the music, and while their music is definitely melodic and catchy Faded Grey are playing hardcore with some bite and power. They are comfortable playing medium paced toe tapping material and then can just as easily cut loose with a fast energetic crowd mover. I enjoyed this one. KM (Indecision Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

FEW LEFT STANDING • *The Exit Wound* 7"

Christian metal mosh. I was going to give these guys a very bad review (just because I can), but they actually put some stuff into these 2 songs that are definitely above par: a couple of nice breaks and some hand-clapping action that make this sound better than a lot of the other metal bands out there. Maybe the "king of kings" is on their side after all. MH (Tree Of Woe Records/18311 Arch St/Little Rock, AR 72206)

FIFTH HOUR HERO • *Collected in Comfort* CD

5 songs. Fifth Hour Hero play extremely well executed melodic hardcore in the vein of Chamberlain, Jawbreaker and Samiam. The whole thing has an uplifting, fresh feel, that will make your butt wiggle and your head bob. Now, what really makes this an outstanding release are the thoughtful lyrics (including explanations) that deal with class consciousness and resisting evil corporations. I was very pleasantly surprised by this record and recommend it to everyone who likes crisp harmonies, smart lyrics and groovy tunes. MH (Cyclop Distribution/16, Du Charron/Levis, Quebec/G6V 7X5/Canada)

FUCK ON THE BEACH • *Endless Summer* CD

Fast thrash from Japan's Fuck On The Beach for all you speed freaks and thrash fanatics. The vocals are a constant roar of distorted screams. They throw in some whacked sound effects here and there, but mainly they just thrash, thrash, take a breath and let it go slow and heavy and then they thrash some more. Wicked. KM (Slap A Ham Records/PO Box 420843/San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

FIFTYARDSMORE • *Work Number One* CD

4 songs. Italian post-hardcore-emo stuff. Kinda funky in a new wavish way, but a lot less threatening (phonically) than, say, At The Drive-In. The lyrics in English don't make a lot of sense, but still have the word "idiosyncratic" in it. Weird. MH (Riot Records/Viale Monza 26/20127 Milan/Italy)

THE FLAMINGO MASSACRES • *Wearing Your...* CD/LP

This German three piece has two bass players and a drummer. One of the bass players and the drummer do vocal duties. The music is powerful and heartfelt with beautiful singing. The music is melodic and moody but very edgy and gritty. I never missed the guitar. All in all the Flamingo Massacres are quite good at what they do, and they remind me of some of the great punk protest bands that were coming out of Washington, D.C. right before or around the time that the whole riot grrl thing took off. Very powerful. KM (X-Mist Records/PO Box 1545/72195 Nagold/Germany)

FIRE DOWN BELOW • *All Goodness is in Jeopardy* CD

Holy shit this takes me back. Eight kids bringing the wholesome chaos that we so desire. Six songs (plus three hidden tracks?) of executable punk rock that will not only gratify but angry up the blood. JF (Grunted Records/PO Box 544/Lansdown, PA 19050)

**FORWARD** • *We Need The Truth* CD

Four tracks of rocking hardcore. They tear it up with a lot of fury and hard driving energy, but the bottom line is that this is totally rock influenced. The vocals have this weird rock feel to them and the music is just so damn rock and roll, but in a very angry hardcore way. Strange sounding at times, especially with some of the weird chorus sections, but in the end it is just really damn catchy. Oh, yeah, they are from Japan, which explains a lot about their sound. KM (H:G Fact/105 Nakano Shimbashi-M/2-7-15 Cho-Nakano/Tokyo 164-0013/Japan)

FROM AUTUMN TO ASHES • *Sin, Sorrow...* CD

A new version of Converge with all the melodramatic parts and of course some piano and depressing rhythmic elements that make this even more of a metal record than a hardcore record. All the chugga chugga and screaming in those strange parts that fit right and solos as well. This is just a four song ep but I'm sure all you metal hardcore fans would be into this. SA (Tribunal Records/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419-1322)

FROM HERE ON • *Hope for a Bleeding Sky* CD

Slick to the point over produced metal influenced hardcore. It shows that guys grew up listening to the old Metallica records, there is even the occasional "Fade to Black" style acoustic interlude. The vocals are deep and harsh sounding and From Here On is pissed at the world and it shows. I wouldn't be surprised if we hear of them playing the Ozzfest in a couple years. AM (Tribunal Records/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419-1322)

FUCKFACE • CD

Fuckface plays pretty fast hardcore with good intelligent lyrics and a naked singer. (Look in the CD booklet.) They were around from '94 to '98 and toured the U.S. six times as well as Canada and Japan, which leads me to believe that they were relatively serious about their music. That's always a good thing. I might not listen to this every day, but I will definitely listen to it now and then. DJ (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotati, CA 94931)

GOATSBLOOD • CD

Slow, sludgy, boring. Eight tracks that are... well, just not good. Top that off with some of the worst cover art I've ever seen. Brian from Hand Held Heart loves sludge core and bands like Noothrush, but I don't think even he would like this. Whatever happened to bands doing demo tapes before they put out a release? MO (Rage of Achilles/PO Box 20508/London/NW8 8WT/England)

THE GODDAMN DELUGE • 7"

Five songs. Aggressive if somewhat unrefined hardcore that features very cool, screamed/growled female/male vocals. I should maybe compare this to Shotmaker, but I have the creeping suspicion that I don't know what I'm talking about. The tracks are full of nervous energy, a little like Off Minor, that's definitely a good thing. The lyrics are cryptic and personal, they conjure images of broken body parts, the clock ticking out, the insides burning. Not surprisingly, I was into that. MH (Hot Sauce/PO Box 13161/Gainesville, FL 32604)

HOBIS • CD

This isn't bad, it's rocking emo that leads more to the punk side of things than indie rock. The only real fault I can find with this is that every once in a while Hobis feels the need to play these really generic hardcore breakdowns that do not go at all and totally ruin the momentum of the song. Don't get me wrong here believe me I understand how once in awhile a good chugga chugga breakdown can be fun to play but there is a very subtle art to doing it well, an art that Hobis has yet to master. This is too bad because the CD is good otherwise. AM (601 Middlewater Court/Columbia, MD 21044)

GOOD FRIDAY EXPERIMENT • *Bottom of a Pail...* CD

Soft cushiony sounds in the vein of Karate with Pink Floyd-like vocals. It's all very soothing and nice. Probably not all that far from later Cerberus Shoal stuff. I'm sure that if I saw these guys play live my face would fall asleep. On record these 6 songs are quite okay, but if you are aiming to upset your parents then you should invest their money elsewhere. MH (goodfridayexperiment@hotmail.com)

GUN SPIKING • 7"

Two silk screened pieces of cardboard tied together with a piece of twine wrap this slab up like a DIY Christmas. Abrasive hardcore which has its own sound that mixes emcore and crust punk. Lead vocals are done by a woman who harshly screams about political topics from a personal level. The mastering (I think the mastering is to blame) of this 7" makes high end too piercing. ADI (GunSpikingWithMe@hotmail.com)

HER FLYAWAY MANNER • CD

Think emo along the lines of bands like Ethel Meserve or The Farewell Bend and then throw in some quirky DCisms akin to such bands as The Q and Not U and you will have Her Flyaway Manner. I liked this CD even though it was mellow it still had its rocking parts that kept it from getting boring. The lyrics are on the personal side of the spectrum and alternate between sung and spoken. I dug it. AM (Caulfield Records/PO Box 84323/Lincoln, NE 68501)

HERO OF A HUNDRED FIGHTS • CD

Oddly enough this often sounds as if Braid covered a bunch of Hoover songs. There is that tight rhythm section keeping things moving along, those melancholic, repetitive guitar riffs and passionate vocals, coupled with an often barely distorted, jangly guitar sound. Most of the songs are more up-tempo than their material on the *A Four Way Stop* CD compilation, but there is one slower, more dramatic and tortoise song at the end which renews my excitement for this band. MH (Divot/PO Box 14061/Chicago, IL 60614-0061)

HARKONEN • *Charge!* CDep

Heavy sounding hardcore from Tacoma, Washington's Harkonen. The songs are decent, though I wasn't blown away. They are pretty hard and powerful, but the band also has a sort of light and somewhat trippy side that they dabble in at times. I guess this band is getting pretty popular at this point with a new 7" on Hydra Head. This CDep has 4 tracks. KM (Ataque Sonoro/Apartado 1789/1017 Lisboa Codex/Portugal)

HAWG JAW • *Believe Nothing* LP

This full length follow up to their split 7" on Deep Six with Manchurian Candidates will tear you a new asshole if you aren't careful. Hawg Jaw offer up a medium paced ballad of distorted brutality and heavy twisted damage. If Neanderthal man had discovered electrified music then this is the sort of stuff they would have played around the fire while chowing down on the half cooked carcass of some unfortunate wooly mammoth. Primal, fierce, and damn good. KM (Deep Six Records/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510)

HIGHSCORE • LP

Musically, Highscore are playing high energy youth crew-style hardcore, and I often find myself comparing them to Uniform Choice. Loud, powerful vocals screamed over fast straight ahead hardcore with some chorus parts just to keep you involved is what Highscore does best. Their lyrics are all pro-hardcore and anti-rock star. Down to earth and just rockin' as best they can with no regrets. Solid and totally energetic. KM (Bushido Records/Soester Str. 66/48155 Münster/Germany)

THE HANDSHAKE MURDERS • *Bury the Effigy* CD

Metally mid-paced hardcore, that just seems to be lacking something. It reminds me a bit of Old Neurosis, but without the punch. In the song "A Horror in December" the band does some vocal distortions that I could really do without, being that it has that Korn "doing it for the nookie" feel to it. Six songs. MO (Tree of Woe/18311 Arch St./Little Rock, AR 72206)

HOLIER THAN THOU? • 7"

Santa Barbara skate-core. Fuck yeah, Holier Than Thou plays radical fast thrash, gnarly. It's enough to get anyone skating, in fact, three of the four songs on this 7" are about skateboarding. The cover even has a rad drawing of a skating skeleton with a mohawk. Do I need to say more? Thrash and skate and never quit! DJ (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotati, CA 94931)

HAYMAKER • *Love The Music, Hate The Kids!!!* 7"

Twelve blasts of angry hardcore from this Canadian six piece. The music is totally influenced by Infest. They hammer hard musically with some angry, hateful and pissed off hardcore. Songs about skating, hating your job, and some random bursts of hate, along with what I consider to be an irresponsible song against gun control called "Guns Don't Kill Humans". Lots of songs about hate combined with a pro-guns song doesn't really sit there hunting cops and shooting people that they don't like, but I hope that this sort of stuff doesn't influence someone to do something really stupid that could not only destroy their own life but someone else's life as well. I wouldn't want Haymaker hanging out in my town. I have seen a LOT of people do really mean and cruel things to each other at hardcore shows, and I am just thankful that they didn't have guns at the time. I mean really, do we think hardcore would be better if it was more violent and there were more weapons available to hardcore kids? No thanks. KM (Deranged Records/PO Box 543/Station P/Toronto, ON/M5S-2T1/Canada)



HAIL MARY • Thank You For Teaching Me To Hate Myself 7"

This one sided Hail Mary 7" features art and printing by Neil Burke (like anyone cares, but a tiny handful of people in the know). The three color covers are hand screened and one side of the 7" is an etching, which is also done by Neil. The music is patented Hail Mary; very Blast influenced with great singing and plenty of aggressive power. As always Hail Mary are quite good, though I can't figure out why their shit has just never got on with the kids. Oh, and don't worry this one isn't live, but recorded in a studio... Har, har, har. KM (Hand Held Heart/24445 Lisa Kelton Pl./newhall, CA 91321)

HOLY MOLAR • 7"

When the Holy Molars did their thing at the San Diego Metropolitan Correctional Center the inmates freaked out and all hell broke loose! This 7" captures all the excitement and bloodshed while offering up a thrashin', rockin' and freakin' good time. The Holy Molar line up consists of folks that have played in Get Hustle, Struggle, Social Coma, Charles Bronson, Final Conflict, Antioch Arrow, Swing Kids, The Oath, Crimson Curse, The Locust, and Cattle Decapitation. Mayhem from San Diego. Of course, I really doubt that this 7" was actually recorded in a prison, but it is a pretty funny story line. The lyrics are printed inside of a glued sleeve, which adds to the oddity level. KM (Youth Attack Records/PO Box 126321/San Diego, CA 92112-6321)

HOMERUN • The End 7"

Old school sounding youth crew hardcore from Germany. Normally I don't really enjoy this type of music, but this is pretty good. They make it seem more alive and energetic than most bands that do this sort of thing. Also the sing along choruses are not silly like a lot of bands that do this, and there is not one mention of their crew anywhere so that was a plus. This isn't bad, "Stand up you fucking win." AM (Fixed Star Records/Roland-Koch-Str. 3/44135 Dortmund/Germany)

HOT HOT HEAT • Scenes One Through Thirteen CD

13 songs, 38 minutes. It was Armin of X-Mist who told me I was prejudiced against anything on GSL and he was right. Hell, this CD isn't even on GSL—but it could well be. Anyway, out of respect for Armin I'm trying to listen to this with a very open mind. And I must admit that some of these songs are actually pretty catchy. I like the hysterical vocals; they remind me of Nation Of Ulysses. The keyboard can get to be too much at times, but I'm still listening. I have this burning suspicion, though, that if I saw this band live I would laugh my ass off, but as always, one person's lifestyle is another person's joke, and there is no need for me to make fun of their dress sense (even though I just did). There will come a day when the pants will no longer fit. What about the politics? Will they be thrown out with the studded belts and kiddie shirts? All this is, of course, completely unfair to Hot Hot Heat who I don't even know and who might be a bunch of awesome people. Back to the music, then; this is new wave influenced hardcore, kinda spazzy and out there like watching midnight cartoons and annoying little brothers tugging at your sleeve. Kinda makes you appreciate silence a little more, that's for sure. MH (OHEV Records/PO Box 772121/Coral Springs, FL 33077; www.ohevrecords.com)

THE IDIOTS • Evel Knievel CD

16 songs. Poor little CD; you were in that review box a long time, but each and every reviewer chose to ignore you, picking somebody else before you until, finally, good old Marianne had the decency (in other words I was ordered) to deflower your shrink wrap, rip you open, insert you in my CD player and make sweet, sweet love to you. You reek of sweat and beer and I find it hard to say many positive things about you, but the ride is less painful than I anticipated and I am grateful for that. Your songs are well manicured but they did not get me off, they are two six packs too fast and stupid for my taste. MH (Beer City Records/PO Box 26035/Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

ICE • double 7"

Hmm... I remember hearing about this band back in the early '90s, but I never saw them and I can't remember them being all that big of a deal. The band featured members of Farside, Gameface, and Half Off. After listening to these songs I can safely say that I didn't miss much. Silly melodic songs played at mid tempo. They have a song, for example, about how the dinosaurs will one day return. Yeah. There is a reason that this is limited to 200 copies. The booklet is pretty funny as they try to make it out as if they were this totally amazing band that was never understood and always overlooked (it is very tongue in cheek). Strange. KM (Slow Gun Records/1077 Hanlon Way/Anaheim, CA 92808)

INKLING • Miscommunication CD

First song is cool, they slapped me around with their staccato guitar slashing and beat me up pretty good with some heavy breakdowns even the singing parts fit in with the violence. Then the second song they turned into the Get Up Kids doing that Long Goodnight ballad but they do it really bad. The remaining three songs mix elements of the first two songs together; they start kicking ass then they start to cry. If they just stayed on track with the fairly original kick ass destruction they were doing so well during the first song I'd really like this CD. So stop the wuss rock crap because you guys suck at it and there's a million bands that do it better and get back to kicking my ass. Note: Salad Days studios makes things sound so good. ADI (Hes Records/201 Maple Ln./N. Syracuse, NY 13212)

INSURGENT • Inside Every Kid... 10"

This is pretty good. Snotty punk rock that is reminiscent in both artistic style and sound to a lot of East Bay punk bands such as Crimpshrine or Operation Ivy (minus the Ska). The lyrics are mostly political, the vocals are rough 'n snotty but catchy, and the music is melodic yet coarse and punky. Intelligent, interesting, and anything but annoying. KM (Traffic Violation Records/PO Box 772/East Setauket, NY 11733)

ISSO KEH • Deux Tardes Aux Citron 7"

Self-described "campfire core" from Germany. And that is basically it; a guy and a woman singing songs in German accompanied by a guitar and the occasional flute. Kinda reminded me of that hippy couple that plays at the first wedding in Four Weddings and a Funeral. Not exactly essential listening, but still kind of fun. MH (A. Boetel/Burgstrasse 52/37073 Goettingen/Germany)

THE LAST FORTY SECONDS

Photo by Cara Bowen-Goldberg



HEAD HITS CONCRETE • 7"

Super fast thrashing mad spastic grind core with totally distorted growling vocals to send the kids flying and flailing like mad! KM (Sounds of Betrayal/Rodrigo Alfaro/Södra Parkgatan 35/214 22 Malmö/Sweden)

HYDE • The Sky's False Persona CD

These metal core maniacs sure can spew out heavy break downs and evil sounding riffs. Unfortunately these songs are a bunch of riffs that don't have anything to do with each other. Just riffs strong together without ever going back to or exploring any of the parts or ideas presented earlier in the song. These songs have no sense of beginning, middle or closure leaving them no where to go but to fall short of grabbing my attention or making me want to listen to them again. So if your into shit like Converge then check this out if you're not already burnt out on these metalcore bands. Also the sound bytes from Fight Club make me think these guys are a bunch of posers...yeah Fight Club was a good movie but if you want to impress me with a sound byte dig a little deeper. ADI (Tribunal/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419-1322)

JUSTIN DEARY • 7"

This is one of the Redwood Records acoustic singles series. Justin Deary plays pleasant soft acoustic music. Just an acoustic guitar and soft vocal. It's kind of dreamy sounding, like a lullaby. I liked this. I might not have liked it very much if it had been longer simply because I don't usually listen to this kind of music. But since it is just two songs I will probably listen from time to time and enjoy it. DJ (Redwood Records/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834-6041)

KID KILOWATT • 45rpm Hit Single 7"

Two songs. Pretty, Braids-ish music wrapped up in an indie rock sleeve. This record has that certain emo-rock look, so I was kind of surprised that the guys didn't have enough sense to tune their guitars before they started recording the first song. But I guess, that's all part of wanting to be Cap'n Jazz. Actually, I don't even know why I'm giving Kid Kilowatt a hard time—this is reasonably good. The song on the flipside is especially crowd-pleasing. MH (Second Nature Records/PO Box 11543/Kansas City, MN 64138)

KEVIN DEVINE • Circle Gets the Square CD

Kevin is a skinny "emo" kid that plays guitar and likes to sing lots of trite songs about love (how common). A few songs has drums and bass but for the most part its Kevin and his acoustic guitar. His voice can get annoying but when he is staying on and not trying to over-coat the sensitivity I can hang with it. So his voice isn't inherently annoying, just when he makes it so, which is most of the time. Even though this is devoid of anything original some of the songs are ok but most of the songs are pretty bad. Sometimes it sounds like he didn't think at all about how the words he had written down would fit into the songs leaving unorganized drifting melodies and awkward phrasing; I hate it when that happens...fuck just pick a melody and stick to it; give us a chorus we can grab on to...stop trying to be so artsy!! ADI (Immigrant Sun Records/PO Box 15071/Brooklyn, NY 11215)

KING TAMMY • Welcome To The County Fair... LP

This takes the brunt of the all the records I got to check out this round. Their sound is in between Motley Crue with keyboards, and a bad version of Queen, (which may sound like a good place to be depending on what you like) but with this added element of really bad humor and hokeyness in their layout and song titles. To give an idea, the insert being collectible editions of each of the members animated characters seemed a little bit much for the sarcasm they may have been trying to reach. However, this band does an excellent job reflecting the type of humor they are trying to create, writing songs titled, "Scar Trek- Wrath of Jyohn" and "Kyle Mannen's Monkey Machine" or "Eating Green Jeans Brains"; Songs that intend to be inside jokes to a few people they know, which doesn't get across to the majority of these poor people who get duped into buying this record. And that's about it. SA (Scratch and Sniff Entertainment/PO Box 51021/Kalamazoo, MI 49005)

LAST MATCH • 1997 to 1999 LP

Last Match was from Sweden and they released a fantastic 7" as well as a split 7" with Switchblade. They were heavily influenced by Born Against and their sound was powerful, aggressive, and memorable with great lyrics and vocals. This discography LP includes all of their released tracks as well as fifteen unreleased tracks, and it comes with a great looking booklet that includes lyrics and art from this awesome hardcore outfit. However, I have to say that I think Last Match's music was better displayed by the 7" format. At times I felt that this was a bit too much Last Match all at once, and I don't think some of the unreleased tracks are as good as the songs from their 7"s. Still this is a good record, and I would recommend this one. KM (Sound Virus/PO Box 55783/Valencia, CA 91385)

THE LAST PLAN • Movements in Calm CD

I could not have asked for a more incredible album to review! This smacks of effort and creativity, which is unusual for bands in this genre. The packaging alone is worth whatever this might cost. Intricate hardcore with screams that would make deaf kids shudder. Chaotic at times, beautiful and engaging otherwise. Think Godspeed You Black Emperor meets Cobra Kai. Fucking genius. Hide this from your mother. JF (947 Melrose Blvd./Pickerington, OH 43147)

LAST SECURITY • I'm Right You're Wrong LP

Last Security are on the attack with a thrashy hardcore assault. Yeah, they hail from Sweden but their sound is more of a DIY sounding geeky thrash than traditional Swedish thrash. They play with the same sense of rebellion as DS13. Their lyrics are a combination of political ditties and social statements; they attack straight edge, corporate products, and working 9 to 5. Spastic kids having fun and making some thrashy noise. KM (Putrid Filth Conspiracy/Rodrigo Alfaro/Södra Parkgatan 35/S-214 22 Malmö/Sweden)

LES SAVY FAV • 7"

I love Les Savy Fav, and this record makes it that much more apparent. Just two songs here but the same driving bass, funky drumming mixing what sounds like a drum machine or strange effects and the same loud bang bang that you hear in their other records. With this 7", they bring more of their quirky complexity with the remixing sound of the record. These two songs do it for me though. Solid minimal art that'll hold you hostage from most of the monotony inside the indie world. Go Les Savy Fav, Go. SA (X-Mist/PO Box 1545/72195 Nagold/Germany)

LINEOUT • 7"

This is a pretty good record; it sounds like Botch with a few quiet melodic parts. I was impressed. My only complaint is that there is no insert of any kind and I would like to know more about this band... where they are from or have some idea what they are singing about being as I can not understand anything they are saying. Maybe this one really is just all about the music. AM (Rage of Achilles/PO Box 20508/London/NW8 8WT/UK)

LOCKJAW • Hometown CD

Smooth and catchy songs that tiptoe from being hardcore to emo. I think this is Deutschland's answer to By A Thread, but what the hell do I know. Wonderful guitar intricacies and female backing vocals keep the melody flowing nicely. I thoroughly enjoyed this for some reason. JF (Lockjaw/Siebel 19/42699 Solingen/Germany)

THE LONELY VIRGINS • This is One Android That's... CD

Okay, so they have a horrible name, but it seems their heart is in the right place. The Lonely Virgins place sloppy punk with somewhat political lyrics, the music reminds me at times of old D.C. hardcore and at other times of Crimpshrine, maybe cause the singer has a bit of a Jeff Ott voice. Good first effort, but this probably should have been a demo tape. MO (Russell Parkinson/457 E. Beaver St./Mercer, PA 16137)

THE LOT SIX • 7"

This is an incredibly polished release. The Lot Six play emotive rock that is a lot closer to Matchbox 20 and Lit than to bands like Indian Summer or Still Life. Still, the music retains some sort of edge. I was also pleased by their simple yet effective artwork. Certainly not the most annoying piece of indie pop that I have heard lately, but not the best, either. MH (Espo Records/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)

THE LOT SIX • The Code Mode CD

Okay, I can't quite peg this band. 4 tracks in all on this CD, two that are rocking and two that aren't quite so rocking. Tracks 1 and 3 (the rocking ones) remind me a bit of At The Drive In and for some reason Avail (it must be the repeated "lies, lies, lies" or "rise, rise, rise" or whatever it is they're saying). Tracks 2 and 4 are much slower and I really wish I could compare it to something but I can't... except possibly the blatant rip off of a hugely popular band that's into real estate or something at the end of track 4. Stick to the fast stuff, it kicks ass. Save the slow, arty shit for slow, arty bands. JP (Espo Records/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)

LONG LIVE NOTHING • LP

Hailing from Illinois, Long Live Nothing offer up a vicious thrash attack coupled with some raspy/spastic vocals and an overall catchy song writing style. They mix it up with lots of tempo changes, and end up with a solid record that can be fast 'n' thrash or slow 'n' heavy. They have a few releases under their belt but this is their first full length; and they went all out with a full color cover, full color insert, and colored wax. Very Youth Attack. KM (Youth Attack Records/PO Box 126321/San Diego, CA 92112-6321)

LOVE LIFE • CD

You know, I've heard a lot of shit in my day but this takes the cake. Lisa told me she listened to this for thirty seconds and found it so unbearable that she had to turn it off. I figured she was being over dramatic and thought I'd be able to find something redeemable about this release but I have to side with her. Music that walks the line between Goth rock and really bad indie rock. Knowing this is on Troublemaker means this band must have members who were probably once in an actual good hardcore band and this is their "post punk" project. Let's keep our fingers crossed and hope the ex-members things helps to "move units." Hey Kip, why did The Red Scare do a release on this label? MO (Troublemaker Unlimited)

MAKARA • gatefold 7"

This four song 7" comes packaged in a gatefold sleeve, and it looks very slick and arty. But Makara is anything but slick, and these tracks are pretty much left over rejects that might have been better left unreleased. Their sound is noisy, loud, extremely distorted, and at times lightning fast. These were the last songs that they ever recorded. They were recorded on a 4 track in 1997, they were all done as instrumentals, and I doubt they were intending for this recording to make it to vinyl at the time. Makara shared a member and a vision with Mohinder and Jenny Piccolo. Live Makara was pretty crazed and brutal though a bit sloppy and chaotic as well. I certainly enjoyed Makara's live show, but I will never get a hankering to listen to this 7". For die hard fans I guess. KM (Level Plane Records/PO Box 280/New York City, NY 10276)

MECHANIK • Space Rock On 7"

So this outer space dude named Ayei Ghil crashed his space ship on our lovely planet a while ago and he needs money to fix his space ship to get the fuck off this rock. So Ayei decides the way to make money is to release a 7" record of 80s new wave/break dance sounding stuff. This record could be the sound track to a early 80s sci-fi movie and sounds very authentic: Ayei must have stumbled into some pawn shop and thought that all the old Yamaha keyboards and old analog drum machines were state of the art. My friend named Truck who sometimes thinks he's a robot and wears sparkly silver high top Converse would really like this and so do I. ADI (Scratch And Sniff Entertainment/PO Box 51021/Kalamazoo, MI 49005)

THE MICROPHONES • CD

Indie rock for people with short attention spans, the songs on this CD are disjointed at best. They often start with a real quiet acoustic part then abruptly go into really loud distorted chaos, then back to quiet piano parts. The arrangements of these songs makes it sound as if the band played a part quickly, got bored, and then launched into something else. Either that or they want to force the listener to pay attention. It all sounds similar to bands like Sebadoh and Eric's Trip... it's not a bad CD, it's just really fragmented which for me makes it difficult to listen to. AM (K Records/PO Box 7154/Olympia, WA 98507)

MAJORITY RULE • Interviews With David Frost CD

7 songs. Very intense hardcore, with the emphasis on "hard". Every now and then they break out into these super-heavy guitar pile-on screams and it feels like some really heavy dude just sat down on your chest and started drooling on your face. There are loads of slower, quieter, more pensive parts and they are what keeps this record really interesting. I feel tempted to say that this reminds me of Converge, but it is less hectic and the songs are a lot longer. The lyrics are intelligent and not cliché. I liked this a lot because so many other bands who play this kind of thing don't actually write real songs, they just pile up a bunch of crazy parts and then spend the rest of the day slapping each other on the back. MR put a lot of work into this, this much is clear, and it certainly paid off. MH (The Magic Bullet Record Co./PO Box 6337/Woodridge, VA 22195)

MEZZANINE • C14 CD

I don't know quite what to make of this actually. Ten songs of gritty rock that maintains a tempo capable of lulling you into oncoming traffic. Sort of in the vein of Strikeforce Diablo and other like bands. This does however carry its own weight and is worth checking out. JF (Break Even/PO Box 42469/Philadelphia, PA 19101)

MILKMAN • Fresh Fruit for Rotten Aliens CD

Fast, thrash hardcore from the Netherlands... the CD is a tale about an alien coming to Earth and listening to some of the crappiest music the planet has to offer, apparently... really, musically, it's fast and furious and average at best. Vocally, it sounds like a European who lives in a trailer in the Bible Belt. The lyrics are ridiculous—like a third grader's science fiction story squeezed awkwardly into song... it's painful for me to listen, to tell the truth. These guys were in a hardcore band in the 80's that opened up for bands like Oi Polloi, UK Subs and Cause for Alarm, and were obviously NEEDED in this time of kids who "thought hardcore was all about jumping around on stage." When it's really about jumping around on stage AND singing about aliens... 15 short tracks, 18 long minutes. DO (Kangaroo/Middenweg 13/1098 AA Amsterdam/Holland)



photo by Matt Billings

RUINATION

THE MOTHERFUCKERS • We're Fucked LP

Well I don't know what to say... how about "This is the most fucked up piece of shit record I have heard in a damn long time." Blatantly sexist drunken chaos h/c that sounds pretty decent until you read the lyrics. With such songs as "Girls Suck" and "Suck my Dick" as well as a drawing on the cover of a guy holding a gun to a woman's mouth saying "Fuck me bitch" this literally makes me sick. I have plenty more to say but I will stop here. Don't get this unless you see the band, then kick their ass and steal it from them, then burn it and shit on the ashes. DJ (Beer City/PO Box 26035/Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

MAN WITHOUT PLAN • I Feel Badly CD

15 songs, 28 minutes. Strangely acerbic, melodic hardcore/punk, like a Fat Wreck band, but a lot more bilious. The music is fast and tuneful, but it is neither cheap, nor sappy, nor adolescent. It is mostly just very raw and uninhibited, which is what punk rock is supposed to be like, right? Lyrically... maybe this will give you a clue: "Life's too short not to label your tapes", "I need to witness my demons", "Try to wish them best of luck but all that comes out is Kill Die Fuck". Speaking of Kill Die Fuck; I used to know this guy I always referred to as the *Man Without A Plan* (he didn't find that funny, can't blame him). I tried to wish him best of luck, but all that came out was Kill Die Fuck. Andrew Wilson, I hope you rot in hell. There, it felt good to write that and it printed 10'000 times. MH (Creep Records/PMB 220/252 E. Market St./West Chester, PA 19382)

NEIGHBORLY • Grass Is Greener CD

I have no idea how I missed ever hearing about this band from LA. Coming from the SoCal area myself I'm glad I finally got the opportunity to hear them. Mixed by Mark Trombino (who turned some dials for No Knife and Jimmy Eat World to name a few) this CD just flat out rocks. Beautifully layered guitars, melodic vocals, catchy as hell. Yeah, I know a lot of people are kind of tired of stuff like this (myself included) but this band really didn't sound like some cookie cutter emo-pop outfit looking for a record deal. Actually, there was a barcode on the sticker that lines the CD, and that kinda sucks, so who knows, but I guess that's business these days. All ethics aside, this CD was great. JP (SunSeaSky Productions/307 West Lake Dr./Random Lake, WI 53075)

NOGRACE • Intentions CD

Australian Hardcore! Damn this is good. Thoughtful lyrics and fairly intense music to compliment the intent. Six well executed songs of no compromise hardcore that keeps you wanting more. Short and sweet. Just the way I like it. JF (Resist Records/Newtown/NSW Australia 2042)

NEW BETHEL • CD

Three cuts songs of poppy rock. This is on the softer side of things but not necessarily soft hitting. Clean guitars, keyboards with girl and guy vocals singing not always on key. This has a garage feel to it, which is cool most of the time but in some spots the vocals become to off and it starts to get overbearing. I think Kill Rock Stars should sign this group. ADI (BethelLite@earthlink.net)

ONE OF THE ABOVE • Live At The Crystal Pistol CD

The last time I reviewed a None Of The Above record I was living in Idaho, I was still in high school, and the year was 1985. I liked them then, though I think there were a lot better bands during the time. *Live At The Crystal Pistol* was recorded in 1983 (with a few unreleased tracks from 1982) and the sound is classic garage sounding hardcore.

Gritty and extremely removed from the metal influenced hardcore styles of today. The quality is really good, and I am sure anyone that was into this band will enjoy these tracks. I am not sure if this record will win over new fans, or even if it should. The point of hardcore in the early '80s was to do something new and fresh and maybe these recordings should have stayed in the past. I do spend a lot of time with old bands and looking back on what was happening back then, but maybe kids today should focus more on their future and what they are doing today. In any event, I enjoyed listening to these songs and would recommend this to anyone that grew up listening to bands on Rabid Cat Records or R Radical Records. KM (Prank Records/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

THE NUMBERS • Music Design 10"

Deadbeat Records has been around for a long time, and Tom is a super cool guy who puts out punk rock and roll stuff, but still remains true to DIY which is awesome. The Numbers sound like I expected them to, snotty punk rock 'n' roll. Sometimes the songs will lean towards a bit of a Germs feel, which I really like. I'm pretty burnt out on the punk "rock'n'roll" thing, but The Numbers are above average and sound like they would be a good band to see live. MO (Deadbeat Records/PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078)

NYMB • The Breaking Out Vapors Single CD

Pleasant and polished sounding indie rock with really pretty sounding female vocals. Not a bad CD but nothing too engaging either. It would make a good soundtrack for when you want to get things done around the house and have something nice to listen to but won't really make you pay attention. I could see this on modern rock radio someday. AM (forgoagainrecords/2109 N. Kenmore Apt. 1F/Chicago, IL 60614)

THE NIGHTBREED • CD

Straight up drunk punk, complete with drinking inspired artwork. There is no lyric sheet but there are plenty of "fucks" and "oi oi" sing alongs. And with song titles like "Fuck Up" and "Unified Resistance" it sounds like your typical punk record to me. It's not that this CD is bad, it's just that so many bands have done this, and done it better. One area worthy of note, though, is that both of The Nightbreed's guitarists died last year in separate incidents... they won't say what, but regardless, I can't help but feel a little bad for them. AM (Rise and Fall Rekords/510 W. Main St./Madison, WI 53703)

OHUZARU • 7"

More of that fast, blunt, and rather dismal hardcore. Youth Crew speed that breaks down into moshy-dance. There are five quick songs on each side of this record and the Italian vocalist sings in English, which is rather disappointing... If it gives you a hint, my favorite Ohuzaru song goes like this: "floorpunch, floorpunch, floorpunch, floarpunch, FLOORPUNCH, floarpunch, FLOORPUNCH, floarpunch, FLOORPUNCH, floarpunch, FLOORPUNCH, floarpunchuuuuuuch!!! ALP (Sly Actions/Marco Rapisarda/Via Tommaso 41/30030 Scalzenigo/Italy)

OLD MAN GLOOM • Seminar II CD

Old Man Gloom has members of Cave In and Isis. So these guys could shit on a plate and a bunch of geeks would pay inflated eBay prices to eat it. Which is pretty much what this CD is all about. Granted it has some cool sludge moments that remind me of Neurosis but as a whole the CD feels like it was just thrown together in the studio. I believe OMG just released two CDs at the same time; well maybe if you cut all the crappy noise out you could fit it all onto one CD... \$\$. ADI (Tortuga/PO Box 15608/Boston, MA 02215)

OLD MAN GLOOM • Seminar III CD

First off, the packaging on this CD is glossy, and I do mean *glossy*. It was often times hard to read the booklet because things were reflecting onto it, it even has that glossy smell. As for the music, the band features members of various Hydra Head bands so that may give you some idea as to what this sounds like. The closest description I can come up with is that maybe if you take Radiohead, combine them with some noisy sludge band with vocals that sound as if they are screamed from deep within some arctic hell, you might get some idea as to what this sounds like. The CD is one song that is 27 minutes long and afterwards I felt as if I just watched some science fiction movie where I know something peculiar happened but I can't remember what it was and I don't really feel the need to watch it again to find out, but I did enjoy watching. AM (Tortuga Records - see address above)



ON THE MIGHT OF PRINCES • Where You Are... CD

The first song literally explodes into my ears as I put my earphones on and hit play. No, the volume wasn't too high up, it was the song itself that combusted. Now, this isn't power violence or anything. It's total emo in the vein of Still Life and I Hate Myself. I also hear some Native Nod, Promise Ring and Owlitan Mia. Oh lordy, that first song!!! Things kind of wimp out after that one. I'm in no way implying that the following tracks aren't as good, they're just not as ebullient as the others (he, he, he, I just cracked myself up...) What a great CD, though, seriously. I've listened to it over and over, I put their songs on my mix tapes, told Maddox about it... It's sort of become my mission to let the world know how much I like this. Okay, maybe that's an overstatement. Sure, you could indeed go on living your life without this—(just like you thought you could live without the sex swing that now so beautifully decorates your basement. But isn't life so much better now? Sorry, I'm digressing.) What the hell, just buy it already. MH (Creep Records/Suite 220/252 E. Market Street/ West Chester, PA 19381)

QHEISVASARA • Pilaat Huomisen Jo Tänään 7"

This kicks ass!! Despite being from Finland, this isn't more fast thrash, (but if it were, I wouldn't be complaining!), it's actually some very well played punk that sounds refreshing and original. Even though all the traditional elements are here, Qheisvasara put them together in a very unique way. It reminds me of Kafka Process with added female vocals, a sur plus! The lyrics are sung in Finnish (a cool language, if you ask me. Not that any language isn't cool) and cover a range of good topics from people hiding behind ideology, environmental destruction, songs with nothing but slogans, and some personal stuff thrown in. English explanations provided. What a great record! Essential! DD (Winter Records/Erottajakatu 29/13130 Hämeenlinna/Finland)

PINKO AND THE ACTION BOYS • Pinko Moxie... 7"

Straight up short, fast, pissy, snotty punk complete with breakdowns. You know the sound and Pinko is pretty good at it, I can totally see them tearing up their local American Legion hall up there is Maine. And as an added bonus this record is dedicated to the memory of Jim Varney (you know Ernest from the Ernest movies). I didn't even know he died, boy do I feel out of touch. AM (Waste Management Records, address cut off in true punk fashion by the misaligned photo copied covers)

XPLANETx • The Sadness & Bluegrass Emo CD

15 tracks, 28 minutes. I enjoyed this more than The Dealers-CD that came out on the same label. The tracks on here have a more structured song feel, that must be why. Still this is extremely low-fi and laid back (you can hear the tape noise in the background at all times and then at the end of each song you can hear the tape being paused, that's how low-fi it is). I think the term "Bluegrass Emo" in the title really gives you a good clue. These songs feel like they were recorded on some porch in some godforsaken town in Appalachia. Did you know that Yo-Yo Ma recently recorded some Appalachian music? XPLANETx is the hardcore underground version of that. Some songs feature a real sung vocal track (think Palace Brothers and Songs:Ohia), some use samples, some—most—have no vocals at all. I definitely enjoy that jangly banjo kind of thing. SS postpaid, good deal. MH (Easy/Eric De Jesus/1806 Eastman Ave./Bethlehem, PA 18018)

THE POSTAGE ERA • Fatal Autopsy CD

13 songs. Pretty hectic post-emo that often approaches hysteria, kinda like At The Drive-In, except that TPA doesn't really sound like them, it's just they, too, are sometimes prone to going insane and taking things too far. TPE sounds more like Braid, though. At least, it isn't complete pretty-boys-in-tight-shirts music. The vocals are pleasingly aggressive and the songs have enough breaks and quirks to keep you interested.

Pretty good except that I wish they hadn't written their lyrics in those endless lines that make your eyes tired and are just impossible to read. They might as well have written them with invisible ink. Oh yeah, there's a keyboard in there somewhere, too. (Just thought I should warn you...) Nevertheless, this is quite good. MH (Actiondriver/PO Box 11866/Charleston, WV 25339)

PREJUDICE • Waiting For The End CD

Canada's Prejudice offer up a political punk sound that draws from old style hardcore, grind, and crust. Their songs can be hard and harsh, but also melodic and catchy. Their political message is very strong, and their booklet is in both French Canadian and English. And for good measure they do a cover of Reagan Youth's "U.S.A." which they dedicate to all people who fight the World Trade Organization. Well done political hardcore. KM (Tobacco Shit Records/Simon Pare/827 Goldsburn/Greenfield Park, QC/H4V 3H4/Canada)

PLEXORJET • City Under Siege CD

This sounds similar to a lot of mid 90's college rock bands, it could easily be on Matador or some other equivalent label. It's some sort of weird combination of Unwound and Helium though with moogs and lots of mathy tendencies. Plexorjet does this type of thing rather well, so if this is what you are into you should probably check this out. No lyrics but a few artsy photos... that's something, right? AM (Moodswing Records/3833 Roswell Rd., Suite 104/Atlanta, GA 30342)

PORCELAIN DECAY • 7"

I was pleasantly surprised by this band not being what I assumed it was judging by the name alone. I had it pegged as bad crust core that only Chuck likes, or worse, grind. Not the case this time, this is punk as fuck! My elitist musical inclinations won't allow me to enjoy this while any one is looking—but once no one is around I will lace up the old boots and mosh until my parents come home. Yeah. JF (Porcelain Decay/61 East 20th St./Huntington Station, NY 11746)

QUALM • Preventing Explosion CDep

Qualm is fast-as-shit and sounds an awful lot like Lifetime... very tight basslines and drumming... I really like the bass. Funn shit. Fun with two n's, sort of like Rikki Rocket and Enuff Z'Nuff. Extra letters for extra potential energy. While some reviewers might write these bad boys off as just another pop-punk band, I'm giving them props. As the hand grenade on the cover indicates, they're fucking explosive! Nice harmonies and breakdowns, as is the requirement for solid standing in the pop-punk arena. I'd say that these fuckers are up amongst the elite. I say again—Funn shit. 6 songs, 15 minutes. DO (Not Bad/PO Box 2014/Arvada, CO 80001; Jmmonkey@aol.com)

ROSE OF SHARON • Even the Air is Out of Tune CD

7 songs. This band—that has nothing to say (for if they did, they would have come up with something else than just the color blue as a cover, inlet and back cover)—plays non-eventual music in the vein of Van Peet (minus the edge) and Karate (minus the song-writing skills). Music to make your butt fall asleep. (It's okay, I don't know what that means, either.) MH (Espo Records/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)

RED FLAG 77 • A Short Cut to a Better World CD

21 songs. Red Flag 77 plays nice snotty brit-punk. For lack of better understanding I will say they sound a little like early Clash, Sex Pistols and UK Subs. Not exactly cutting edge stuff, but definitely fun in a retro kind of way. MH (Beer CityRecords/PO Box 26035/Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

RED MONKEY • Get Uncivilised 7"

This 7" contains two tracks of post Gang of 4 scratchy revolution rock. The bass and drums work out a sweaty butt shake groove while the guitar provides a nice layer of rhythmic riffing and picking. The sound is warm and the dual vocals only increase the temperature with quiet questioning on side one and some rougher singing on side two. The words to these tracks deal with the exchange of one's days for monetary compensation, labour, and escape from labour. Red Monkey are a fine band who work in sonic territory similar to Submission Hold and the Dog Faced Hermans. SJS (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

RAW POWER • Screams From The Gutter LP

I bought the original back in 1985 and I must have spent hours and hours listening to this while skating our local half pipe and pool. This repressing looks pretty different from my copy. It is now black and white and has some weird ass photo of a dog on the cover. Musically it is still just as manic and fast as ever. The vocals are delivered so incredibly fast and furious. I am sort of surprised that this shit is being listened to by kids that were 2 or 3 years old when these songs were recorded, but I guess it makes sense because Raw Power was a pretty amazing force to be reckoned with. Fast, brutal, furious, and catchy as hell. KM (Ugly Pop Records/2 Bloor St. West/Suite 100/Box 477/Toronto, ON/M4W 3E2/Canada)

RED SCARE • 7"

First song "Jetset" reminds me of what I like about the early to mid '90s emo, rock, driven, spaztic, out of control music. When all the quirky elements come together it makes something that makes you want to shake your body and smash stuff in a crying tantrum to. Side two we have the song "Epiphany #2" which reminds me of what I hated about early to mid '90s emo; boring riffs of dullness that get drawn out way too long with high-pitched feedback during the guitar stops and melodies that fail miserably at being melodies. ADI (Paralog/PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212)

THE RED SCARE • Strangers Die Everyday LP or CD

Recorded at Inner Ear by Don Zientara, Strangers Die Everyday, is The Red Scare's best release to date. I've never really been a fan, and in fact prior to this release found them to be far too arty, pretentious, and distasteful. I was dreading listening, but in fact I found the record to be quite good. The sound quality is superb, and all eight songs are chock full of noise, angst driven rock, raw energy, and a bit of melody to hang it all together. Screaming vocals and a tight delivery add to the overall rockin' quirkiness. Vinyl on Hand Held Heart, CD on Troubleman Unlimited. KM (Hand Held Heart/24445 Lisa Kelton Place/Newhall, CA 91321) or (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

REDHEADED STEPCHILDREN • Reconstruction... 12"

Poppy hardcore, I'm sure there are few bands in your town who sound similar to this. RHSC probably plays this stuff better then most the bands in your town. Recorded at In-Transit Studios buy the drummer of Elliott, but it doesn't sound all that good, it doesn't sound bad though, I guess I over estimated the nanowaverness of the In-Transit studios. There is the old saying though: you can't polish a turd, which might be the case here. ADI (Eugene Records/PO Box 1981/Lexington, KY 40588)

REMUS AND THE ROMULUS NATION • 7"

Brash and raw, but also melodic hardcore that is clearly rooted in punk. The lyrics are political and—amongst other things—deal with guns and the war on drugs. The recording quality isn't all that great, but it's listenable. This records downfall however are the strangely out of sync vocals which didn't make this a very pleasurable listening experience. The artwork and packaging however are very neat. MH (Soul Is Cheap/Zach Payne/PO Box 11552/Memphis, TN 38111)

REVERSAL OF MAN • Discography CD

Kind of a misleading name since this "discography" CD is clearly not a discography CD. Discography includes three compilation tracks, four demo tracks, their 7" as well as all their material from the split with Puritan, Enemy Soil, Holocron, and Cease. It does not include the 10" or their LP on Ebullition. Otherwise this is a great collection of Reversal of Man material. I always thought that the 10" and LP were the best releases for Reversal of Man but I really enjoyed these older songs and in some ways was surprised by how good all the tracks were (even their oldest). Their sound has changed a bit over the years, and unlike most bands they have gotten faster and harder and crazier over the years. The booklet includes all their lyrics and a bunch of really cool photos. KM (Schematics Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)

RIGHT BRIGADE • LP

I snapped this one up thinking that they might sound like the Bad Brains or Underdog, but as it turns out Right Brigade's sound doesn't have anything in common with either of these bands. Instead they play old style youth crew hardcore like the sort of stuff that Revelation started out doing back in the day. The sound quality is solid, and the songs are powerful and somewhat catchy. The songs are anthems to back stabbing friends who tell lies, people that tell lies, getting tired of hearing lies, and being strong enough to go on when the lies of the world are laying heavy on your shoulders. And that is no lie. Go! KM (Revelation Records/PO Box 5232/Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)

RUINED IN A DAY • One Thousand 7"

Melodic hardcore that features repetitive vocals that are somewhat out of key. In a way they remind me of bands like Prozac Memory and Car Against Driver, except they're not as good. Maybe if the vocals were more to the point I could give this the thumbs up, but they're not, so there you go... MH (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego/New York, NY 13126)



photo by Matt Billings

DEARBORN S.S.

OVER MY DEAD BODY • No Runners 7"

When I saw Over My Dead Body play live I thought they were pretty good, but not awesome. But, damn, this is a really good 7". Over My Dead Body thunders forth with some straight edge youth crew hardcore, but they mix it up with a really melodic song like "Be There," then the tear into a real fast Early No For An Answer style track like "Drug Free Adult," and end with a cover "You're X'D" by the Faith. A lot of diversity there. The lyrics are also pretty good, with some standard stuff about scene unity and friendship and staying true to the straight edge, but they also have an anti-white pride song and a simple but realistic song about the difference between being a straight edge kid and a straight edge adult. Good music, decent lyrics, and a good record. KM (Indecision Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

TARPIGH • Monsieur Monsoon CD

Here's my theory on how this CD came into being. Some friends got stoned, got an eight track, dragged out some congos, a cymbal, a guitar or two for good measure, whatever else might be around the house, and recorded it all. And surprisingly, after about a listen or two, there are distinct moments when it all seems to come together. I don't know, maybe my theory is all wrong, but whatever. Definitely an interesting listen. JP (PO Box 239/Hiram, ME 04041)

THROWDOWN • You Don't Have To Be Blood To Be... 12"

Thick as fuck mosh core from Orange County. The lyrics are kind of funny to read because they're ironically bone headed ("fuck, move that shit") when contrasted to the intelligent wording and sensitivity of the song descriptions. This is very straight edge, I really don't know if it gets much more edge core than this. Throwdowns are carrying the torch proud and tall even though its all old news to me. Similar to Adamantium but I think Throwdown's got the upper hand in terms of heaviness, and the production could tear down a brick wall. Ben Edge takes this band more seriously than a housewife and her soap operas. ADI (Indiecision Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

TIM KINSELLAS • He Sang His Didn't He Danced CD

Oops, what am I doing reviewing this. Big mistake on my part. This is a solo release from Tim Kinsellas, who was the vocalist of Joan of Arc. Here we find him taking his quirky style to an acoustic medium. This is totally geared for college radio and the like, and not really the sort of thing that someone like me can dig. It will definitely appeal to fans of Joan of Arc that are already accustomed to Tim's unique style. KM (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow Street/Bayonne, NJ 07002)

THE THIRD DEGREE • Switchblades & Urethane 7"

"Switchblades and Urethane" is an extremely hard rockin' number that just rips with power and energy from start to finish. "The Toecutter" is powerful and just as hard rockin' but it boils at a much slower rate. The Third Degree is a thundering force of pounding drums and wailing guitar. These songs are selling well and infectious. Rock. KM (Slow Gun Records/1077 Hanlon Way/Anaheim, CA 92808)

TASTES LIKE BURNING • CD

10 songs. I don't understand why I'm having such a hard time reviewing this... I can't seem to come up with any comparisons. The high level of energy and anger that is present in all the songs reminds me of bands like Assfactor 4 and Stumpy (nobody's ever heard of Stumpy, I know). Then, there are the (sometimes dual) vocals that are very much on the screamed-so-hard-I-shat-myself side. Furthermore I'm happy to report that the material has enough breaks and tempo changes to keep you interested throughout. The booklet is all emotive pain and desperation, but intelligently so and with an emphasis on the (personal) politics. The recording is somewhere between demo and raw. Basically, I'd like to hear more from this band, but I'm hoping they will go to a better studio first. MH (Tastes Like Burning/86 Edward St/Charlottetown/PE/CIA 5E4/Canada)

THE TAXIS • Autopilot CD

Ska influenced punk complete with a horn section and guest vocals by Joe Queer. By now it's either you like this kind of music or you don't. The Taxis don't break any new ground here. That said, if you feel like running in place and skanking in your living room, put this in between Spring Heeled Jack USA and Less Than Jake in your CD changer and they will fit in just fine. AM (North East Indie Records; www.northeastindie.com)

TEAR IT UP • Just Can't Stand It LP

From the ashes of Dead Nation comes Tear It Up. I believe that the twelve tracks from this 12" were recorded before the tracks on the Tear It Up 7", and one of the songs, "Battle Scarred," was actually a Dead Nation song that appears on the last Dead Nation 7". The Tear It Up stuff is quiet good, with lots of anger, energy, and speed, all of which is built on a foundation of solid song writing and the occasional inclusion of a catchy melody. Damn good. KM (Deranged Records/PO Box 543/Station P/Toronto, ON/M5S 2T1/Canada)

THE TERESA BANKS PROFILES • These Binary... 7"

I don't know about this digital integration with hardcore. It certainly proves to be interesting at times and detracts from the monotony of many bands, but this could get old just as fast. It's difficult to explain, so a comparative description will have to do: similar only in style to Refused's *The Shape of Punk to Come*, but nowhere near as good or innovative. I like this as a whole, but would sooner spend my money on a refreshing colonial. JF (Corporate Records/PO Box 19309/Houston, TX 77224-9309)

THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT • IE CD

Some people compare this to 400 Years, but I don't listen to 400 Years all that often, so I can't really tell. All I know is that it's raw emotional hardcore that actually reminds me of Iconoclast a lot. I think, these guys (hey, what do you know they're Japanese!) definitely listen to a lot of mid-nineties screamo hardcore. There are some slower-emotive parts (none of that indie-pap, though, so don't worry), but for the most part this just really, really rocks. Excellent release, Steve. MH (Dim Mak Records/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

THINK I CARE • Draw the Lines 7"

I wanted to keep my opinion out of the reviews. I told myself to be fair to the bands kind enough to send in records and comment only out of exigency. Well, I have had enough of this, and complaining couldn't be more necessary. I just cannot believe that bands still voluntarily make music this awful. I can't even slit my wrist with this vinyl, let alone be candid while criticizing it. Three chord straightedge hardcore from a band that should call themselves DOOM. Think I Care gets my second pick for all time worst lyrics ever. "Try to make me feel like shit/I will still persist/your words hit my face like spit/I will still persist." Yeah. I promise in the future to try to be more impersonal and objective when reviewing, and save the smart ass remarks for my ex-girlfriend. JF (Boiling Point Records/25 Hyde St/Winchendon, MA 01475)

THIS MACHINE KILLS • On The Move 7"

Four songs. I don't know if you've ever had to write a record review with one of the band members sitting right next to you... Lucky for me I'm totally into this 7". It took a long time to come out, but here it finally is. People have compared This Machine Kills to early nineties bands like Heroin or Iconoclast, to me it sounds more like a mix between Merle, Reach Out and Bread and Circuits. But Steve Aoki's pissed off vocals definitely make this sound very modern. As expected the lyrics are very concise and political. There are even translations into Spanish and Japanese. It's always great to hear bands that are so outspoken and smart. There Brett, I hope you have no regrets about letting me use your computer and farting up a storm in the progress. MH (El Grito/PO Box 18198/Los Angeles, CA 90018) or (Coalition/Hugo De Grootstraat 25/2518 Eb Den Haag/Netherlands)

THIS YEARS MODEL • Wanted: New Best Friends CD

This long island five piece makes me retch with their guitar driven melodies and otherwise typically boring songs. Featuring members of Sons of Abraham, Irony of Lightfoot, and The Last Days of August. Six songs of rhythmic, trenchant rock that will no doubt keep the insensate bobbing their heads and begging for more. If you like crappy music, you will love this. According to the "key selling points" on the promotional information sheet, they are actively touring. So look for them. Or don't. JF (Law of Inertia/61 E. 8th St. PMB #125/New York, NY 10003)

TRAPDOOR FUCKING EXIT • CD

8 tracks at 38:17 minutes. Trapdoor Fucking Exit really whip up a whirlwind on these eight songs. Their guitar sound is big and full and it is way up front in the mix here. As a band they are tight, even when they generate huge washes of overdriven chaos like the end of "Short Ends." The bass and drums pound out the rhythms in lockstep. The guitar drapes colorful sheets of sound all over the rhythmic structures. The singer guy indulges in scream until hoarse emotionalizing with an occasional talking part. But the vocals are down in the mix with everything else so he has to work it out with the other instruments. Like any singer worth their salt. The words are introspective and critical poems. Occasionally this band sounds a bit like the fast songs on Zen Arcade era Hüsker Dü. And here I was expecting a Dead C cover band. SJS (Trapdoor Fucking Exit/Box 1043/17221 Sundbyberg/Sweden)

TURN AROUND NORMAN • 7"

Wow, like a breath of fresh air, this record rocks! I would say this is somewhere in between Yaphet Kotto and older Californian emo, like Heroin and With Intent. The male/female vocals go from sung to screamed and work extremely well. The lyrics are eloquent and discuss political and personal issues. The packaging is lovely. What can I say? This music is filled with emotions that cover anything between anger and joy. I love it! MH (Waiting For Jaime Records/Ryan Baker/PO Box 1085, Morgantown, WV 26507)

TWIST • Coming Closer to Abyss CD

French hardcore with a lot of metal tendencies, think Converge combined with the slower darkness of later Cable stuff that somehow ends with a few minutes of techno beats. The vocals are sung in English while the explanations are written in French so I am not entirely sure what Twist is all about but the lyrics seem to be mostly on the political side. This isn't really the type of music I enjoy but for what it is done well, and I am sure a lot of people would be into this. AM (4 Impasse les Fontaines Blanches 42610 Saint Romain le Puy)

TIPPING CANOE • LP

Tipping Canoe was a three piece that played melodic and slightly chaotic emo hardcore. The vocals are not scream but sung with a raspy edge. The music is rockin' and passionate with just a hint of a more frantic intensity. For the most part they are sad and morose sounding. Passionate. KM (Forge Records/PO Box 3601/Woodbridge, CT 06525)

TUPAMAROS • Beyond the Bias 10"

Oh wow, what a fantastic record!!!!!! I picked it because it had an extremely un-hardcore cover (like the first Cerberus Shoal record). I thought, who knows, this might not be so bad, but sweet-Jesus-goat-boy-Satan, this is awesome! Basically these 4 songs combine everything that was great about bands like Iconoclast, Closure, Indian Summer, Bob Tilton, Current and Julia (you know, all the emo greats) and then couple that sound with great personal and political lyrics. I just can't get over how good this is. If you were looking for the one record that would restore your faith in emo—this is it. MH (Scene Police/Humboldtstrasse 15/53115 Bonn/Germany)

ULTIVAC • CD

Nine songs. Nervous drums and a bumbling bass plus a bunch of what I can only describe as "sounds," then some guy singing over it in a new wavish fashion. Post-post-hardcore... I don't know, to me it was a torturous listen, but maybe you'll like it. The thing is: if you like it, then I probably don't like you. MH (Buddy System/302 Bedford Ave. No. 264/Brooklyn, NY 11211)

UNPERSONS • 7"

Judging from the cover I was expecting crust or thrash. This is a bit more modern sounding however. Or maybe I'm just saying that because it has such a good groove throughout and it is so well recorded. At any rate—I enjoyed this a great deal. The lyrics are angst-ridden and introspective, just the way I like them at 3 in the morning and not a soul in sight. MH (204 Verdell Dr./Savannah, GA 31406; revolusi@aol.com)

VERMILLION • Bo Jackson 7"

There is no doubt that the musicians on here are very proficient, but that doesn't make these two instrumental tracks any more intriguing. There is that stop-and-go Hoover thing and soothing Karate style guitar lines, but really, I find little merit in it. I'm sorry, I just can't pretend that I was into this. MH (Redwood Records/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834)

VERY METAL • Life's Too Short CD

Twelve songs. Fast angry drunk punk. Even though this holds very little attraction for me I can't deny the fact that these songs are all well played and recorded. This isn't my scene and it's really hard to say more about it. It's the kind of CD that nobody else wanted to pick out of the review box. And while it isn't at all horrible, I certainly would never ever purchase it. I doubt that anyone else writing for *Heartattak* would, either. MH (Beer City Records/PO Box 26035/Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

THE VIDA BLUE • What I Should Have Said Vol. I CD

Wow, just when I thought life couldn't get any better (what with a new series of "Making The Band" starting and Mulder raising from the dead and all that) I get to review a CD by a band whose last LP has never left my record player for more than a day in the last 8 weeks. Wow, indeed. There are 20 tracks on here (woo-hoo!). Unfortunately there isn't any real info on here as to whether these songs have been released before or not. That's okay, though, I was perfectly happy to just listen and enjoy. Basically what you get to hear here is a band growing up, going from relatively simple primo screamo hardcore to completely-and-utterly-fucked-in-the-head-post-emo craziness. The recordings start 12/98 and end with 3 songs recorded live on WNYU 7/00. What a band they've become! They're really pushing the boundaries of acceptable emo-strutting here. It's all jangly, disjointed, hyper-ventilating fun. A sweaty, trippy stroll down to the asylum. I dig. When's Volume II coming out? MH (Init Records/PO Box 3432/Mankato, MN 56002)

VOLTA DO MAR... • CD

Instrumental math rock, think of a much more drawn out and monotonous version of June of 44 or The Shipping News. At 17 minutes this CD seemed endless, but who knows, if you are into repetitive math rock this may be for you. AM (PO Box 857/Champaign, IL 61824)



THE WARM JETS • 7"

Two songs. "Take your clothes off, but keep your shoes on." Aren't those the words every girl has been waiting to hear all her life? I don't know about these garage punk bands. They're always ready to go—does that mean they really go a lot more than the rest of us? They've got the tattoos and the wifebeaters, the enticing song titles ("Diabla") and that dirty, dirty rock 'n' roll; they must be doing it like horny little rabbits all night and all day long. If you know me then you know why that bothers me. MH (ACME Records/PO Box 441/Dracut, MA 01826)

WEDA • World Is What We Do... CD

7 songs. Angry, raw hardcore from France. The metal influence isn't as big as I thought it would be from judging the cover. There are mosh parts and all that but they have a melodic, emotive edge that I found refreshing. Unfortunately the lyrics are in very broken English (just like my reviews), but their message of tolerance still comes through. Well done, I hope people over there respect their effort. MH (Benoit Rahir/37 Rue Fortier/10000 Troyes)

WHEN ALL IS LOST • In the Death of the Pitch Black Sky CD

Bla bla metal core with clean guitar interludes and emo groove pat-your-chest parts that all the sensitive cry babies get all into. Its ok really, not too bad at all...then of course they try and sing. Unless you can actually sing please stick with the bestial throat vocals. Dear god its REALLY bad when they try and sing. The guitars distortion tone could use a bit of work because the guitars sound fuller when they're clean. Trying to be positive: Evil speed picking parts are cool, keyboard/scary sound intros are cool and the DIYness this band has is commendable. ADI (www.homepages.nyu.edu/~la214)

(WHO IS) KEYSER SOZE • 7"

The recording here is pretty primitive. Very hardcore in a sort of us-against-the-rest-of-the-world way. Keyser Soze play very fast and they're pissed off. Coming soon to a basement near you... (And if they do, you should check them out, cos they ain't bad). MH (2114 Lee Place/Memphis, TN 38104)

Y • A Black Sheep 7"

Crazed, totally crazed. That sums up Y! This 7" rocks with a nice mix of hc and grind! German hardcore is infamous for being all about brutal and very political. Y certainly live up to the traditions! Lyrics are in German with English explanations. Topics range from thoughts on complex subjects and friends, to marriage, and stereotypes about hobos. Smart and brutal. I always enjoy it when bands sing about topics that aren't just slogans. Fans of brutality, snatch this up! DD (Excelsior HC/PO Box 14794/Albany, NY 12212)

MURDOCK/SUTEK CONSPIRACY • split 7"

Ever since I got their first CD I've loved Murdock. I don't know what it is. Maybe it's just the fact that they never ever fake the funk. My guess is you've probably never heard of them. Let me try to describe them: Murdock plays crazy metallic hardcore that is pretty close to Rorschach, especially on this here recording which is quite a bit tighter than on the CD. Really driven and good. Sutek Conspiracy sound fairly similar, except that their songs feature the occasional Iron Maiden guitar lick. That actually made it good in my opinion. The artwork on the cover is really nice, but the lyric sheet inside is a bit of a disappointment. Doesn't matter, though, I'm still going to keep it. MH (Ed Walters Records/606 North 13th Street #1/Lafayette, IN 47904)

A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS / FALLING OVER DRUNK • split CD

Ok let's get this out of the way right now, ready? LYRIC SHEETS ARE IMPORTANT!! Especially if you are going to scream in such a way that no one can understand anything you are saying. Anyway, as for this CD, A Death Between Seasons is a sludgy chaotic mess with two vocal tracks that often go on at the same time yet seem to be totally independent of each other, it gives the impression of two songs going on at once. It's screamy, it's messy, it's just all over the place and I did not understand a word. As for Falling Over Drunk, they are more on the punkish side of things, though still frantic and messy, they had moments that reminded me of Devoid of Faith. Again no lyrics but with song titles like "West Bay Cumdumpster" and "Masterbating in Yer Food" one can only imagine. AM (880 Newell Rd./Palo Alto, CA 94303)

SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA / SINCE BY MAN • split LP

This is the limited tour version. My copy is 82, no 104 of 100 (the "82" is crossed out). So you won't be able to get this until it is released in a slightly larger press. The Seven Days of Samsara stuff is exactly what you would expect from them; a combination of melodic emo elements, harshly strained vocals, and powerful assaulting hardcore. They are clearly a hard hitting hardcore band that will only appeal to those into the harshest styles, but the melodic underbelly makes their songs way more catchy and memorable. Since By Man are also good, though they just power through without the benefit of a catchy side. They just go for the throat and don't let go. This is a good split LP and hopefully will be available soon in a larger pressing (actually I just heard that the non-tour version will be available sometime in May). KM (No address)

TOTAL SHUTDOWN/BOXLEITNER • split 7"

Total Shutdown: Maybe the way I feel about this is the way people felt when they first stumbled into the Cabaret Voltaire and heard a dadaistic sound poem; confusion, dread, anger, disinterest. Maybe I lack the artistic sensibilities that would help me to enjoy this kind of racket. Maybe, like so many people with Dada almost a century ago, I just don't get it. It's all just really badly recorded, discordant noise, which - in my opinion—is neither worth my time, nor my money, nor my interest. It's very obvious that I don't get the joke. Actually, I'm glad I don't. But maybe these bands are just ahead of their times: I certainly do "get" Dada now, so maybe a century from now, I'd be able to "get" Total Shutdown. Who knows. Boxleitner: more of the same. But if you're one of those folks who likes (or pretends to like) The Locust, then this is right up your alley. MH (Thin The Herd/Box 7452/Olympia, WA 98507)

SECRET LIFE OF MACHINES/CRASH SMASH EXPLODE • split LP

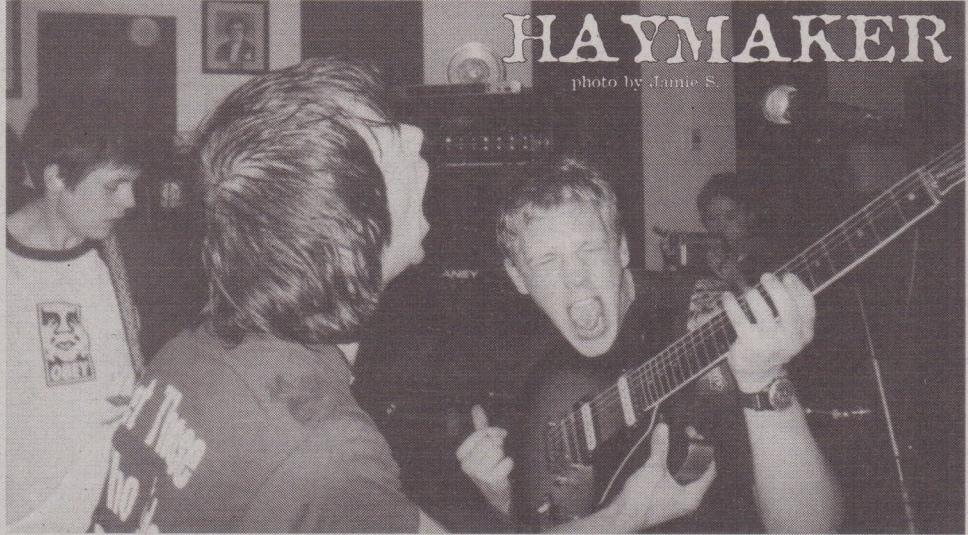
Crash Smash Explode play hard driving rock and hardcore influenced emo college punk rock that has a lot of bite and a noisy feel to it, not to mention a sort of arty weirdness that hangs it all together. Their sound is pretty eclectic with all the different influences. Going for something different with varying degrees of success. The Secret Life of Machines are pretty much the same sort of group, though they can be way harder and harsher. They rock out with an arty and noisy edge. At times I would totally compare their music to Universal Order of Armageddon. Both bands do a good job and as long as the style doesn't sour your listen then this split 12" will get you going, especially the Secret Life of Machines who dominate with their powerful guitar driven rock assault. Apparently this LP is limited to 500 copies. KM (Bi-Focal Media/PO Box 50106/Raleigh, NC 27650-0106)

ANGELS NEVER ANSWER/DEADLOCK FREQUENCY • split LP

This is a nice 12" from these two unknown bands from Colorado. The 1st pressing of the LP is limited to 300 copies and is hand screened in silver and red on black (very nice looking). Angels Never Answer explode with some harsh and emotive metal influenced hardcore. Their songs are powerful and savage while the music is sort of this screaming emo thing. Deadlock Frequency have a very different sound. The more I listen to their side the more they remind me of Judge; the vocal delivery is very similar. They end up with a synthesis of New York style youth crew hardcore and a little bit of a chaotic hardcore feel. Their slower songs are more youth crew sounding while their faster numbers are chaotic and driving. It is hard to peg them down. Both bands do a good job with their respective sides. KM (Paco Garden Records/PO Box 1845/Denver, CO 80218-0455)

HAYMAKER

photo by Jamie S.



SAWPIT/FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN • split 7"

Sawpit are back with some great loud and powerful emo hardcore. The music is melodic and catchy but played with anger and angst, and the vocals are strained and screamed with plenty of passion. Great stuff. Former Members of Alfonsin were (they have split up now) almost a local band even though they lived in San Francisco and Los Angeles. They were always playing here in Goleta at the Pickle Patch and this record was even recorded here in town. They played inspired political hardcore. Their message and antics were always appreciated, and towards the end they were really at the top of their game. These songs are a great testament to what a good band they ended as. Good people. KM (Dim Mak Records/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

BURN BY THE SUN/LUDDITE CLONE • split CD

Burnt by the Sun bring three songs of unrelenting metal hardcore with a sound consonant to Coalesce, just without the annoying vocals. Luiddite Clone also managed to pull three songs out of their ass that sounded so much alike, I couldn't tell them apart. Luiddite Clone sounds very similar to Dillinger Escape Plan now, which is of no real surprise because one of the kids from D.E.P. produced this. I guess the inevitable trend in hardcore/metal is to imitate Dillinger Escape Plan's once original style. Get your own band. JF (Ferret/341 Monmouth St. 101 D/Jersey City, NJ 07302)

OFF MINOR/I AM THE RESURRECTION • split LP

So I was trying to get some rest and relax and for some odd reason I decided to put on this record while I was lying down (that was before I knew I would end up reviewing it), so I lay down and Off Minor starts off with these crazy, fucked up rhythms, accompanied by only lightly distorted guitar strumming and wacky screaming. Not exactly relaxation music, it hit me then, but what to do? The record was set on "repeat" and I didn't feel like getting up, plus it turned out lying down and listening closely really isn't the worst approach to these songs. Oddly enough on the same day I had just bought the Vida Blue LP which is quite similarly hectic and insane (in case you needed a reference). Off Minor features members of Saetia, so that might give you an additional clue. I love their brand of hysteria hardcore, yes I do, I love it!!! On the flipside, I Am The Resurrection plays equally challenging music but with a broader scope (there are seven people in the band—one of them in charge of an organ, another one providing "noise compositions"). Their songs are hectic, uplifting and oppressive, sad and beautiful, all at the same time. Actually I can't even begin to explain how much I like them, they are so very, very awesome and emotional. Somewhere along the way they must have listened to Portraits of Past or maybe they just felt that kind of thing in their bones, anyway. This is deeply affecting, wonderful stuff. I guess I couldn't finish this review without mentioning the absolutely fantastic artwork on the cover. This must be one of the best looking records I've seen in a long while. And best of all, the music inside doesn't let you down, either. One of those must-own releases. I kid you not. MH (Level Plane Records/PO Box 280/New York City, NY 10276)

TERMINAL ASPECT/TION • split 7"

Tion are noisy grind core with lyrics that are pissed at people and punk sub genres, I'm not shooting my wad, but I'm kind of into this, reminds me of ghetto crust bands I'd see at the old PCH club. Tion look like grind core gods when put next to Terminal Aspect who must have spent a good hour recording for their worthless side of this record. ADI (Geddy Lee "best bass player ever" Records/4321 9th Ave NE/Seattle WA 98105)

JEROMES DREAM/USURP SYNAPSE • split 7"

Emo Fucking Violence! Manic screams, twisted music blazing by at 1000mpb, lyrics that make no sense to anyone but the bands (if even them!). I love this stuff. Usurp Synapse are really pumpin shit out at the moment! They play crazed HC that is busy thrashin one second, then pulling it into some interesting breakdowns and melodies the next. Jeromes Dream is much the same, but not as fast. The vocals sound like the singer is out of breath and totally manic. The riffs are very experimental and moving. This is a great 7". Get it now! DD (Clean Plate Records/PO Box 709/Hampshire College/Amherst, MA 01002)

COSTA'S CAKEHOUSE/BICEPTASAURUS • CD

5 songs each from these two German bands. The music is fast and thrashy and the vocals are deep, grunted sounds of desperation. Both bands play the same style (more or less), but Biceptasaurus wins the prize for having the better, more pissed off and humanity-hating lyrics. I really don't like it when singers just grunt like that (you know death metal style), it sounds like a vacuum cleaner on a death mission (MUST SUCK DUST!!!! MUST SUCK DUUUUUUUUUSSSSSTTTTTTT!!!!). But, I guess, if you like Morser you might like this, too. MH (inleaguewitsatano@yahoo.com)

SEROTONIN/KILL DEVIL HILLS • split 7"

Each band offers one song. Kill Devil Hills' track has an oddly old school hardcore feel. If it weren't for the emotional build-ups inbetween the more rocking parts it would have felt like early 90ies music. It's a good song, though, so no worries. Serotonin plays the kind of song that I've come to expect and like from them. There are some math-rock type breaks going on, but for the most part they just rock Shotmaker style. Loved the driven, nervous bass lines! Good record. MH (Soul Is Cheap/Zach Payne/PO Box 11552/Memphis, TN 38111)

MINDLOCK/SEE YOU IN HELL • split 7"

This record was released cooperatively by a large number of European labels, which is very neat. Mindlock plays dark heavy hardcore, much in the vein of Tragedy, although overall their tracks are a little faster. Apart from that they are really, really similar to the Tragedy LP, though, like the drum sound and the vocals are so alike, it's freaky. I was impressed by that, I have admit, I wasn't expecting such great material. See You In Hell plays much more old-fashioned Euro hardcore that reminds me of the kind of Eastern European bands that used to play at a squat in Zurich in the early nineties. Not my cup of tea anymore, unfortunately. The accompanying booklet cover is very nicely done and features a lot of writing (mostly in Czech), but the lyrics are translated into English. Buy it for the Mindlock side—that stuff is good! MH (Huboka Orba Records/Filip Fuchs/Grohoua 39/602 00 Brno/Czech Republic/orba@seznam.cz)

LIVE FROM DEATH ROW/DARTBOARD • split 7"

Here are two more Massachusetts bands doing the snotty thrash thing. Dartboard sound like a bad Charles Bronson rip off while Live From Death Row don't even get the pleasure of being compared to a better band. They just suck. Punk might be dead, but Kinko's quality packaging is alive and well. Keep it real, because it's all downhill from here. JF (Boiling Point Records/25 Hyde St./Winchendon, MA 01475)



THE HELLBENDERS/SAFETY PINS • split CD

The Hellbenders play straightforward glam punk that sounds a lot like D Generation. It sounds mediocre at best and is nothing terribly original. As for the Safety Pins, they sound like a gritty version of The Hellbenders, again nothing exceptional. There is no lyric sheet for either band, though with song titles like "The More I Drink (The Better You Look)" and "I Want Sex," maybe we are better off not knowing what they are saying. AM (Dead Beat Records/PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078)

SEVER THE CORD/SUICIDE NOTE • split 7"

Suicide Note gives you two tracks, and Sever The Cord offer up one. The Suicide Note side is screamly and chaotic and is definitely the winner on this piece of wax. One singer has a really cool high pitch scream and the other has a lower one, and they sing over one another to create a good mix of craziness. Sever The Cord play one slow sludgy song that just makes me want to take a nap and wake up when its over. M O (Hawthorne St. Records/PO Box 5067/Bloomington, IN 47407)

REACHING FORWARD/ENSLIGN • split 7"

What is up with Reaching Forward? Their LP was this totally pissed off sounding straight edge youth crew stuff. It was powerful and hard, and very well done. But these songs are even better! They have added all of these harsh sounding punk influences and come up with something totally raw, powerful, pissed, and angry. Imagine combining Conflict with Youth of Today. It sounds great, and their lyrics are really good as well. These folks really know how to make good music. Impressive. Next up Ensign.

Straight forward straight edge stuff. Can't touch Reaching Forward and probably won't get to spin nearly as many times as Reaching Forward. Reaching Forward are from The Netherlands and Ensign are from New York. KM (Reflection Records/Spoorwegstraat 117/6828 AP Arnhem/The Netherlands)

**SHORT BUS KIDS/
JOHN BROWN'S KIDS • split 7"**

This is one of those records that is worth a million times more than all those post-hardcore-emo releases put together. What we've got here is the epitome of hardcore: a bunch of kids in a remote area who get together, write fantastically furious music, discuss politics and put out their own records. You can't get more hardcore than that. JBK kicks ass but they suffer from a very, very bad recording. The Short Bus Kids got a better deal and with their male/female vocals they sound a lot like Antisocialism. Totally inspiring! Keep it up folks!!! MH (Short Bus Kids/PO Box 85/Lawrence, KS 66044)

**MAN VS HUMANITY/
BURY ME STANDING • split 7"**

Man Vs Humanity are from Germany (check out their interview in HaC #27). Their first song has this techno feel to it with all these weird sounds and what not (try listening to it at 45 RPMs!!) while their second song is a heavy and aggressive number that alternates between slow building power and fast thrashing fury. Their vocals are harshly screamed and ugly. Bury Me Standing are from the USA (check out their interview in this issue of HaC). They play totally brutal hardcore that is extremely metal and harsh sounding, with the occasional interlude of melodic catchiness. They have two vocalists with each using their voice in a slightly different way (the male vocals are strained and screamed, while the female vocals are a totally distorted and fucked up growling mess). All the variety works well for Bury Me Standing. Both bands are of the political nature with rather dismal overtones. Brutal stuff. KM (Per Koro Records/Fehrfeld 26/28203 Bremen/Germany)

KAAOS/SVART AGGRESSION • split 7"

Svart Aggression play four powerful and melodic thrash songs. The vocals are really good with both male and female screamers. I can't read the lyrics, they are in English, but printed in an unreadable text. Kaaos play two songs in Finnish and two songs in English. All of their songs are great burst of fast political hardcore with a melodic underbelly. Catchy and hard at the same time. Great punk. Both bands circle an "A" in their name. KM (Fight Records/Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36/33710 Tampere/Finland)

**UNHOLY GRAVE/
VIOLENT HEADACHE • split 7"**

Violent Headache is very well named! They play crazed shit that thrashes, flails, and shreds. No mercy. Their dual vocal attack adds to the mayhem with deep throated male growling and ear piercing high pitched female squalor. Some seriously ugly shit. Unholy Grave are at it again with some brutal grind core. Actually their music isn't that brutal and at times it might even be sort of catchy, but the vocals are pure vacuum... ggggrrrroooowwww!!!! Unholy Grave are buried somewhere in Japan, and Violent Headache are creating new customers for the aspirin companies in Spain. Get touched by the ugly stick and let this one go off in your living room. KM (Wicked Witch Records/PO Box 3835/1001 AP Amsterdam/Netherlands)

V/A • Difficult Music For Difficult People CD

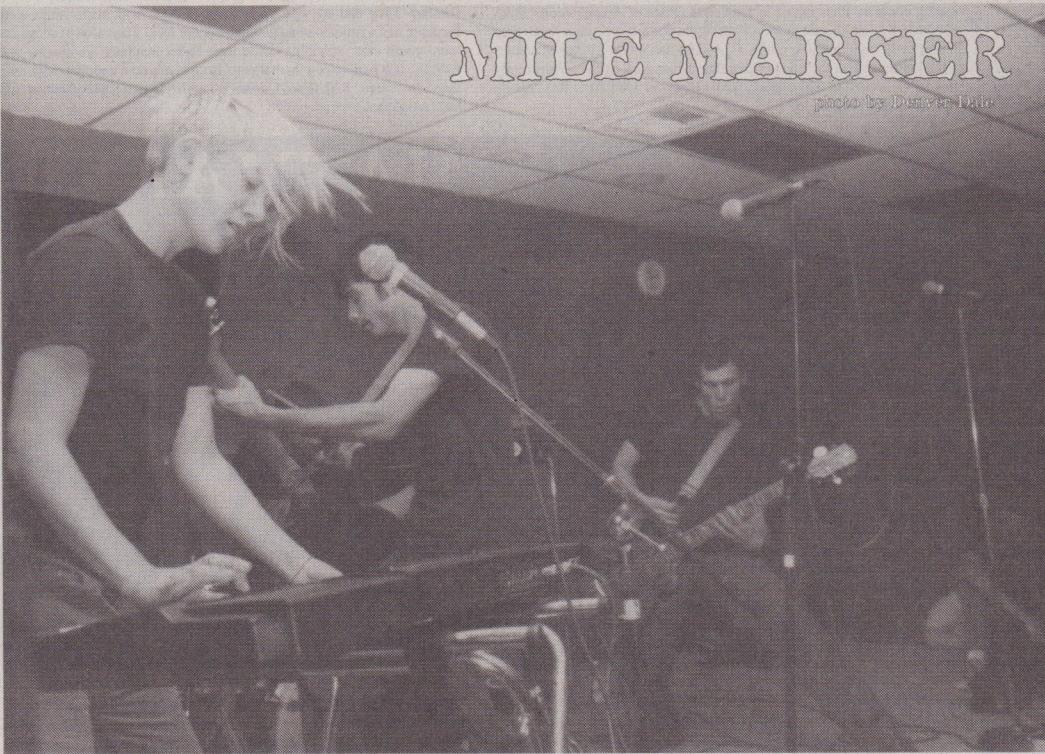
"To cheer up all yer suicide parties." Fuck... I'd buy this compilation for the artwork alone... Quite an incredible layout and booklet. This "international collection of experimental, avantgarde cutup, harsh, noisedigital, grindjazz, and other violence," was compiled in Belgium and contains bands from 13 different countries. From noise to... uh... static, the music is at the very least interesting, and at best... genius! Extremely varied sounds, some entirely electronic, some instrumental... all leaving one inquisitive and somewhat perplexed as to the creativity that went into these projects. For fans of Naked City, and other such groups that strayed from the beaten path... John Zorn would be proud. ALP (no address)

V/A • No Sense Whatever tape

A thrash hardcore comp with an international flair. Some of these bands were familiar to me, and most of these bands are just getting more and more popular as thrash tightens its grip on the neck of the hardcore scene. Police Line, The Strikers, Live From Death Row, PTL Klub, Insult, Gordon Solis Motherfuckers, and Dartboard from the US combine with Muveka Di Rato (from Brazil), Apatia No (from Venezuela), No Side, and Stupid Babies Go Mad (both from Japan). There are multiple songs from each band, and most of them are pretty good. For the most part, the stuff from this comp is pre-released (or live), so it is sampler of sorts. Much like a tape I might craft myself, the levels are all screwy so you have to constantly adjust the volume and it doesn't exactly fill the space very well. They suggest you trade it or tape it, just so long as the music gets passed on they are cool about it. The only thing I don't understand about this comp is why they chose to close it with an overly lengthy sound bite of some guy's dirty talkin' orgasm. I certainly wasn't that excited when the thing was over. LO (\$3 to No Sense Records c/o Matt T/58 Preston Ave./Pittsfield, MA 01201)

MILE MARKER

photo by Darren Dale

**BOB CITY/A PLANET FOR TEXAS • split 7"**

2 songs each. APFT plays rambunctious punk'n'roll that features multi-layered vocals and plenty of singalong parts. The lyrics are kind of silly and pointless, but it's all just good, clean fun. Though definitely not my cup of tea, I can't deny that this has a certain upbeat quality. Bob City's first songs has an incredible seventies rock feel to it. Actually this song is quite the hymn. I put it on repeat and did not grow tired of it at all—on the contrary. It was quite awesome. The second song is a strange whiny ballad that I did not care for at all. It was just meandering and pointless—quite the contrast to the first song. MH (Diaphragm Records/2480 Indianapolis Ave./Columbus, OH 43202; ike1@twinknet.net)

NINE SHOCKS TERROR/KILLERS • split 7"

Get ready for a feeding frenzy of record collecting sharks!! The full color cover was designed and drawn by Pushead, and the record is available on limited edition green, gold, and blue vinyl! Nine Shocks Terror does three crazed thrashers and the Killers keep the energy flowing with an equally fast and crazed side of four tracks. Middle America lets out a mighty howl of ass whipping and brutal hardcore fury; let the mayhem commence! KM (Gloom Records/PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212)

DOWN IN FLAMES/GATE CRASHERS • split 7"

Down In Flames: Goddamn, this is some awesome, awesome late '80s hardcore. Take that great Powerhouse (Florida) sound (come on, kids, you gotta have that one!), mixed with the sheer power of Negative Approach and the bone-crushing lyrical negativity of Failure Face and you've got 4 songs that will knock your socks off!!! Gate Crashers: More of the same here basically. Ironically, this band has a song against all those youth crew bands eschewing the '88 sound, but whatever... Even though their music is really powerful I was a little taken aback that everybody they don't like—macho guys who start fights, guys who like metal, rev. board traders (hey, that's me!), gets called cock sucker or is asked to suck their dick. Nothing wrong with sucking dick, if you ask me, but the way they conjure the image is demeaning since they are in effect saying that sucking dick is a punishment that only stupid people would do. Surely there must be other ways to express your anger without putting down people that might like to suck dick (i.e. homosexuals and women). There's plenty of swear words out there that make use of various body parts that aren't specifically about insulting people that aren't heterosexual males. I don't know, I feel all scene police, wagging my finger at a bunch of kids, but this stuff bothers me. They might as well call their enemies "nigger lovers." It's the same kind of prejudice. If you don't see that, then there's something seriously wrong with you. MH (Philip Leone/1688 Fairway Drive/Jamison, PA 18929)

AFTERLIFE/SHOREBREAK • split CDep

Three tracks from Afterlife and two tracks from Shorebreak. The Shorebreak songs are from the *Justice For Enslaved* comp, but the Afterlife songs appear to be unreleased. Both bands play high spirited youth crew influenced hardcore with a dose of melody and passionate singing and screaming. Both bands sound really quite similar and it is a little weird for them to be together on one CDep, so I really had to concentrate to keep them apart. Fans of melodic emo youth crew will really dig these bands. KM (L.A. Records/PO Box 25114/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

BAD GENE POOL/KOALSLAW • split 7"

BGP plays grindy stuff that was recorded very crummily. The guitar sounds like they were playing through a walkman. Koalslaw plays a similar style, but the guitar sound is a tiny bit better. Basically this is somewhat reminiscent of Neanderthal and all the mayhem that followed them. I can't pretend I liked it, but it is definitely more extreme material, so if you're looking to piss off your neighbours, you might want to check this out. MH (78 Holyoke St./Brewer, ME 04412)

TUSK/HE WHO CORRUPTS • split 7"

Tusk plays dirty, sludgy metal core. Maybe it's just the recording, but this sounds very dark and oppressive. Or maybe they are trapped in a dungeon somewhere and this is the only way they can communicate with the outside world. I liked their lyrics. "A funny thing happened on my way home, all my friends died and were reincarnated as a bunch of assholes." He Who Corrupts plays metal, too, but they are more extreme as far as speed goes. They go from super-super fast (think Assuck) to unbelievably slow at times. Not bad at all. MH (He Who Corrupts/196 Fairfield/Elmhurst, IL 60126)

DIOS HASTIO/THE FUTURES • split 7"

Fuck yeah! This shit's incredible! Both bands are intense, fast, and furious. Dios Hastio, from Peru, plays with more of a grind, blast assault that leaves me fuckin' floored. The Futures, from Japan, are fast, sloppy, and noisy, yet incredibly tight. They fuckin' rock... with great sing alongs too (which are the only words I can understand)... Here's the Aok with the low down: When I think of The Futures, I think of the words zany, bonkers, and energetic. These songs are fucking great! Fast thrash, sloppy hardcore the way it's meant to be. Banging bass and pounding drums sometimes reminds me of bands like Ruins even though they're definitely writing songs in a different direction. Chaotic, minimally distorted guitars that bring me back to the early 80's punk hardcore. Behind all the noisy chaos and fast uppercut thrash, the structure of these songs are amazing, they play some real complex Minutemen-ish guitars in their simple three chord framework songs. For those that enjoy thrashin' it to bands like Jellyroll Rockheads, Life's Halt, Total Fury, and Crucial Section, this one is a 100% positive energy guarantee. Fuck yeah, I fucking love The Futures!! Sekyoutekni ikou! ALP/SA (Answer Records/Hase Bld No. 2 B1 5-49 Osu/3 Naka-Ku Nagoya City, Aichi/460 Japan)

ALGOLAGNIE/PORC BLUE • split LP

Another kick ass French record! This is a really good split, to say the least! Algalagnie is a French band that sings in French without translations, but I'm pretty sure it's political stuff. They play a diverse style of punk rock that reminds me of older Post Regime with some upbeat parts, and emo band with some break downs that are slow and moody, and some parts that are just punk fuckin' rock! Porc Blue is a very experimental band combining elements of punk rock with what sounds like free jazz and other assorted music styles. Male and Female vocals belt out artsy yet very political lyrics about police, crime, war and other stuff. I like this a lot, very original and refreshing. It reminds me a bit of KUKL and Submission Hold! Sung in French with English translations. Another solid record from France, and I say keep 'em coming! DD (Maloka/B.P. 536/2014 Dijon Cedex/France)

V/A • World Hardcore Volume II 7"

This is volume two of the hardcore sampler on Moo Cow Records—but this one is apparently limited to 300 copies. On here are Germany's True Blue which provide an impressive and catchy riff on NY hardcore. Brasil's Dischord offers 2 frantic thrash tunes before Canada's Hamilton does a song that has me thinking of Nausea and all that jazz. Side B has Arm's Reach from Australia, still rocking hard. Last, but not least, it's Slovenia's Man In The Shadow. They play 2 songs of somewhat old school euro-emo. MH (Moo Cow/PO Box 616/Madison, WI 53701)

V/A • Barricades And Broken Dreams CD

This is a really great compilation, but it isn't because the bands on the comp are amazing, but because all the bands cover Conflict songs. The comp is in fact a tribute to Conflict. It was an amazing listen and a very real reminder of how fucking good Conflict was. The line up includes Aus Rotten, Wat tyler, Sunrise, Freebase, Statement, In The Shit, Human Error, Egg Raid, I Oppose Thee, kafka, Dogshit Sandwich, and a bunch more. Twenty-eight songs in all. The booklet that comes with the CD has lyrics, and a lot of different stories about Conflict and the influence they had on people's lives. Quite good. It made me want to pull out all my old Conflict records. Really, this is a great comp CD. KM (Blackfish Records/PO Box 15/Ledbury/HR8 1YG/United Kingdom)

V/A • Punk's Revenge: Black Eyes And Broken Bottles CD

My penance for waiting so long to turn in my reviews is this comp. I think this sat in the review box for two months without a single person picking it up. Now it lays in the small pile of stuff that has to be chucked out at the end. Beer City takes you into their second volume of punk mayhem with this comp. There are unreleased tracks from Beer City bands such as Penalty Box, Boris The Sprinkler, Active Ingredients, Dead Empty, Very Metal, Despite, White Trash Debütantes, Pronounced Dead, The Insults, Maneurysm, Bullet Proof, Disgruntled Nation, Wanda Chrome & The Leather Pharaohs, BB Slags, The Infected, Feed The Machine, and US Bombs. All of the tracks have good recordings. The bands are varied enough, combining aspects of street punk, thrash, hardcore, and some edgy yet poppy stuff. LO (Beer City/PO Box 26035/Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

V/A • More Than The X On Our Hands 7"x6 box set

This is quite an amazing compilation. It is a tribute to the international straight edge scene. It includes forty-one bands from forty-one different countries (Chile, Czech Republic, Argentina, Singapore, Denmark, Portugal, Hungary, South Africa, Mexico, Sweden South-Korea, Russia, Japan, Costa Rica, and lots more). The line-up isn't really important as this compilation isn't about the bands so much but the movement as a whole. Suffice it to say there are some great bands, some okay bands, and some so-so bands. The inclosed booklet comes with a page for every band, some introduction material about straight edge, and some quotes from Ian MacKaye about straight edge. It is all put together very nicely, and definitely worth checking out. Straight edge is a philosophy that will never die. It is here to stay. World wide and someday beyond. Pretty crazy. KM (Commitment Records/Klein Muiden 38/1393 RL Nigtevecht/The Netherlands)

V/A • Hardcore Attack 6-Way split CD

This is an Malaysian-produced international compilation of six current but lesser-known hard-hitters. Kental (Malaysia) is on the speedier side of the well-established mosh-y hardcore spectrum. Personal and consciousness-raising lyrics. Fued (Philippines) is has more of raw and fast punk sound, similar to a lot of what's coming out of the New Old School that's so happening these days. Unashamedly Straight Edge, with lyrics to match—though not limited to the conventions of the genre. Fastgame (Malaysia)... yes, they are fast... yes, they are also very good. I heard a tale from Max 625 that he will be doing an LP for these maniacs. Lyrics are a little more ambiguous than the others—maybe even a bit bitter. They cover a Chuck Bronson number, if that is perhaps any indication of what these guys might be about. Bettercore (Netherlands) is definitely the standout here—my personal favorite, at least. Pro-critical thought lyrics wrapped in a tasty fast and straight-ahead hardcore package. Amazing vocal sounds coming out of these kids! DIY and awesome. If someone's smart, they'll put out a record by this band soon. Underfire (Czech Republic) is another SXE unit, straight-ahead HC with a sort of Swedish edge (musically speaking). Words about growing older and changing, fighting the shit that tries to pull us down and not giving up. Second Combat (Malaysia) wraps things up and brings it home. Fast high-end thrash that I think fans of Sentimientos Oprimidos would dig on, which isn't to say this is derivative by any means. Calls to action, songs of protest. I think the Malay Posi Kids will be in good shape as long as these four stick to it. Around 5 or so songs from each band, most lyrics and texts in English, though Fastgame has one song in Espaniol, and Bettercore rocks one of theirs in Dutch. The recording quality ranges a little from band to band, and generally is about that of a good demo or live set—but none of it is muddy. Bettercore and Underfire provide the highest quality sets—clear and quite discernible. More than worth your time and money—an easy way to check out a good sampling of Asian and international punk. TS (KontraBrawl Distribution c/o Rashidin Arshad/14 Jalan 17/10/Taman Koperasi Polis/68100 KL/Malaysia)

V/A • Goodlife Vol. 4 CD

Nice glossy lay out with pictures of lots of different bands and people (even Lemmy!!!!). Good Life are putting out some decent hardcore metal and also some not so decent hardcore metal (see Broken Promises review). Most of the bands sound really good with fat production and heavy riffage. There are enough bands that stray from the tough guy straight edge mosh metal sound to make Good Life more than just a one dimensional label. A few of these bands are even playing with some black metal melodies and black metal vocals which sound really cool and evil but unfortunately no blast beats. I would recommend this to anyone into heavy straight edge metal. Eighteen bands doing one song each. (Avenged 7Fold, Statecraft, Dead Blue Sky, Lian Broken Promises, Congress, In Dying Days, Spirit 84, 100 Demons, Reprisal, As Friends Rust, For The Living, Length Of Time, Morning Again, Poison The Well, Skycamefalling, Undying, Arkangel). ADI (Good Life Recordings/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

V/A • Broke CD

This is the soundtrack for the film of the same name. It is primarily a jazzish CD with tracks by Father Panik and Laughing Man. Now being as I don't really listen to this type of music I don't really have a reference point to describe it, the best I can come up with is a bunch of swinging jazz with elements of the more experimental Sonic Youth stuff. It has horns, an upright bass, almost no vocals and just cooks. I'm sure someone else could describe this better, but I can say that I really dug this. This is definitely one of the more refreshing CDs I have heard in awhile. If you are remotely interested in this kind of music, don't hesitate to check this out. It is good stuff. AM (Smog Vell Records/774 Mays 10-PMB 454/IV, NV 89451)

V/A • What Has Two Thumbs and Loves Long Island? 7"

This little East Coast compilation totally kicks ass in an old school kind of way. It reminds me of Born Against (the attitude) and Look At All The Children Now (the different styles of music). It's not like the bands on here recorded the best songs ever but their heart is totally in it: Insurgent offers a song about domestic violence (actually it's about a lot more than that) that goes a little like this: "We are the neighbours upstairs, the western world that just don't care. We hear, we see, we ignore. We shift the blame until there's no more. I woke up one day when I was fifteen saw what I had never seen, what I ignored before. I took the lock off my heart and off the door." Awesome. The other bands on here are Jan Cux, Mad Cow Dizeaze, Porcelain Decay and On The Night Of Princes. Check this out, it'll be worth it! MH (Traffic Violation/PO Box 772/East Setauket, NY 11733)

V/A • Tribute To Rattus CD

Anger of Bacterias, Tottus, Acao Direta, Attentat Sonore, Rytmihairio, Unkind, Bright Lights, Olho Seco, Kansandemokratia, Rahakka, Doom, Audio Kollaps, Contrasto, System Error 13, Warcollapse, and Kaaos all get together to celebrate the legacy that Rattus left for the hardcore world. Each band covers a different Rattus song. "If you like political thrash or have every enjoyed Scandinavian thrash then you probably have been affected by Rattus in more ways than you realize. This is an awesome tribute to their music and a great way to hear lots of crazed foreign thrashers that are around today. KM (Fight Records/Hikiuorenkatu 17 D 36/33710 Tampere/Finland)

V/A • Twinkie Legal Defense Fund: Another Their Old Stuff... CD

That thing that I said about the "Punk's Revenge" comp, I take it back. This comp far surpasses it. My mild disinterest in Beer City punk is blown away by my complete confounding of this comp. It is part really bad pop punk (bad lyrics anyway), part techno dub stupidity, part indie, and part alterna rock. The Twinkie Legal Defense Fund has a fold out cover with clippings from the newspaper about the murder of Harvey Milk. It doesn't really say much though, just sort of alludes to the whole incident without giving away any context. The CD is a CDR. Now, in the spirit of DIY you would think I might be into this very DIY release. However, in today's over-saturated-with-bad-CD-comps scene the CDR only represents someone who is able to pass on more bad crap with minimal effort. I'm all for DIY, but let's still try and make something good. LO (Their Old Stuff Is Better Records/1401 Portland Ave. S #C303/Minneapolis, MN 55404)

VOICES FORMING WEAPONS • demo cassette

Wow, another awesome demo! This band is from Providence and offers 5 super-energetic songs in the vein of The Exploder, Swiz and most bands that Mike Kirsch has been in. Really, really good stuff with an excellent recording to boot. The vocals are pretty angry and aggressive, but they're not screaming, more like raspy, I guess. This demo excited me so much that I asked them if they wanted to do a record with me and miraculously they agreed. Unfortunately they have broken up since. Basically, you have to get this or you lose. MH (www.voicesformingweapons.com/42 Carrington Ave. #1/Providence, RI 02906)

DEATH IS YOUR LANGUAGE • demo

Pretty straight forward hardcore with mosh parts intact. It reminded me a little of Failure Face with the guy from Sick of it All doing vocals. The recording is surprisingly good for a demo and there is even a Creedence cover that was not nearly as annoying as the original. There are also some interesting keyboard induced blips and beeps in between songs that worked rather well at separating the songs. All in all a decent demo, and according to the insert they have a split with Waifle coming out soon so I'm sure we will be hearing more from them. AM (PO Box 5583/Richmond, VA 23220)

SHERIDAN • demo CD

Nine songs. Sheridan is German band that plays political (marxist) hardcore. I have the biggest respect for their lyrics and everything they fight for, but musically this just doesn't do much for me. I'm sorry. It isn't bad or anything, it's just really non-descriptive, generic hardcore with no real standout moments. There was a time when that was enough for me, but nowadays I need and expect more. MH (Marc Treude/Peterstrasse 6/52062 Aachen/Germany)

SWOON DOLL • demo

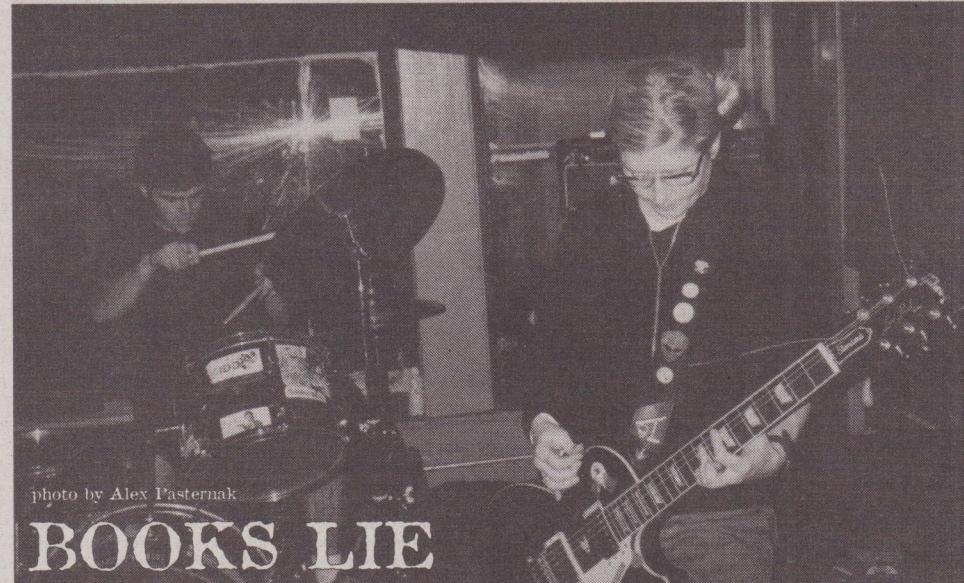
Will the creator of Swoon Doll please stop and think to yourself, "does anyone really want to listen to this?" Repetitive noise shit. ADI (608 O'Farrell St #62/San Francisco, CA 94109)

LIVING UNDER LIES • demo

This is some pissed off, passionate hardcore! I saw this band play a while back and they rocked! This tape also kicks ass! Their lyrics are very political and very urgently yelled! The music is a raging storm of violent sounding brake downs and melodies, along with some furious faster parts. I can feel my anger welling up inside me when I listen to this. The songs cover everything from animal rights to economics to the real price of gas and oil (i.e. blood!). Watch out for this band in the future! DD (Living Under Lies/PO Box 4995/Portland, OR 97208-4995)

RADIO RAHEEM • demo

So here is the thing... every one of these songs starts off really good, they have this rocking indie/emo sound that I am into and it is recorded well, but then right around the three minute mark of each song it all goes downhill. Every one of these songs ends with a pretty extended outro of sorts (many with guitar solos) that simply go nowhere. And this is really frustrating because otherwise this would have been a good solid demo. Oh well, they do get props for the name though. AM (PO Box 1475/Riverhead, NY 11901)



V/A • Au Pied Du Mur... LP

This is fuckin awesome! This is a French comp that is a benefit for the Anarchist Black Cross! If you like punk rock, then this is for you!! Bands include Sin Dios, Kalashnikov, La Fraction, 20 Minutes de Chaos, Anger of Bacterias and much more! Almost everything on this comp rocks hard! It comes with a big booklet that is in French and English. Most of the bands sing in French, most without translations. But its all political anarcho-goodies! Get this or be sad forever! DD (Maloka/B.P. 536/2014 Dijon Cedex/France)

DEMOS • DEMOS • DEMOS • DEMOS • DEMOS • DEMOS • DEMOS

JOHN BROWN'S ARMY • demo

3 songs of hard-hitting hardcore, somewhat reminiscent of Deathreat or other Resist-influenced bands. It felt like this demo was over in a minute. I'm not complaining. MH (PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212)

DIMLAIA • Never Seen War demo

This Dimlaia demo was sent to me by ex-His Hero Is Gone bass player Carl Auge. This is his new band, and considering how popular His Hero Is Gone was it is a safe bet that Dimlaia will soon have a record out. This new project is a lot more moody and depressing sounding than His Hero Is Gone at all. Dimlaia features male and female vocals as well as a violin. The songs are long and dark. Very rhythmic and intense. The harder parts are complemented by long bouts of slow building atmospheric segments. It is really well done and there are six songs in three movements. KM (Dimlaia/Carl Auge/1001 41st St/Oakland, CA 94608)



THE NOVEMBER GROUP • demo

Upon reading the lyrics I was going to describe this as political hardcore, but now that I listen to it for a second time, I realize that this has a much more emotive quality than the average polit-punk band. I don't understand why I didn't realize this the first time, but this is a really awesome demo with songs that go from fast Mohinder-like parts to emo-screamo breaks (all the while retaining a very hard edge). Add to that vocals that talk about how the life is being sucked out of us by the New World Order and you can't get much better. MH (5036 7th Ave. NE/Seattle, WA 98105; losinghand@yahoo.com)

EREVAN • demo CD

This disc begins with a silly-ass French "Sound of Music" sounding sample, but kicks into some solid hardcore that is somewhere between Grade's "Triumph and Tragedy," "Fingerprint's" insanity and the weirdness of Shatter the Myth. In any case, I dig it, even if it is more of a demo than anything. The second track also sounds sort of like M Blanket (or Crimpshire) in an odd way. The vocal style is sort of weepy, which actually meshes well with the bright bass and the high-end guitars. Very pleasant, with the right amount of harshness. The lyrics are in French, but the explanations are in English, making it more meaningful for this listener. The primary motivations are familiar themes, from personal (love and relationships) to socio-political (anti-capitalism, pro-feminism, anti-homophobia). A good jumping-off point for Erevan and I will be pleased to hear more from them in the near-future. 5 songs, 12 minutes. DO (Opera c/o Jerome Michalon/18 rue Neyron/42000 St. Etienne/France; erevan2@caramail.com)

UNITED BY FATE • tape

Heavy and pissed off hardcore with dual vocal attack. Song ran from fast youth crew style to shout out songs you could punch the floor to. Reminds me of early Officer Down stuff. Lyrics take a political stance against war and destroying the earth. Nothing here I haven't heard before but the songs are good and are played well. They mix it up enough so it doesn't get too boring. ADI (\$4ppd One Voice Records/BLK 126/Bishan St. 12 #02-147, Singapore 570126; OneVoice@Singnet.com)

1-2-GO! CREW • demo CD

4 songs. This is the kind of novelty straight edge project that no-one has really been waiting for but that is still quite fun. 1-2-GO! Crew play hip hop/rap versions of the old classics (Me, You Youth Crew, Minor Threat, Shopping For A Crew, etc.). They're doing a pretty good job—this is certainly more enjoyable than the Jud stuff. It's the kind of thing you'd be playing for your friends and they'll be like: "What the hell is this?!" Fun!!!! MH (803 Thomas Ave./St. Paul, MN 55104)

SEASON OF FIRE • demo

God damn. Great band, terrible name. Featuring former members of Harvest, Krakatoa, Affinity, and Bodies Lay Broken this tape pulled my guts out of my ass and then poked my eyes out. Hardcore, metal, metal hardcore?!! I wish I could be more descriptive or compare it to other bands but I don't frequently listen to music along these lines. However, the fact that they totally won me over is saying something. Blistering guitars with perfectly timed tempo changes, raw, screamy vocals... I am really impressed and consider myself lucky to have this demo. Can't wait to hear more from these guys. And the sample of the movie Office Space was an added surprise. What would you do with a million dollars?? JP (\$3ppd to PO Box 141048/Minneapolis, MN 55414-1048)

BECOME VENGEANCE • demo

7 songs. Virtually unlistenable noisy hardcore. The recording is just awful. I don't understand why anybody would send this out. Some thought went into the booklet, but some weird anti-Food Not Bombs rant was the only thing that stuck with me (not because I agreed with them, simply because it seemed such an odd choice of institution to attack). MH (Seth Meyer/1110 Woodland Ave./Mankato, MN 56001)

V/A • Roll Over Your Head 3 band tape

This tape comes out of the Czech Republic and has three bands contributing four songs each. The bands are Podivna Formace, The Hysterics and Infection. I'm not totally sure what band I'm listening to because even though the lyrics are printed in Czech and English all the songs are sung in Czech. I believe Podivna Formace start off; they play fast pop punk similar to NoFx but not as heavy. The Hysterics are poppier and are more anthem driven. Three of their four songs are well crafted punk tunes with catchy sing-a-longs (sorry guys, that With Our Reason song sucks, you ripped off a riff there). Infection are the most aggressive band of the bunch using a 80s SxE revival sound, but I find their songs are boring. All the bands sing about politics to some degree. The insert has pictures of motorcycles giving this tape a bit of a theme. ADI (C. 2000 Racketty Records/Majowa 1474-2/41502 Teplice/Czech Republic; Racketty@post.cz)

LEAGUE OF DEATH • Exquisite Corps CDr demo

When I saw this I was blown away by the amazing looking packaging. The CD cover is this beautifully hand screened three color fold out that simply looks amazing! Really looks awesome. I was really hoping that the music and message would be as equally kick ass. The lyrics are certainly about something, though in most cases I am not quite sure what. The music is okay, but not totally amazing (but hey, let us not forget that this is a demo). They have a sort of chaotic hardcore sound, but with a more gritty hardcore approach (as opposed to the arty approach). The recording is good, but with something more powerful sounding they could probably rock that much harder. For a demo this is amazing. KM (\$5 to Bruce Willen/200 E. Read St./Baltimore, MD 21202)

ANTHEM BOY • demo

3 songs. Somewhat old school moshy hardcore that reminds me of Outspoken and a bunch of other New Age bands from way back when—but maybe it's just the layout. These songs are well recorded, but could be tighter, especially during the slower parts. I did like the lyrics that deal with rape, war and trust. But really, this is pretty damn good for a demo. MH (PO Box 1911/Noblesville, IN 46061-1911)

FACE DOWN IN SHIT • demo

Grindy, crusty stuff that has a very oppressive quality. I literally felt like I had to dig through a wall of bass to get to the songs. Once there, the songs were really quite good for what they are. I'm not a big fan of this style. The only reason I like the Tragedy is that they brightened up their sound, plus they have nice melodic guitar lines and they look sexy. But back to Face Down In Shit. Their lyrics remind me of Rorschach and that's a compliment. They also found a very unusual but very effective way of packaging; the tape comes in a tiny ziplock bag that holds a neat little booklet with a full color cover. Pretty cool. MH (PO Box 66146/Greensboro, NC 27403)

BLASTOCEROSIS • CDr demo

Nine blasts of rage and energetic thrashed out punk from Blastoceriosis. Male and female vocals are screamed about rape, getting drunk and stupid, and trying to live the way you want without getting criticized at every turn. Frantic and thrashy. KM (1625 Grant St. NE/Salem, OR 97303)

LEAD (ii) NITRATE • Save Our Singlish tape

This is a compilation tape made buy bands from Asian countries who are sticking up for Singlish which I guess is a language that is a mix between their native tongue and English phrases. Apparently the government wants to ban Singlish from being used on television and what not, and these crazy punks are pissed about it leading them to make this compilation tape filled with grindcore, noise core, power violence and punk rock. I think most of the recordings were made live and it sounds like the players had a lot of fun. I enjoyed listening to this and reading about Singlish. ADI (Shaiful/BLK 554/Bedok North St. 3 #08-241, Singapore 460554/Singapore Asia; TrashKore@yahoo.com)

MARION DELGADO • Three Songs CDr demo

Wow, this band sure put a lot of effort into this demo CDs. The packaging is just sooo nice. They used a DVD case, but they also enclosed a regular CD cover and plastic sleeve in case you prefer those. Then there's a really nicely put together booklet. But where are my stickers, patches and pins????? Just kidding... It was fun listening to those emotive songs. Marion Delgado seems to have taken some early GetUp Kids/Texas Is The Reason stuff and then mixed in some more aggressive vocals at times. They have that Owlitan Mia thing going every now and then. I dug that. While not the catchiest material ever, this is still pretty damn amazing for a demo CDr. I recommend it. MH (824 W.47th Street/Richmond, VA 23225)

ANTI PRODUCT

photos by Matt Billings



FOR THE DAY • demo CD

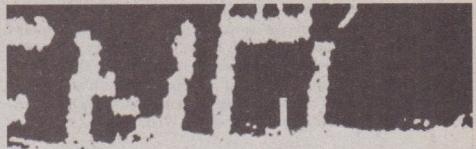
7 songs. It might just be the raspy vocals but this really reminds me of Hot Water Music sometimes. Other songs have a more straight forward rock feel (think Samiam). Nice melodies and heartfelt (if somewhat simplistic) lyrics all around. The sound is surprisingly good for a demo that was recorded in their practice space. It is pretty rough around the edges, but it is a demo after all. I think there is some bonus video footage on the CD but I wasn't able to play it on Brett's comp. Sorry. MH (Karsten C. Ronnenberg/Noppiusstrasse 18/52062 Aachen/Germany)

V/A • P.O.R. (Proof Of Our Resistance) tape

A tape compilation that features bands from all over the planet. There's Delt Solntsa, Pjat Uglow, (Russia), Fingerprint (France), Nose Candy (Singapore), DRUNKARD (Australia), Cheapskate (Ireland), One Fine Day (Italy), Decimation Of Authority (USA) and a bunch of other bands. The sound quality and listenability vary a little as expected. Comes with a nice booklet, so there you go. MH (Outcas's Impact Tapes/Shafu/BLK 554/Bedok North St. 3 #08-241/Singapore 460554/Singapore/Asia)

VIRGINIA BLACK LUNG • demo tape

Five fast and furious songs from Virginia Black Lung. The band comes out of Virginia and their name is in reference to what happened to many coal miners in Virginia. All of their lyrics are very political, and their music is quite raging and frantic. They throw in these great sounding guitar solos (real quick and fast), and the vocals are quite hectic and powerful. KM (Virginia Black Lung/Pat/2500 Lee Highway #2/Arlington, VA 22201)



There was a time everything seemed so certain. My existence felt stable, in part with finding others like myself in this collective release of beauty, angst, confusion and every point in between. Then I truly realized the personal growth doesn't continue if one can't look past themselves. So as a thank you to such genuine gatherings Witching Hour records was born in the fall of 96. It spawned as a tribute to the people and music that helped to define me. In essence to give back that which was bestowed upon me; Belonging

The labels first undertaking came from the urge to spread a local sound. There was still an air of uncharted territory surrounding the time. Developing the next few releases was a learning process teaching myself the ropes of record pressing and printing. This opened up opportunities to expose great bands as well as the chance to create great friendships. It was of this time that bands/members were not only appreciative, but grateful that there was someone willing to take the time and money to help them.

Then the air became stale. The time of "punk" as I knew it, took a turn. Where there was once a community supporting a structure, there is now spectators standing under it. The amount of involvement from kids began to diminish. Hybrids of recycled band members sprang up only offering a reiterated sound. Shortly after that the acceptance of "homie-core", no longer did kids have to discover a haven as an outlet. They could just tune in there radio and get lost in the wrong direction. The terms for helping each other are now considered a business venture. Those same musicians that were once ecstatic to be on a label now were asking for money to record, on top of a minimum press and twenty percent of the press. The satisfaction that once came from lending a hand and in turn being inspired gave way to stressful struggles and competition with the boom of new labels. The outcome is that we all suffer due to lack of quality in the music and depletion of a community.

At this point I had to step back and reevaluate the label and its existence. After struggling with the demons a decision was made dictating the time line of the label. As we must ever evolve, the past few releases have shifted more towards graphic experimentation fused with documentation. So after five years, I offer you the last two Witching-Hour sacrifices and this label's obituary.

Thanks Christopher Williams
1321 N Meridian #903 Indianapolis, IN 46202

wh#18 Process is Dead/Pg99 split 7"

wh#20 Neil Perry 7"
through Ebullition/no mailorder

BY CHRISTOPHER WILLIAMS



Lisa Oglesby

The Secret Files Of Captain Sissy #4 • Antipathy #7 • Gullible #22/Cryptic Slaughter #15 • Here Be Dragons #8 • Burn Collector #11 • Slave #5 • NO PARADE — Nightsticks & Justice 7" • SMALL BROWN BIKE's "I Will Bury You With Me" • THIS MACKINE KILLS—On The Move 7" (My boyfriend's band, wee.) • DIR YASSIN—7" • I bought a new car, woo hoo!

Mikey Ott

Leslie & Lisa • SUBTONIX—7" • THE RED LIGHT STING—12"ep • McClard's hesher picture • TRUE NORTH—12" • Rage Against the Machine breaking up • YAPHET KOTTO—(tape of new) 12" • VOLUME ELEVEN—12" • The plan to dump flour on the singer of Bright Eyes. • All the labels who went with IMD, you should be applauded.

Robin Banks

BLOODPACT • SWALLOWING SHIT • BURNT BY THE SUN • UMLAUT • Harbinger • Zegota and Catharsis live in DC • PG. 99, THE SUTEK CONSPIRACY, RISE OVER RUN, ILL EAGLE, AND THREE NAILS FOR A FALSE PROPHET, live at the Brycc House • staying up late with friends and laughing long into the night

Steve Aoki

THE LAST POETS—Right On • Roads and Bridges—a film by Abraham Lim • LES SAVY FAV—all • Asian American Film Festival • SIN ORDEN, THE REAL ENEMY at Chicago Fest—live • PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS—Fuck with Fire CD • PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES—CD • THE FUTURES/DIOS HASTIO—split 7" • Revolutionary Voices—a multicultural queer youth anthology • KILL SADIE—Experiments in Expectation CD

Jonathan Lee

THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT—LP • TEAR IT UP—LP • J MASCUS AND THE FOG with MIKE WATT—live • LIMP WRIST—tape of LP and 7" • SIN ORDEN—7" • KILLDEVILHILLS/SEROTONIN—7" • ESPERANZA—demo • DIMLAIA—last show with WHO IS KEYSER SOZE • BREAD AND WATER/REASON OF INSANITY—7" and live • OVER MY DEAD BODY—the song "Straight Edge Adult" (it doesn't mean shit till you're 21!!!)

Dylan Ostendorf

CAMPGROUND EFFECT—CD • COLDPLAY—Parachutes CD • ELLIOTT—False Cathedrals CD (still) • ERAVAN—demo CD • GARRISON—A Mile in Cold Water CD • HEY MERCEDES—CDep (still) • This is Spinal Tap DVD • NATIVE NOD/THE VAN PELT/THE LAPSE • U2—All That You Can't Leave Behind CD • Andy & The Omission on KCSB

Andy Maddox

KIND OF LIKE SPITTING—all • YAPHET KOTTO—live and soon to be new LP • THE CHASE—The Better Part of Six Months CD • SLEATER KINNEY—The Hot Rock • I HATE MYSELF • ANTON BORDMAN—great band, awesome people • STAIRCASE—soon to be split 12" • THE BLACK HEART PROCESSION • Marianne and her Ape Must Not Kill Ape empire • Dancer in the Dark • BRAID—Killing a Camera video

Jehf Jones

THE LAST PLAN—CD • GODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR—everything • BRIGHT EYES—live • MAKARA—everything • Adi's stage dive at The Living Room • SAETIA—LP • RACHEL'S—everything • Scott's driving • UNDER A DYING SUN—Hangman's Day ep • CAVE IN (old)—before they decided to suck shit

Adi Tejada

NICK CAVE—live solo concert • MOTLEY CRÜE—Too Fast For Love LP • THE CROWN—Death Race Kind CD • AFTERSHOCK—Five Steps... CDep • LOW—Things We Lost In The Fire CD • NEVERMORE—Dead Heart In A Dead World CD • AMORPHIS—Am Universum CD • NORA—The Never Ending You Line CD • CHAMBERLAIN—The Moon My Saddle LP • HOLIER THEN THOU—7"

Denver Dale

Thinking about May Day! • Going to the D.I.Y. skill sharing conference in Berkley! • THEY FEAR THE RECLAIM—live/demo/as people • TRAGATELO—live/demo/as people • OHEISVASARA—7" • MUSHROOM ATTACK—all! • Gardening!(fuck yea!) • The Flying Buttress! • Having a radio show (even if no one hears it) • ULVER—all

Marianne Hofstetter

Music: ARVO PART—Tabula Rasa • IAM THE RESSURECTION/OFF MINOR—LP • STANDSTILL—CD • VOICES FORMING WEAPONS—demo • EELS—"It's a Motherfucker" song • VIDA BLUE—all • STAIRCASE—new stuff • FUNERAL DINER—new stuff • DAFT PUNK—all • TUPAMAROS—10" and LP • TIDAL—all • THE LAST FORTY SECONDS—new songs • TV: America Undercover on HBO • Sopranos—new season • Malcolm In The Middle • The Naked Chef • X-Files: new eps, on the net, fan fiction and re-runs on F/X • Movies: Titus • Dadetown • You Can Count On Me • Almost Famous • Memento

Timothy Sheehan

Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep? by Philip K Dick • Lone Wolf & Cub re-issues • ZANUSSI—Argomento 7" • TEAR IT UP—7" & "Just Can't Stand It" 12" • (FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN)/SAWPIT—7" • CHARM—Hito 7" • THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT—12" • FOUR HUNDRED YEARS—The New Imperialism CD • We Owe You Nothing edited by Dan Sinker

Steve Snyder

SUN RA—Lanquidity • MARILYN CRISPELL—Contrasts: Live at Yoshi's(1995) • BOBBY SANABRIA BIG BAND—...live and in clave!!! • BLUTOPIA—Graham Lock • THE MICROPHONES—It Was Hot, We Stayed In The Water LP • FRED ANDERSON QUARTET—Live at the Velvet Lounge vol. 1 • RED MONKEY—Get Uncivilised 7" • Xenon travel and music 'zine • BREATHING WALKER—LP • MARSHALL ALLEN with LOU GRASSI'S POBAND—PoZest

Kent McClard

TRAGEDY—LP • YAPHET KOTTO—upcoming LP • SUBMISSION HOLD—upcoming LP • DEAD NATION—Painless 7" • V/A—Barricades And Broken Dreams comp CD • CROW—Neurotic Organization 7" • OVERTHHHROW—split (with What Happens Next?) CD • OFF MINOR/I AM THE RESSURECTION—split LP • Dance of Days—Book by Mark Anderson and Mark Jenkins • Punk soccer on Sunday afternoon • Having Marianne live in our house (we'll all miss you when you're gone) • Jen and Andy Submission Hold having a baby!!

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Kjetil Brandsdal, Vålistadv. 114, 4316 Sandnes,
Norway. noxagt@hotmail.com



ACHE #2 8.5x11 \$2 40pgs.

Ache is set up along the same lines as many other 'zines; there are your photos, record reviews, interviews, etc. But what sets *Ache* apart is what they choose to cover. They cover a wide range of topics and do not interview the same four or five bands that seem to be in every other 'zine. This issue has interviews with Glen E. Friedman, *Change*'zine, and avant-garde jazz drummer Whit Dickey among others, all of which I found to be well done and informative. There are also articles on the history of *Cometbus* and *Murder Can Be Fun* 'zines that again were well written and quite interesting. Hopefully we will see more issues of *Ache* in the future because I really enjoyed this one. AM (167 Cortleigh Blvd./Toronto, ON/M5N 1P6/Canada)

AGAINST ALL ODDS: ANIMAL LIBERATION 1972-1986 book \$5 120pgs.

This is a reprint of a book originally published in England by an animal rights printing and publishing group called ARC Print Publishing. The book tells the story of the early days of the British animal rights movement. The story begins with the folks of the Hunt Saboteurs Association deciding to step up their tactics from disrupting fox hunting matches to damaging vehicles and property of the people involved in the hunts. They then decided to expand their actions to vivisection laboratories, laboratory animal suppliers, and factory farms in England. Out of these actions came the Animal Liberation Front. This book compares and contrasts the differences in philosophy and approaches employed by the various animal rights activist groups in their actions against labs and farms. SJS (T.O.M./Voice/Ahornstr. 16/63322 Rodern/Germany)

AVOW #10 5.5x8.5 \$2 44pgs.

Avow is filled with illustrations, drawings, and art. It looks really nice, and anyone familiar with Submission Hold will recognize that the editor of *Avow*, Keith Rossen, has done a lot of art for Submission Hold. The content consists of short stories, funny anecdotes, phony letters to the editor and smart-ass responses, reviews, and some comics. It is all well done with a good mix of art and text. Well done, nice to look at, and interesting. KM (20 NW 16th Ave. #306/Portland, OR 97209)

ALARM #8 8.5x11 \$3 76pgs.

This issue of *Alarm* has several intelligent and informative interviews. First up Cave-In talk about music and their history and of course, their new sound. Then Drowning Man talk about lyrics, aspirations, and inspirations. Next up At The Drive-In talk about lyrics, their new LP, their favorite bands, injuries, and conspiracies. Last is a nice interview with a guy named Ron Sakolsky who has written a book on the history of low power FM radio and the folks who have pioneered it. This conversation runs through several interesting topics including activism through music, punk as an oppositional culture, and the culture of zines. Other stuff in this issue includes an essay on the potential of the internet for mass communication and how it will be lost to commercial interests, an essay on media watchdog Project Censored, and some reviews of shows in Boston. There are some music, 'zine, and movie reviews at the end of the issue. *Alarm* has two sections devoted to personal writings of people involved with the 'zine. One is a section for aimless rambling thoughts, the other is comprised of columns. SJS (PO Box 200069/Boston, MA 02120)

AMERICA #8 4.25X5.5 \$1/trade 48pgs.

Reading *America* reminds me more of reading a diary than anything else, which is odd because when I really think about it I don't find it to be very diary-like at all. It's not particularly personal in its observations, though it is most definitely based on the life and observations of Travis. Well done short rants on music and culture and the world. I appreciate reading this 'zine, though I can't really put my finger on what exactly I enjoy... LK (Travis/PO Box 13077/Gainesville, FL 32604-1077)

ANOTHER INDUSTRIAL PRODUCT ... OF IMMATURITY #1

5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

"Working 8 hours a day fueling a machine I despise is not what I've gotta do to survive." Fuck yeah! Speaking the divine truth. Jeff provides us with stories, thoughts, and reflections on such topics as privilege, sexism, apathy, friendship, love, life and much more. He tells tales of a summer tour (though the bands are not mentioned) and includes community contributions from Goleta Fest '98. All of the sections and themes are most thoroughly amusing and thought provoking. This guy's been doing a lot of thinking and it shows in his thoughtful and enjoyable work. Hmm... well, Jeff, I think that writing about your anger is just as important as acting on it because by "opening the lines of communication," you may motivate others to do the same. Then we all will act on our anger. Viva la revolution! This 'zine can be yours for a dollar, a few stamps, or a "nice letter." ALP (Jeff Kraft/ 564 Dalmeny Hill NW/ Calgary, Alberta/T3A 1T6/Canada)

ANTIPATHY #7

5.5x8.5 \$2 200pgs.

Wow, what an impressive issue this is! First of all, it is huge and packed with actual information and items you might want to read. Even though it is 200 pages, there is no filler here. There are many themes in this issue that come up again and again: ecology, anarchism, punk, and living life the way you want or need to. I was sucked in by each piece I read and feel like I was genuinely learning things as I read. It challenges and engages you, and that makes it really quite great. *Antipathy* stands out above the rest for that fact alone. LO (PO Box 11703/Eugene, OR 97440)

ANTITHESIS #1 8.5x11 \$1 16pgs.

This inaugural issue has interview with The Unseen, Ensign, and H20 as well as some thoughts from the author. It was a little thin, but not bad for a first issue. LO (Shunji Matsuzawa/51 Byram Rd. #2/Greenwich, CT 06830)

'ZINE

ARISE news free 16pgs.

This news sided 'zine hails from the Twin Cities area in Minnesota. I think it's very well written with a focus on the voting debate. Both sides are very well represented, leaving the reader to decide for themselves. Other topics include Latinos and punk, community gardening, interviews and more! This is a very well done 'zine, but I think that is to be expected, since it's coming from a book store. Pick this up, you won't be disappointed. DD (arisenewspaper@hotmail.com)

THE ASSASSIN AND THE WHINER #13

5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

Issue #13 breaks through to the inner layers of pain and struggle in Carrie's life. Never before have I read an issue that was so all together, dare I say, gritty. It is impressive to see someone so gifted by comedy able to lay the depressing shit on you with real integrity. This new issue discusses her failed relationships with lovers and her, unfortunately, not-so-failed entanglement with alcohol. Take care, Carrie. LO (Carrie M./PO Box 481051/Los Angeles, CA 90048)

BASEMENT JOURNALS #2 5.5x8.5 \$7 16pgs.

Basement Journals finds its home among personal 'zines. Inside you can read through a few of her thoughts about her narcolepsy, why her house is haunted, the problems with girlie feminists, being sick, and some info about a recent arrest of a young Food Not Bombs activist. It is a nice read, not too heavy and not too light. LO (Cathy/32 Winonah Ave./Wayne, NJ 07470)

BLACK-CLAD MESSENGER #15

8.5x11 stamp/trade 24pgs.

This anarcho 'zine is geared towards the anti-authoritarian, primitivist end of things. Included in this issue are updates on political prisoners, 6 pages of ALF and ELF actions, and some interesting articles on cointelpro, naturalism, alternatives to political systems, and some other rants and raves. An enjoyable read and a good resource as well. CD (BCM/PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

BROWN ROT #7 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 32pgs.

This 'zine is certainly made up of a mish-mash of several different topics, but at times I found the exploration of each topic to be a bit too brief. There is an interview with Marisa from Kitty Magic, as well as brief ditties on Los Angeles, making the world a better place, organic food and genetic engineering, and some poetry. The heart is definitely there with this 'zine... LK (Daniel Murphy/PO Box 6626/Boise, ID 83707)

BUG ZINE #11 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

This issue is entitled "Abandoned" because it is all about abandoned houses and other buildings in the Boise area. Each one has the address and a map to find it, what you will find there, and any weird fact about it to be known. Lines like these are prevalent: "A sagging close line decorates the front yard"; "More human waste is on the 2nd floor"; or "The siding made to look like brick isn't as convincing when it is falling off." Boise, a dying city or a squatter's dream? LO (Mark/PO Box 1104/Boise, ID 83701)

BUGZINE #10

5.5x8.5 \$7 60pgs.

This is a music 'zine from a guy called Bug. He lives in Boise, ID and uses the last few page of this issue to list bands, performance spaces, and other information relevant to the Boise punk community. There is a long tour diary recounting his experiences as the drummer for the Thumbs on their Japanese/US tour. There is also an interview with the folks who run Boise record label Fort Hazel Magic. It covers the label philosophy and many of the bands in their discography. Among the other stuff in this issue is a comic about the editor's job on a computer assembly line, a list of his favorite bands, some live action photos of various bands, and a segment of a story that involves unplanned rambling in a stolen van. SJS (PO Box 1104/Boise, ID 83701)

BURN COLLECTOR #11 6x5 \$4 104pgs.

A nicely bound book to hold all the ideas of the new issue. The thing I liked about this issue is the fact that Al makes himself look real bad. Now, perhaps to some he has been doing that for a while—but in this issue I noticed he just told it like it is, with no rosy subjectivity. And sometimes, most times, he really seemed like an ass. Kudos for that.

For those of you who haven't read this, *Burn Collector* is akin to *Cometbus* with its insightful loathing and story telling. There is generally a moral in there somewhere. It may not be a happy moral, but it's there nonetheless. LO (307 Blueridge Rd./Carborro, NC 27510)

CAUSTIC TRUTH #77 8.5x11 \$2 32pgs.

The newest issue of *Caustic Truth* arrives filled with content. Inside you can read about what is up in their corner of the punk scene, music reviews, subversive artists Winston Smith, violet acts done by gangsters plus interviews with *The Probe* editor and performance artist Vaginal Davis. LO (PO Box 92548/152 Carlton St./Toronto, ON/M5A 2K0/Canada)

CHUMPIRE #137 8.5x11 stamp or trade 4pgs.

In this issue Greg writes about his Woodcock shows and possible problems brewing with a local politician. Other things happening include possible improvements to school facilities, prayer and the ten commandments in public schools, after school league bowling, driving in a snowstorm, finding your limits during Battlestar Galactica marathon, and the problems with pre-dawn driving. Other topics include the role of geography in determining the sound of punk bands and what are some factors in determining the value of shows. The remainder of the pages are filled with a variety of music, 'zine, and book reviews, and descriptions of some recent shows in the northwest corner of PA. SJS (PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680)

CLASS WAR #80 news \$2 16pgs.

The long running anarchist 'zine out of the UK strikes again! Lots of news, lots of humor all at a working class price! I love this 'zine, it never fails to deliver the goods. If you haven't read a *Class War* yet, seek help. Mainly, some ass-kicking therapy! Smash the fuckin' state! DD (PO Box 467/London E8 3QX/UK)

CONSTIPATION #10 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

This 'zine is a pretty informative look at what it is like to be in prison. Topics range from sacrificing ones beliefs out of fear of physical harm to being unsure of what type of life awaits upon release. There is art and poems from various prisoners as well as a good amount of info on how you can help out. I found this to be a very well written 'zine and definitely would recommend it. AM (Ron Campbell #N30537/PO Box 711/Menard, IL 62259)

CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #16 4.25x5.5 \$1/trade 44pgs.

Giovanni returns to wail against that which annoys him (quite a bit actually), wax sentimental about some good stuff, and whine just a little about the malaise of life in Spokane. This issue goes back in time a little to highlight some gems from *Cryptic Slasher* past. There are funny lists of overrated bands, which he describes in detail as he reconsiders some of the ones that made the list and staunchly supports others. He tells a tale of going to a weird show, being broke, wanting to get someone's tape, and then ensuing haggle when he learns they are \$7 each. Very amusing for the reader, not so amusing for the participants I gather. There is also a review of record stores in the LA/Orange County area. Ah, to see life through the stank eye of Giovanni. Entertaining indeed. LO (PO Box 1781/Spokane, WA 99210)

CUTLASS #6 7x8.5 \$1 76pgs.

I really enjoyed reading about Janice's experience and observations regarding Jury Duty, because ever since I got called in for the first time I've been fascinated by the subject. The article on Black and White photography was interesting as well. This issue of *Cutlass* also includes an interview with Richard Bump, "zineaster, columnist, filmmaker, photographer, activist, etc., etc." that kept my interest all the way through (not an easy task!). Also included are personal thoughts and documentation of a wacky (and sort of freaky) letter exchange that Janice had. LK (Janice Flux/PO Box 16651/San Francisco, CA 94116-0651)

DAVID SUNFLOWER SEEDS ORIGINAL PUNK/HARDCORE FANZINE #1 8.5x11 \$2 40pgs.

Well, first off, this 'zine takes the prize for longest name. Their first issue is a little shaky, but they are getting the hang of how to do it. These dudes interview No Reply, Life's Half, Where Fear And Weapons Meet, and TurnXover—and do a good job at it. They also print their trade lists, just in case. LO (Robert Bek/Grootstalselaan 28/6533 KK, Nijmegen/The Netherlands)

THE DAY I CAME HOME AS A PUNK

8.5x11 \$3 56pgs.

This 'zine compiles some of the early work of authors Jonathan Culp and Sue Moffat. That means the stories, poems, comic strips and drawings within this portfolio are culled from their earliest school years. Interesting stuff they wrote when "young and undigested." It begins with teacher's notes describing the progress of Sue in kindergarten. From there on it is a mix and match of all the previously mentioned stuff, including segments from a comic strip by Jonathan that is quite odd. Sue stories are not what might be expected from a grade school student including tales of vicious snowmen, cooked turkeys that talk, and the title story about Sue's first time dressing up punk. Jonathan writes a long story about superheroes, evil doers, orange juice, and animals with magic powers. This is a fun collection. SJS (Satan Macnugget/3584 John St./Vineyard Sh., ON/LOR 2E0/Canada)

DIMINUTIVE RAGE #5 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

A diminutive amount of rage can very often be a good thing, it helps to get one's point across while not looking like a total asshole in the end. This 'zine is basically made up of some various columns by the author expressing her thoughts on this and that. This and that being: life in general and the boring/excitingness of it (my interpretation); some thoughts on punk record collectors [that made me contemplate my odd frame of mind where I always feel like I am caught behind in the quest to hear every single band, and how it's ridiculous that other punks are selling each other (out of print) records for such high prices]; egos; gossip; and finding meaning in everyday life (simply put). There is also a page with recommended authors/books and a short description of them. The layout is done in a clean cut and paste style, and I really liked how the text was white with the background being black. I'm not sure why, it just baffled my small brain at first, but I won't explain anymore. All in all, good writing with some well thought out rants, enjoyable to read: it made me think and stink. (Like my professional sounding opening sentence?) RG (Saira/PO Box 80338/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

DISTRESS SIGNALS 8.5x11 free 24pgs.

I wish I had more time to read through this. It is about liberation from child abuse and alcoholism. The first couple of pages include a lot of quotes on and selections from various sources on addiction and child abuse. Then there are several pages of poems and short stories. This is a very serious 'zine, but one that I think people should read. Overall it is a very positive thing. DJ (Billy Keniston/902 Armette Ave./Durham, NC 27701)

E.V.A.H. 5.5x8.5 \$7 80pgs.

E.V.A.H. stands for Elamo Valley Anarchist Horde, and the cover of this 'zine declares it to be "A Journal of Sasquatchology." Inside the pages I found a wonderful story of environmental activism, one that I would recommend anyone even remotely interested in such issues read. I won't attempt to simplify the whole of the 'zine by summarizing it in one short review, but I will say that the direct action contained deserves is truly wonderful. LK (Box 539/185-911 Yates St./Victoria, BC/V8V 4Y9/Canada)

EAT ME BEAT ME

5.5x8.5 \$7 28pgs.
Oh, like from "Pump Up the Volume." Now, I get it. This 'zine, appropriately enough, is also about finding yourself and exploring sides of you. The editor talks all about her relocation to Portland and how it has effected her. She also ponders sex, friendships, spending time with yourself, getting older, and teaching yourself. LO (Jenn/5272 NE 8th Ave./Portland, OR 97211)

ECHO 'ZINE #1

5.5x8.5 2\$ 60pgs.
Edited by Theo Whitsell and Christopher Tracey, published by Tree Of Knowledge Press. *Eco Zine* is bi-annual, and aims to provide a forum for young scientists, activists, and anyone else interested in ecology, conservation biology, the earth sciences, and environmental activism. This issue has an intro by both editors, in which they talk about themselves and their reasons for doing *Eco Zine*. Also contained in these pages is poetry, two examples of environmental workplaces and their flaws and benefits, an article on the Arctic refuge, genetically engineered crops, ecological gardening, and much more. This 'zine was very impressive and inspiring and a good resource, too. I would recommend this to any one, eco minded or not. You gotta start somewhere, right? May as well be here. CD (Tree Of Knowledge Press/PO Box 241387/Little Rock, AR 72223-0007)

ELEPHANT MESS #8

4.25x5.5 stamp or trade 24pgs.
Elephant Mess is a personal 'zine containing several brief essays and stories full of angst and other inner turmoils. This issue ends with a tale of neglected robots and how their pain was finally understood and dealt with by their human creators. SJS (Daniel Murphy/PO Box 6626/Boise, ID 83707)

EMERGENCY INSTRUCTIONS #1

5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

As the opening sentence proclaims, this 'zine is the first part of the writer's two month trip to Europe last summer. It covers the Norway portion of the trip. It actually begins with a few pages dedicated to how she came about deciding to go to Europe and how she planned it and stuff. From there is has excerpts of journals written while doing various things in Norway, as well as letters written home to friends in the US. As is usual, these travel stories are interesting to read, especially if you are curious about what it may be like to travel alone in a foreign country. RG (537 W Melrose #440/Chicago, IL 60657)

FILL WITH PUNK ROCK HC NEWSLETTER #1

8.5x11 \$7 4pgs.

The goal of this 'zine is to energize people in the hardcore scene to put something back into their scene. That is what the author claims in the introduction. There are two issues addressed by the writings in this 'zine. One is shit talking and how folks should think before saying something unkind. The other is the amount of punk and hardcore music being made outside North America, Europe, and Japan. The editor suggests that people seek out music and 'zines from other parts of the world where the music has taken root. Addresses for several 'zines that cover these widespread scenes are provided. The remainder of the 'zine is given to record and 'zine reviews, most of which come from Europe or North America. SJS (PO Box 471/Allston, MA 02134)

FRACTURE #15

8.5x11 free in the UK 72pgs.
This is already a pretty well established 'zine from the UK, this issue has a ton of record/'zine reviews, an interview with In the Clear, and a well written article about the effects of the sanctions imposed on Iraq. The highlight of this issue for me though was the columns, particularly Vique Martin's and Nic Jevad's. Not a bad read. AM (PO Box 623/Cardiff, CF3 4ZA/Wales/UK)

FREE SOCIETY #9

5.5x8.5 1.50\$ 44pgs.

Free Society is a cool little anarcho punk 'zine straight out of Ontario, Canada. Highlights include a rather short and basic Code 13 interview, information on the actions going down in Prague on September 26th, a press release from the Anarchist Black Bloc to the Philly police, info on S26 in Ontario, and some other bits of anarcho news. Filling out the rest of the 'zine are music reviews, a show review, and some rants and raves. Also included were reprints of some columns from one of the women's issues of HaC. Stimulating indeed. CD (Stu Morris/Box 538/Bright's Grove, ON/NON 1C0/Canada)

FUCK SHIT UP #1

7x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

This is a cut and paste style Rez-'zine that deals with Native and indigenous issues. Lots of comics and images here! Good for making posters to wheat-paste! There is a section about the situation in Chiapas, and even a little bit of Graffiti stuff. Rad! DD (1440 E Broadway #2091/Tempe, AZ 85282)

GET BENT! #8

5.5x8.5 \$2 28pgs.

This comic is called *Get Bent!*, after its maker Ben T. In this issue his favorite protagonists Ska Sid and his sidekick Dex finally meet their maker. It's okay, but lacking something since I am not an avid reader of this comic. LO (Ben T. Steckler/PO Box 7273/York, PA 17404)

GIRL/BOY #2

5.5x8.5 \$3 84pgs.

This is a split 'zine (kind of) with one side being written from a boy's perspective and the other side from a girl's perspective. Many of the writing in general has to do with sexuality in some form or another, but not all. On the boy's side: some poetry; a few different stories that all convey a similar theme of gender roles through certain actions being told about them (they were interesting stories in themselves); many various tips and stuff on male sexuality and romantic relationships in general; and tons of other things to read. Every page has a great thing to read or new information written by both the author and other contributors. The girl side has stories of her working in the porn industry (at a store), a fairly long paper on sex positive language, a gender identity column, and lots of various feminine tips and tactics for staying healthy and enjoying yourself, etc. The layout of the whole thing is done really cleanly with lots of images to go along with the stories without getting too cluttered, in a cut and paste style. Needless to say, this 'zine is really great and chock full of fantastic information. It looks like a lot of work was put into the whole thing. RG (PO Box 743/Mankato, MN 56002 or therobnoxious@hotmail.com)

REVIEWS

GIRL PROBLEMS #2

5.5x8.5 34¢ 12pgs.
Yeah, okay, the 'zine is called *Girl Problems...* but it's not really about that so much. Most of it's just sort of him rambling about this and that, but "this and that" aren't girl problems so much as the crap life hands you. (Crapade, hehe.) Aside from that there is a show review, his thoughts on Christianity in hardcore, a list of top ten movies, a gaggle of music reviews, and more. Nice read, bad name. LO (Matt Smith/950 Main, Box 1881/Wero, MA 01610)

THE GLASS EYE VOL. 8 #3

8.5x11 free 54pgs.
This small music magazine from Ohio mingles come with the not-so-underground but still stays small. There is much coverage of hip-hop and rock. Like a weekly, there are numerous ads about what is going on at local clubs and bars. Also included are interviews with Doro Pesch, Nonpoint, and Spineshank and reviews of music. I don't quite know why this came to HaC, but whatever. LO (PO Box 2507/Toledo, OH 43606)

GLOBALIZATION

5.5x8.5 \$2.50 48pgs.
This is extremely well done and informative. For those people interested in the WTO, IMF, World Bank, globalization, and activism regarding the

HERE BE DRAGONS #8

5.5x8.5 1\$ 44pgs.

Right after I read this issue I read *Cryptic Slaughter*#15; wherein he pretty much rips apart *Here Be Dragons* according to his own logic. I really enjoyed reading the issue and I laughed out loud at the review Giovanni gave. See, it is all a matter of opinion; this issue has lots of columns by punks getting older and finding new thing about themselves. Theo Witsell talks about owning a gun and Mike talks about having a financially sustainable scene and effectively run show space: Giovanni was having none of this "conservatism" he saw, but I found it pretty interesting to read. True, I too am scared that yet another person has a gun, but I'll be damned if I could put the piece Theo wrote down until I had read it all. Also, seeing as how I have a punk job, I was interested in the ideas Mike had about keeping the bills paid. Contrasting those ideas are other contributors articles on unionizing, how your location effects you, another one on moving, visiting shady places, reviews, and ideas about staying productive. *Here Be Dragons* incorporates lots of different ideas in a hope to be progressive in content. I think that is pretty cool. LO (PO Box 8131/Pittsburgh, PA 15217)

HEY BASTARD, LISTEN TO THIS #1

5.5x8.5 1\$ 20pgs.

This is a personal 'zine from a fellow with an odd sense of humor that combines life experiences and fictional stories. Some take place in a local diner that is a hang-out for the author's circle of friends. Other topics include quitting a job, attempting to interview politicians and celebrities on the television, bottles of piss, and bohemian stray dogs as existential authors. SJS (Pete/502 S 49th St/Philadelphia, PA 19143)

HLUBOKEÁORBA #21

5.5x8.5 \$7 104pgs.

Now, I am taking for granted that "cislo" means issue because the only other thing on the cover is "cena 35 Kč", which I am pretty sure is the price. The editors don't say what country this is from, so I am left to guess. This 'zine, I believe, is in Czech and seeing is how I (and the rest of the staff) can't understand Czech I am going to have to muddle through this by describing what I see. This thick 'zine has columns, an article on mass media, scene reports, a tour diary from Exekue and Dread 101, an interview with Antichrist, and some reviews. There is much more text in here that I just couldn't make out based on graphics. Sorry. LO (Nesechnuti (h.O.)/Udolni 44/600 0 Brno/Czech Republic)

HODGEPODGE #7

8.5x11 \$3 100pgs.

Hodgepodge kicks ass this issue! There is so much good stuff, I feel the need to make some really basic list just so I don't leave anything out. You can read about planning and going on a bike tour, the Gap Inc, entanglement with sweatshops and clearcutting, a history of the IWW, a stripper who organized her fellow workers into a union, revolutionary ecology, the resistance of native Americans against Peabody Coal at Big Mountain—plus awesome interviews with The Red House Painters, Noam Chomsky, the singer of Antiproduct, and various other activists (including a large section on student activists) and people associated with the causes they report on. Seriously, there is so much going on in here you really, really need to read it for yourself. Besides they also include their great selection of columnists and some reviews. Past issues have been good, this one is great! Did I mention it looks good, too? Damn, I wish we were this good! Woo hoo, yeah. LO (Mike Schade/144 Anderson Pl. #10/Buffalo, NY 14222)

"HOW TO" GUIDE

5.5x8.5 \$1 donation 48pgs.

This thing rocks; a whole 'zine of stuff for the punx to learn. The premier issue has information about how teach yourself to silk-screen, do pirate radio, wheat paste, make a 'zine, book a tour, cook, scam stuff, garden, heal yourself herbally, and much more things to subvert the norm. It is sort of like the "DIY Files" in *Punk Planet*, but not as lame and more down to earth. By punx for punx. If you have a skill you want to share just write to them and they may put it in the next issue. LO (CrimethInc./201 North Cedar St./Greensboro, NC 27401)

IMPACT PRESS #31

8.5x11 free 56pgs.

In this issue of *Impact Press* you will find a cover story that looks at the variety of political activism in the US and describes the need for people to come together and

build a larger revolutionary movement. Other feature articles examine the growth of the prison industrial complex, an exposé on the facts and figures of corporate welfare, how prostitution laws are a waste of resources, and a look at how much the US contributes to global warming. Columns in this issue take a look at livable wages, the need for zero population growth, and the aftermath of election 2000. There are a couple savvy political cartoons and a listing of activist events. There are also a bunch of brief record reviews. SJS (PMB 361/10151 University Blvd./Orlando, FL 32817)

INFINITE MONKEY #2

5.5x8.5 \$2/trade 44pgs.

Interviews abound in *Infinite Monkey*#2, namely ones with Michael Knight (the band, not the character), Knut, and Creation Is Crucifixion. There are also plenty of thoughts on gig collectives and putting in shows, a diary of the Mosh Apocalypse, thoughts on new music the editor has acquired, as well as a hefty dose of reviews of 'zines and music. Lots to read in this one. LO (Ewan Frater/PO Box 169/Bradford/West Yorkshire/BD1 2UJ/England)

IN THE NAVY #1

5.5x8.5 \$2/trade 26pgs.

This is a personal style one with writings on being queer, coming out, going to shows, and lots of various other things. In between all the words are many pictures of men from the Navy, although I have reason to believe many of the studs are not really true members of said swashbuckling crew, if you catch my drift. In some of the writing he questions certain actions of his life and of others and tries to figure out who is in the right, such as if he should be ashamed for being himself or not. I say you seem like a pretty cool and smart guy to me and you should be very proud of yourself! But who the fudge am I? There's a lot of other things talked about, but that's just a snippet. RG (David/Peter Bangs Vej 198 TV/2000 Frederiksberg/Denmark)



FROM STAY GOLD, JESSE, STAY GOLD...

JOURNAL SONG #3 4.25x5.5 \$? 48pgs.

This is a small personal 'zine from a lovelorn fellow in Portland, OR. This issue contains a series of short stories or journal entries that describe relationships, most of which are falling apart or have already done so. The author tells about the mental and emotional state of people losing a relationship. The mood of *Journal Song* is somber. There are some decent drawings between the stories. SJS (PO Box 3444/Portland, OR 97208-3444)

KORRIGAN #4 8.5x11 \$? 56pgs.

This is a music 'zine in the basic MRR style. What is says, I cannot be certain because it is all in French (a language I have yet to decipher). It looks like there are book, 'zine, and music reviews as well as interviews with Juno, RJ Ewing, and *In Abandon* 'zine, a Nostrum tour diary, and articles on filmmaker Jean Roulin and demonstrations. The layout is good. LO (Joel Allmendinger/Chef du Vounouz 10/1400 Yverdon/Switzerland)

KORSARKOFF #4,3,2 ELLER F 6x8.5 5kr 24pgs.

Hmm, is this in a Scandinavian language or perhaps Polish. Who knows? Not me. There is an interview with someone or something called Mama Viol, some recipes, fanzine and music reviews, what appears to be a list of animal ingredients, and an article about wrestling. The only thing I could really do in this 'zine is connect the dots puzzle. I made a bunny drinking from a bottle. LO (Bengtsson/Backhammar 4/5143 Tranemo or karsarkoff@hotmail.com)

KSPC PROGRAM GUIDE Spring 2001

8.5x11 free 24pgs.

A small amount of content separates this from the label of 'zine or guide, so it is mix if the two. KSPC is the college radio station in Claremont, CA. If you are in the area, tune to 88.7 FM and give them a listen. This guide has information about the station and its new schedule, as well as their lists of the best of 2000, the history of the station, some reviews and interviews with Bratmobile and a label that releases the music to video games. LO (88.7 FM/Pomona College/Thatcher Music Building/340 N College Ave./Claremont, CA 91711-6340)

LEAPFROG BIKE 'ZINE #2 5.5x8.5 free 32pgs.

This is a 'zine about bicycles and bicycle riding. It features an interview with members of Chicago Critical Mass and an organization named "Depave Lake Shore Drive." They discuss the history of Chicago's lakefront, the development of Lake Shore Drive as an auto corridor cutting the city off from the lakeshore, and the benefits of returning the highway to open space. There is a discussion of bike and pedestrian friendly urban design and a brief summary of a conference called "Break the Gridlock: Overcoming Car Dependency." Other articles deal specifically with bicycling. There is a description of the year 2000 bicycle industry trade show, reviews of some mountain biking trails in Indiana, and an essay on the potential damage caused by bike trails through forests. Also included are number of columns from a variety of bicycling enthusiasts. SJS (Scott Spitz/6130 Compton St. B-1/Indianapolis, IN 46220)

LET ME LAUGH #5 5.5x8.5 \$? 8pgs.

This 'zine is so short, I wasn't certain if it was actually a 'zine at first. Inside you can read quickly (in French) an interview with Him, two show reviews, a piece on DIY and some news. Since I can't read French I can't really comment on the quality, just on the length. LO (113 Avenue De Vendome/41000 Blois/France)

LIBERATION NOW #11 5.5x8.5 50¢ 12pgs.

This is a really cool little 'zine. It consists of several short story/poems and some really cool artwork. The poems are about such things as a homeless man or the devastation of Mother Earth. I sat down and read it all in about five or ten minutes. I'd say that this is a cool thing to have for just fifty cents. DJ (PO Box 64/Station "C"/Montreal, QC/H2L 4J7/Canada)

LUNA #9 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

This 'zine is entirely in Spanish, so I'm not fully able to understand it. But from what I can understand, *Luna* is an anarcho-feminist collaboration that is packed with information. Topics discussed include Emma Goldman, cosmetics, feminism, women's health, and more. Looks good to me, though I admittedly can't understand it all. LK (Apdo. 593/38204 La Laguna/Tenerife)

MANGELSLAKT #3 8.5x 11 \$2 54pgs.

TAKE COVER! IT'S A D-BEAT MASSACRE! This 'zine, to say the least, ROCKS! It covers the international scene of mangel/rapunk/kang-core, and does it very well I might add! This issue has interviews with Skulcrusher, Specops, Kirious and Onward to Mayhem! There is also a Pacific punk report with lots of info about the pacific punk scene (China, Malaysia, and the Philippines). There is also a bit of kang related news, a few columns and tons of reviews. This is pretty much a music only 'zine, not much (if anything) political about. But I think that's alright, cause this 'zine kicks some serious D-Beat butt! If you like crust, this is mandatory reading! DD (PO Box 580402/Minneapolis, MN 55458-0402)

MAÑANA LOS CHICOS SERAN PRIMERAS/ DISARM #4 7x5.5 \$? 20pgs.

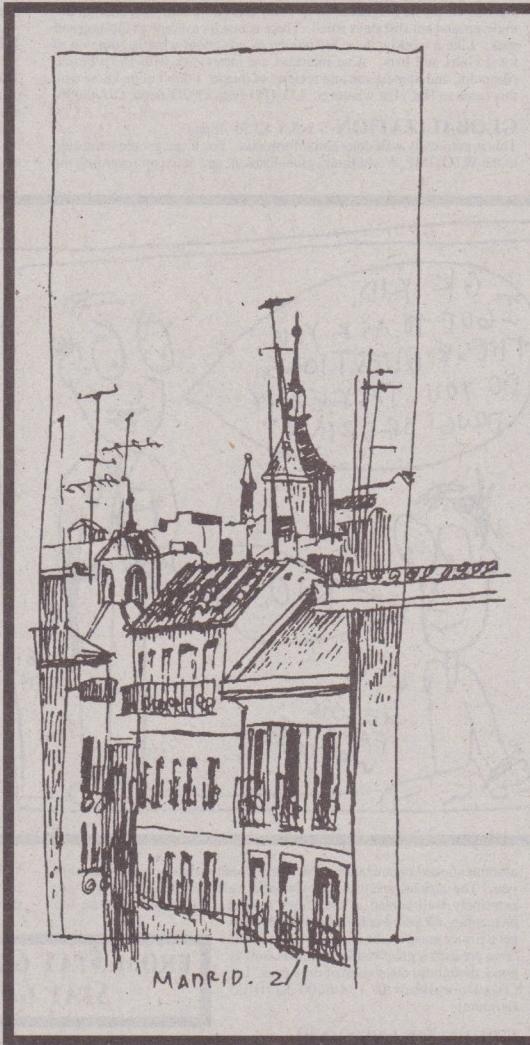
This split 'zine is all in Spanish. I have seen *Mañana Los Chicos Seran Primeras* before, but this was my first introduction to *Disarm*. The MLCSP portion of the 'zine opens with an interview with *Saca la Basura* 'zine. There are also some shorter writings and an interview with Decameron. Unfortunately the copy quality gets slightly too light to read toward the end of the interview. The *Disarm* portion of the 'zine contains politically motivated writings as well as an interview with Migra Violenta. I wish my Spanish was better so I could fully appreciate this split 'zine. From what I can understand, it is quite well done. LK (Roi/9 de julio 2340/Dpto. 3/2000 Rosario/SF/Argentina)

THE NEW SCHEME #2 8.5x11 \$2 56pgs.

The New Scheme is a music 'zine out of Denver, Colorado. This issue features interviews with Al Burian, Cave-In, Dan Askew of Second Nature Records, the folks at Evil Design, Waxwing, and the person who runs Eight Houses Down recording studio out there in Denver. Al Burian talks about publishing *Burn Collector* and the inner workings of Milemarker, the band he is in. Cave In talk a little about band history and some more about their new sound. Matt VanLeuven talks about running a recording studio and keeping his schedule full. The remainder of the pages are filled with columns, and music, 'zine, and book reviews. SJS (PO Box 19873/Boulder, CO 80308)

MAXIMUM ROCK'N'ROLL #215 8.5x11 \$3 150pgs.

Another issue of the (now) constantly updating MRR. It used to be that this 'zine's style stayed the same year after year, now it goes in all sorts of different directions with layout and contributions. (At least, in the directions still okayed by their guidelines.) Since this is the April issue, there are a few columns that must be jokes—namely Felix's about being hired by a NASDAQ company to save rare records to sell later. The majority are still the tried and true insights you are used to. Band interviews this issue include No Means No, Vitamin X, Y, Last In Line, Don Austin, The Injections, The Dils, and Deranged Records. (The influence of newly named co-editor and thrash fan Mike Thorn gets more and more prevalent here.) My only real complaint with *Maximum*, now, and this is going to seem really lame considering what birthed HaC, is the fact that it gets closer and closer to HaC with each issue. To me, it seems to come from some inner debate by those who want to keep it the same and those that want to "update" it. Sure, I hated the look of "Read Between The Lions" and a couple years ago I didn't relate to 99% of what was in MRR—but there is a sentimentality of the old guard that I can't shake. I have no problem with MRR adjusting to the times but there comes a point when it just won't be good old MRR anymore. I hope that point doesn't come. LO (PO Box 460760/San Francisco, CA 94149-0760)

**MORE THAN DRUMS #1** 4.25x7 \$? 28pgs.

This information booklet explains not only the "Western Massachusetts Revolutionary Drum-Corps" (Corp), but a show space entitled "The Old Store," and a collaborative "FDR Stands For Socialism," as well. The Old Store, in Palmer, MA, is a "non-profit, volunteer-run performance space" where they book "shows, film screenings, or other events about twice a month." The WMRDC is a DIY marching band that attempts to "raise awareness of social and political issues." "There is no market for the WMRDC." Their beat is "free of charge." FDR Stands For Socialism is an awkward name as well as a title for various activities pursued by a group of friends in West Mass. To my dismay, they are not completely anti-capitalist. (The author of the column also cited Cuba's "repressive social laws" and referred to Fidel Castro as a "fascist leader"...but I'll try to ignore that.) This is a pretty cool, artistic, and informative, pocket-sized 'zine. Keep up them cadences, y'all! ¡La lucha sigue! ALP (mrooks@mhc.mtholyoke.edu)

NO LONGER BLIND #8 7.5x11 \$? 48pgs.

This is a rad political hardcore fanzine from down under in Australia. True to the cut and paste style, this 'zine proves you don't need a computer to make a nice looking layout. Set up like MRR and HaC with letters, columns, reviews, interviews, and articles (just without the computers). The columns were stimulating and thought provoking, with subjects such as anarchism, DIY, and sexism in hardcore. Interviews with Trial, Spitboy, Syndicate, The Swarm, Aluminum Noise, and What Happens Next?. Overall this 'zine was well worth picking up, and I hope to see more issues in the future. CD (Dan/PO Box U69/Wollongong University/Wollongong, NSW/Australia/2500)

NAPALM PRESS #3 news free 8pgs.

Subtitled "Newsletter For Alternative Publications, Actions, Literature, And Music" this third issue contains a number of well researched stories on current political and social issues. First up is a look at the FBI's Carnivore electronic surveillance system. Then a look to the history of hemp and marijuana in the United States reveals the importance of hemp to the US economy for most of the nation's history. Another story investigates the reasons which Gore and Bush have to fear Ralph Nader in the political arena. Other topics dealt with include the expansion of NAFTA into the Free Trade Area of the Americas, the financial connections between the Bush family and the German Nazis, and the Copwatch project. Also there is a column written by Mumia Abu-Jamal that describes some of the many cases of people denied the right to vote in Florida's presidential election. SJS (PMB 199/4909 Stockdale Hwy/Bakersfield, CA 93309-2673)

NO ONE TOUCHES THE DREAM TEAM #3

5.5x8.5 \$? 24pgs.

This is a 'zine with a healthy sense of humor. In this issue the NOTTDT staff take a look at the use and misuse of puppets in advertising, one person's maniacal desire for world conquest, and an offbeat tattoo parlor in suburban Denver. Also in this issue is an article that looks at new possibilities for people with blindness. There are a couple columns, some reviews, and some best/worst lists. SJS (3525 Moorhead Ave./Boulder, CO 80305)

NORTH AMERICAN EARTH LIBERATION SUPPORT NETWORK

Jan./Feb. 2001 5.5x8.5 \$? 12pgs.

Though these months have steadily passed us by (and there are newer copies) it doesn't mean that it should be any less important. Since the ELF, A.L.F. and others have been busy recently that also means the amount of people going to prison and the amount of repression on activists will increase. This is why it is very important for us to support people who make direct actions for the well being of the planet and animals human and non-human. There are contact listings and updates on prisoners and legal affairs. Write to the address below and I am sure the people at the support network would be happy to send you the latest update. Please support our brothers and sisters who have been incarcerated by the government! CF (PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

THE NORTHEASTERN ANARCHIST #1

8.5x11 \$4 42pgs.

This thick, big, glossy cover 'zine is dedicated to bringing people news about anarchist activity from around the world, with a focus on (you guessed it) the northeastern US. Also thrown in is some anarchist theory, revolutionary history, and an article black bloc tactics and property destruction. This is an excellent and inspiring read brought to us by the Sabate Anarchist Collective. Thank you! CD (Sabate Anarchist Collective/PO Box 230685/Boston, MA 02123)

NOT FAR ENOUGH #8 4.25x5.5 50¢ 52pgs.

Not Far Enough is an always-interesting, very well done personal 'zine by Erin. Instead of me trying to explain all that she talks about, let me just say that if you are a fan of the personal 'zine and want to get inside the head of another human being, this is an excellent place to start. I've seen the past several issues of *Not Far Enough*, and I have never been disappointed. LK (Erin/5554 Bloomfield St./Halifax, NS/B3K 1S9/Canada)

ON SUBBING 4x5.5 stamp 36pgs.

Fucking god. I can't remember the last time I laughed out loud while reading a 'zine...and not just once but time and time again! This 'zine chronicles the daily life of Dave Roche, a substitute Education Assistant, on the job in Portland, Oregon. Dave tells some hilarious stories of his first few months "subbing" in special education classes. Mostly comical, sometimes sad, but always extremely entertaining and very well written; this is one of my favorite 'zines yet. I look forward to reading his conclusion to this academic year as it comes to a close in June. This guy, Dave, wants a stamp (or trade) in exchange for one of these beauties... but I suggest sending a few bucks. It'd be worth it to get a couple for friends. ALP (David Roche/5415 N Albin Ave. #314/Portland, OR 97217)

ONWARD Vol. 1 #3-#4 news \$1 16pgs.

I have two issues here, but I think they are both outdated now. *Onward* is a newspaper that gives you all kinds of info about anarchism in practice and in theory. There are lots of newspapers like this one in existence, so I'm sure you know what I mean. Their columns are complete and they do a good job of providing the service of reporting to those interested. LO (PO Box 2671/Gainesville, FL 32602-2671)

OVERBOARD #2/FEAR WHY THE MOUSE CAN'T BREATHE #3 5.5x8.5 \$? 44pgs.

The FWTCMB portion is pretty much all personal writing, with no images and whatnot. He writes about driving experiences, work, stories about hanging out with friends at night and stuff, and other things. I can tell Al likes to write; it's apparent by his general topics of simply writing whatever comes to his mind and it always turns out to have some insightful thoughts and clear ideas. *Overboard* is also done in a cut and paste style but there are tons of pictures and images. There is writing on traveling and other personal things, interviews with Orchid and Submerge, a bunch of pictures of neat graffiti, and some vegetarian recipes. The interviews are good but not terribly stimulating. And to Justin from Submerge: The justinbailey code in Metroid does NOT turn Samus into a woman! Samus is already a woman, the code just takes off her armor and helmet so you can actually see what she looks like. Overall, both 'zines complement each other well and there are some nice stories to read here. RG (Danny/6026 Tree Swallow Ct/Columbia, MD 21044)

PAPING #3 5.5x4.25 free 48pgs.

Paping is a small comic 'zine by a public school art teacher. He uses single page drawings to describe students and teachers and how they sometimes interact. There are several narratives that tell personal stories. One looks at family history, another describes a favorite recipe for cooking with yucca, and another tells the story of murals painted by art classes and there unfortunate demise. SJS (60 St. Marks Pl. #4/New York, NY 10003)

PUKE #1 4.25x5.1 \$ 28pgs.

Lovers of vomit rejoice, *Puke* 'zine is here! Twenty-five pages of stories relating everyone's favorite bodily function. Everything from drunk-punk revenge, stomach viruses, and vomit-phobes—with plenty in between. Good stuff for bad stomachs! CD (85 Scituate Avenue/Scituate, MA 02066)

POWDERED APPLES #6 4.25x6 trade/\$1 32pgs.

This 'zine contains stories about changes going on in this person's life and how they are being dealt with, and about conflict within family, and about wanting to be a teacher and how this person will improve the current educational situations being seen right now. Except for a neat and well-drawn comic that takes up five pages, there are not many images or anything throughout, just text, both typed and handwritten. But simple can be good. Overall it's an interesting 'zine, it's nice to read various opinions on events and situations that probably affect many of us, even if they are all in their own ways unique. RG (Mikeal Van Cleave/726 Pioneer St. #3/Kalamazoo, MI 49008)

Q FOR TREASON #3 5.5x8.5 \$1.50 20pgs.

Q For Treason is a personal 'zine comprised of stories from the life of Anna Weevil. This issue is subtitled "the emo issue" for good reason. The contents are mostly rambling introspection on the state of Anna's moods. She describes how happiness in other people tends to make her angry and frustrated and a variety of other interactions with people. One piece describes how people stopping by her 'zine distro tend to ask questions of boys before talking to her. Another ponders the possibility of bringing political awareness to friends and acquaintances. The stories are all sad, there are a few moments of fun here and there. SJS (Anna/11053-89 Ave./Edmonton, AB/T6G 0Z7/Canada)

RACISM AS DEFENSE AGAINST SELF HATE

5.5x8.5 \$7 8pgs.

This is a very well rounded argument on how racism acts as a shield for white racists. The author explains a few different types of racist positions, differentiating between traditional institutional racism and white privilege and racism as a form of "psychological defense used to circumvent intolerable emotional and realizations among a certain social class of whites." The basic argument is that white racists who externalize their self hate by verbally, physically, or emotionally being disgusted by other races is doing so to repress the intolerable pressure and/or feelings of inadequacy of self hate. The angle that the author is coming from is that this is a feeling commonly shared between working class white racists. I would extend the argument that it is also reflected in the black community also where black on black racism has been internalized by self hate also. Send away for the pamphlet and check it out it's better than I probably explained it. CF (South Chicago ABC 'Zine Distro/PO Box 721/Homewood, IL 60430)

RECLUSE #1 5.5x8.5 \$1+stamp 40pgs.

Recluse is a personal 'zine put together by a few people from Columbus, OH. The 'zine begins with some columns. One discusses phases of magazine subscriptions in the author's life. Another discusses good reasons for spaying pets. The others deal with personal issues. The remainder of *Recluse* contains essays and stories that look at relationships between people, care of stray cats, and toxic ingredients in body care products. This issue closes with some music and book reviews. SJS (PO Box 09558/Columbus, OH 43209)

[REFUSE #1] news free 20pgs.

[Refuse] is a 'zine put together by the folks responsible for Coalition Records. It's focus seems to be the music and related activities of people in the global hardcore scene. Features in this issue include a report on socio-political conditions in Belgrade and the day to day struggle of people to survive there and an essay on DIY ideology in our increasingly commercial world. There are also interviews with Laura of *Synthesis* 'zine, members of Reaching Forward, Mark McCoy of Charles Bronson, Guyana Punch Line, and Mihoen. The latter two interviews cover basic band bio and history information. Mark McCoy talks about art and how he views being a creative person. The Reaching Forward folks explain a few of their songs and their thoughts on straight edge and the shape of hardcore. Laura Synthesis talks about 'zinies in the hardcore scene and an emerging second wave of riot grrl. There are several column that open this issue with some thoughts on hardcore music, skateboarding, computers, and the business of hardcore music. SJS (Hugo de Grootstraat 25/2518 EB Haag/The Netherlands)

THE RIGHT PATH #12 8.5x11 \$2 40pgs.

Pretty straightforward hardcore 'zine featuring interviews with Boy Sets Fire, Bane, and The Nerve Agents none of which really say that much. There are also record and 'zine reviews as well as quite a few columns. Its not that this 'zine is bad because it isn't, it is just that it seems so much like many other 'zinies I have read that I wish they would do a little more with what they have because they could. I did though really enjoy Christy Roads column on noticing all of the little things in life that most of us tend to forget about it, she has a fresh approach to writing and enthusiasm that seems to be missing from a number of 'zine writers. AM (Josh Lyons/830 Meigs St/Rochester, NY 14620)

RUELA! 5x6 \$7 24pgs.

A 'zine from Japan in Portuguese. Basically it is a comic about a show and some reviews. The 'zine looks nice and the drawings are good. That's about all I can say since I don't speak Portuguese. LO (Yuri Henrique Furuyama/Osaka-Fu Izumisano-Shi/Tsuruhara 1-11/Estrela Boay Seven 506/T 598-0071/Japan)

S26 - 2000 5.5x8.5 \$7 20pgs.

This 'zine is comprised entirely of coverage of the shit that went down on the fourth international day against Capitalism, September 26, 2000. Highly recommended if you are into reading about protests, worldwide solidarity, and street parties. CD (HMVPPM/PO Box 11432/Eugene, OR 97440)

SCENERY #13 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

With Spain as his muse, Mike paints pictures (literally and figuratively) of some leisure time abroad. He recounts overall impressions and minute details in a personal tone that is sort of typical to the American in a foreign land searching for basics that build the meaning. (I don't know if that sentence really makes sense or not.) Reading this made me recall fondly the time I spent abroad. As if to say that my time there was sort of an interment for coming out as "cultured". Whatever. Pretentious drifter or inspiring artist. This 'zine does it all. LO (Tree Of Knowledge/PO Box 251766/Little Rock, AR 72225)

SCREAMS FROM THE BALCONY #2 7x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

I have to admit that I read this a long time ago and am just now getting to the review. Which is why this review may seem a little stale. (Beyond the fact that I am a little stale, that is.) *Screams From The Balcony* is a fun little 'zine. Their sophomore effort includes an interview with Bread & Water, 'zine reviews, thoughts on enjoying life, and a cool, short article on female pirates. Argh, lassie, that be cool. LO (37196 RPO Way/New Brunswick, NJ 08901)

SCRAWL #3 6x8.5 free 16pgs.

This one blew me away. It has a totally complete article about the issue of abortion in Ireland. The article goes in-depth and discusses the current political situation, factors that complicate the issue, and a few ideas towards the progression of choice in Ireland. It was so professional that it sort of made my tired brain hurt. Also included is a shorter piece on right-wing Christianity and some music and 'zine reviews. Check this one out. LO (1-5 Donegall Lane/Belfast/Northern Ireland)

THE SECRET FILES OF CAPTAIN SISSY #4

7x8.5 \$3 64pgs.

After a two year hiatus this way cool 'zine has resurfaced with a ferocious new issue. This issue's theme is youth insurrection, so there is much talk of that. Each piece is both an article and a commentary. The pieces on sex, gender, youth rebellion, being active, finding your place in the world, becoming pro-active, and trying to make the world a better, more understanding place are very inspiring. Andy is coming out of school and into the world, and this 'zine attacks it with a full force. He talks about the hustle in Times Square and the roots he can see in subversive behavior. He relates the way punks smell to the need to various groups to join together in active causes. He breaks down some of the rhetoric about the Columbine shootings and breathes some new ideas into why acts like this happen. He analyses himself. He even gives you a diary of his summer and an organizer. All very, very inspiring stuff. Welcome back, Cap'n. LO (Andy C./3907 Wedgewood Dr./Portage, MI 49024)

SHAZZBUT! #5 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

This issue of *Shazzbut!* includes essays on the School of the Americas and on the many reasons for eating organic foods due to poisons used in the food growing and preparation. Editor, Mark Novotny interviews Dillinger Four. They discuss their exploits while touring, some band history, and the impetus behind some of their lyrics. Other stuff includes a story about a local baseball team and their mascot, writings about forgotten movies, and some music reviews. SJS (5413 S 6th Ave./CountrySide, IL 60525)

SICK KID 4.25x5.5 \$7 44pgs.

You may remember Kandis from when she contributed to *Heartattack* in one of the two women's issues. Her writing and artwork were excellent then, and they are again excellent in this 'zine. The title of this 'zine, *Sick Kid*, is quite descriptive of the writings contained within. Kandis describes the many, many different chronic health problems that she has dealt with and is dealing with. I think this would be extremely wonderful reading for anyone dealing with these issues, and it is extremely informative for those who have not had experience with Multiple Chemical Sensitivity, fatigue, allergies, and many more disabilities. Kandis is insightful and informative. LK (Kandis/3942 Ste. Emile/Montreal, QC/H4C 2A1/Canada)

SLAVE #5 8.5x11 \$3 90pgs.

Damn, this thing looks nice! Each page is not just clear but creative and inspiring in the way it supports what is being said. The new issue has book, 'zine, music and reviews, plus a few columns. The more notable works are the articles, especially the one about Mohammed Ali. The piece is all about how his actions, successes, and downfalls and it draws some impressive parallels about his life of struggle and those of black men at the time of his greatest popularity (and today). The article is really something; it is worth buying the 'zine just for that. Also included is a report on the IMF protest in DC, a collection of photos, a story about smokers by Al Burian, an article on hitchhiking, plus interviews with artist Sean McDaniels, Avail, and Jets To Brazil. LO (PO Box 10093/Greensburg, NC 28401)

SLEEPING DRAGON PRESS #4 news \$2 16pgs.

This newsletter of activism, direct action, and political commentary comes from Victoria, British Columbia. Contained within the pages are news stories and updates of the status of various political prisoners. Also included is a lengthy dissection of the Canadian Welfare State. This includes many, many different articles and interviews, and I suggest picking up a copy if you are interested in activist goings-on. LK (Ben/Box 8404/Victoria, BC/V8W 3S1/Canada)

SLUG & LETTUCE #65 news 55¢ 20pgs.

As always, this 'zine kicks some serious ass! I was really excited to get this, and I wasn't let down in anyway! Columns on eco-punk, feminism, gardening, reviews, and comics! If you haven't read an issue of S&L yet then what the hell is wrong with you? Get this 'zine, be happy! DD (PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23261-6632)

SLUG & LETTUCE #66 news 55¢ 16pgs.

Anyone who has ever read a review of S&L in this 'zine know that we love it. And, since Christine keeps the same standards for each issue, we tend to love each and every one. Subscriptions to this totally DIY publication are cheap (just 55¢ and issue) and I highly suggest getting one. The new issue features their staff of columnists, reviews, a comic by Fly, and (blush) an interview with Leslie and I. S&L rules! LO (PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23261-6632)

SO WHY WORRY? #4 news \$1 28pgs.

Grindcore fans, check this out. Pages upon pages of reviews of the heavy stuff you crave, plus interviews! In this issue they talk to Godstomper, Hirax Max, Buried Alive, Deadbodieseverywhere, Be A Freak Records, Las Cruces, Tomsk-7, From Ashes Rise, Dillinger Escape Plan, Murder Suicide Pact, and Boy Sets Fire (they don't seem to quite fit in here). LO (PMB 774/160 N Court Rd./Richardson, TX 75080)

SPIDDER #4 5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

Most of this is spooky drawings and creepy content. There is a little bit of commentary and a heavy serving of story telling, including some comics and some recipes. LO (no address)

SPIRAL OBJECTIVE #14 8.5x11 \$1 112pgs.

Half 'zine and half catalog... to me that seems like a way to get free advertising when it comes to 'zine reviews. But one could also say it is a way to pass around ideas as well as commodities. Who knows. Of things not involved with Spiral Objective Records there are articles on the walk for peace in Australia, environmental protection, aboriginal wisdom, resistance, the Olympics, bicycling, and much more. There is even a recipe for eggplant curry, yummy! LO (Spiral Objective/PO Box 126/Oaklands PK/SO 5046/Australia)

SUBSIDED MESS #4 8.5x11 stamp 4pgs.

Just slightly bigger than an issue of *Chumpire*, *Subsidized Mess* gives off four times the attitude. The latest one has all kinds of local scene news, record reviews, and how politics effects punk. LO (Joe Hays/70 Plum St./#2/New Brunswick, NJ 08901)

SPLUNGE #3 8.5x11 \$? 16pgs.

This is a perfect example of a 'zine that could be just as effective shrunk to half size (therefore saving a few resources). It starts out with a color copy cover with a collage picture and all the stuff you will find inside, backed with contact addresses. And, if you can't get enough of that, they have the same pages in regular black and white on page two! (Let's hope that is an oversight.) Beyond that you can read show reviews on The Damned 999. (These bands still play?) Finishing up the issue is an interview with Glock-17. LO (713-526-1228)

STAGE DIVE #1 8.5x11 \$3 48pgs.

Stage Dive is a self-proclaimed, "skate edge fanzine" that deals primarily with old school hardcore (mostly early Revelation Records bands) and skating. There are interviews with the Nerve Agents, some of the people that work for Revelation, and Lance Mountain. There is also an article on the history of Judge and tons of cool old photos of the bands associated with this era of hardcore. I found though that the most interesting part of the 'zine were the columns in which various contributors told of their

WHY ARE THERE SO MANY 'ZINES ON THE LIST OF GOOD ONES TO READ?
BECAUSE THERE ARE SO MANY GOOD ONES, OF COURSE! CHECK THESE OUT:

MANGELSLAKT #3

XENON

DISTRESS SIGNALS

BOY/GIRL #2

CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #16

ON SUBBING

STAGE DIVE #1

AVOW #10

THE ASSASSIN AND THE WHINER #13

SCENERY #13

"HOW TO" GUIDE**HERE BE DRAGONS #8****BURN COLLECTOR #11**

SLAVE #5

SCRAWL #3**THE SECRET FILES OF CAPTAIN SISSY #4****HODGEPODGE #7**

ANTIPATHY #7

early hardcore memories, stories of being intimidated at their first shows and trying to convince their parents that hardcore music can have a positive message. Mainly I enjoyed these because I found myself relating to quite a few of them, which is always a plus. All in all even though I never really liked any of the bands that this 'zine covers it is still well done and I know a lot of people would be into this. AM (130 Windermere Rd./Lockport, NY 14094)

STAY GOLD, JESSE, STAY GOLD... #6

4.25x5.5 \$1 28pgs.

Jesse's 'zine, based on keeping the youthful point of view, tells a host of good tales. There is one about a cross country road trip, another one about a night in jail, and even a very cute one about a radical hot tubbing squad. This 'zine has lots of adorable drawings (like the one we printed) by the author and plenty of huggable punk personality. LO (PO Box 45613/Kansas City, MO 64171)

STUPID JOURNEY #2 5.5x8.5 4S 120pgs.

This 'zine is mainly the story of one person's travel from Toronto to Washington, DC for the IMF/World Bank protests and the events he took part in while there. Author Jonathan is a film maker who decides that he needs to take part in some direct action rather than documenting events and decides to do so in DC. He gets there by bus, hitch hiking, and train hopping his way south. Once in Washington, Jonathan joins up with friends, and then sets out to familiarize himself with the territory and organizing activities. In the remainder of his 'zine Jonathan describes his experiences with the organizing strategies and tactics employed to coordinate a mass of people toward a common goal and how they worked on the streets. Jonathan does a good job telling his story with considerable detail. The last chapter is given to a friend who chose to be arrested after crossing the barricade line at the World Bank building. Lori describes in great detail her experiences in the various jails and holding cells to which protesters were sent. SJS (Satan MacNugget/3584 John St./Vineland, ON/LOR 2E0/Canada)

SURVIVOR 8x11 \$2 20pgs.

This is a kind of weird little 'zine. The first page is the blueprints to a Bushmaster XM15 E2S Rifle, then there is an article about the Nazi Youth program, then some more gun stuff, a news update about our solar system, some funny comic, and some entrepreneurial stuff. I don't know what to say, I wasn't very interested in this, but there was some cool stuff. (Guns. DJ (Monica Evans/I115 45th Ave./Long Island, NY 11101)

THERE WILL COME SOFT RAINS

5.5x8.5 \$1 or trade 24pgs.

This is a personal compiled by a guy from Lewisburg, PA. He writes some political and social commentary in free verse and comments on the lack of a DIY ethic in the poetry scene. Other essays look at gun control, prostitution, and human devolution by way of Devo. There is commentary on the film "The Gods Must Be Crazy" and Edward Sanders' book "America: A History In Verse." SJS (Eric/113 N Water St./Lewisburg, PA 17837)

THOUGHTS & VISIONS 5.5x8.5 \$3.50 28pgs.

I really, really like the look of this 'zine. The graphics and writings are laid out in a very aesthetically pleasing manner. It also includes a poster that is great! Thoughts are included on the body, work, television and art it's all very retrospective, and quite interesting. Recommended. LK (Christina/Norrebrogade 237 3tv/2200 Copenhagen/Denmark)

TRASH FACTION #2 8.5x11 \$1 30pgs.

Trash Faction is a music 'zine which focuses on garage punk and trash rock. This issue features interviews with Germany's The High School Rockers, Teen Cool, The Peeps, and one man band Mr. California and the State Police. The interviews are decent with some good questions that usually receive informative and/or fun responses. The remainder of the pages are filled with photo collages and personal writings. Editor Jill addresses the end of 2000 and the beginning of 2001, analyzes the meanings and motivations behind some to do lists, and then ends the issue with some record reviews. SJS (1359 N Artesian Ave. #1/Chicago, IL 60622)

TWO TEARS IN A BUCKET #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

This is a personal 'zine that compiles stories from travel and life experience with a few poems and bits of prose. The 'zine was created to help the author get through the loss of a friend. There is a general sadness to many of the pieces included though there are some moments of happiness that seem to lead the way to better times. SJS (Mollie Hatchet/3522 River Rd. #3/Cincinnati, OH 45204)

VENDETTA #13 5.5x 8.5 \$1 20pgs.

A cool little personal/political 'zine with lots of funny images! There is a section where the author talks about their experiments with household drugs, another section on movie reviews. (There is a review for "Hell Comes to Frogtown," how fucking awesome is that!!) Also some political stuff about poverty and other topics, plus music reviews and other fun shit! This is a fun 'zine to say the least! DD (Andy G/PO Box 41001/Winnipeg, MB/R3T 5T1/Canada)

WARPAIN'T #1 3x5 \$7 62pgs.

I'm pretty sure this is number one, even though he says he got some feedback for some things he wrote, but I got the impression it was from this issue and before he printed it all. This person likes to write, as it's not too hard to figure out, and this 'zine is mostly comprised of little snippets of writing about various things. They are done in a kind of vague artsy prose style where he doesn't explicitly tell you what's going on, you kind of have to figure it out on your own, which isn't too hard but occasionally it can be. And there's some poetry by him. There are also columns written by other people and a bunch of record and 'zine reviews. One column is about cars and it graphically tells you how dangerous they could possibly be, and another is about a teaching stint in South Africa, and there are a few more as well. Good stuff, I enjoyed reading many of the things in here. And the reviews are nice, they have good descriptions of the stuff. RG (Andreas Hagberg/Sörgårdsg. 67, 1tr/586 46 Linköping/Sweden)

WERFUKT #3 8.5x11 \$1 50pgs.

Cut and past rants, news, and opinions by Jeff Von Vomit. Some of the major focuses are anarchism, resistance, and punk rock. Under these heading he attacks the war on drugs, animal torture and slaughter, resisting the major political parties conventions, and much more in between. He also interviews 7 Seconds, Armistice, Breach Of Peace, and Union 13 and reviews a bunch of records, 'zines, and local shows. This 'zine has fund and does its best to spread important news, and that is cool LO (Jeff Von Vomit/3313 Jähn Ct./Rosamond, CA 93560)

WHO UR 7x8.5 \$3 68pgs.

Many, many pages of tiny, tiny font (not unlike the 'zine you are currently reading). *Who Ur* contains information about the Anarchist Black Cross (this issue of the 'zine is a benefit for that ABC), death row (including writings from folks currently imprisoned on death row), dissecting the issue of class, and much, much more. The interview with the Animal Liberation Front activists was particularly interesting to me. The information in here is well thought out and thoroughly examines different subjects. This is something that should be read in many small bits over a long period of time. LK (Tij/PB9/9000 Gent 12/Belgium)

XENON A4 \$5 32pgs.

Xenon is subtitled "a travel and music 'zine." Editor Michael Shipley of Leeds spent nine months traveling the planet and going to shows in many of the cities he visited along the way. *Xenon* is a collection of his writings about traveling and some of the places he visited combined with articles about a few of the bands he saw. Mike begins in New York City observing media hype surrounding the death of JFK, Jr. He then has a terrible experience at the CBGBs. Mike chose to travel the continent with Greyhound. He relates his experiences aboard in a lengthy piece entitled "The 13 Labours of the Greyhound Adventure in Which You Are the Victim." Mike describes the many fearful varieties of employees, fellow travelers, and other associated experiences while making his way from city to city with the "transport system resurrected from the deepest depths of Hades." In New Zealand he takes part in some extreme sport type activity and some hiking and kava imbibing in Fiji. Other places described include the Great Barrier Reef, the Grand Canyon, Niagara Falls, glaciers in Canada and New Zealand, and Ayers Rock. The music parts of *Xenon* are written as articles culled from interviews. The first band discussed is Six Going on Seven, then Kid Dynamite, The Get Up Kids, and Sick Of It All. The latter two articles take up several pages each. Mike recounts his pre-show meandering and then gets the scoop on cover songs, keyboards and the many drunken exploits of The Get Up Kids. Armand of Sick Of It All discusses his life in the band, the rigors and comforts of touring, and the good parts of traveling around the world. Mike's experiences in Chicago and at the final Braid show are contrasted with his Halloween experience in LA and at a depressing Strife show in another article. *Xenon* is a fine example of a well planned and executed 'zine. The writing is intelligent and consistently interesting and all of the pieces included stick with the travel/music concept. The layout, graphics, and photos are exceptional. In the introduction Mike mentions that all proceeds from 'zine sales go to a youth hostel charity that provides opportunities for disadvantaged kids to travel so you really can't go wrong by picking this up. SJS (Michael Shipley/3 Sandmoro Ave./Leeds LS17 7DW/UK)

ZAGINFLATCH #45 8.5x11 \$1 4pgs.

Zaginflatch is a newsletter of the Zagreb anarchist movement. Though there are only 4 pages, but they let you know a lot of news about what is going on including pieces on the flooding of their 'zine library, plus reports on some meetings of the movement, critical mass, and solidarity days. LO (Z.A.P./Attack/bivsa tvornica Jedinstvo/Trnjanski nasip bb/10000 Zagreb/Croatia)

ZEROX #6 5.5x8.5 \$3 56pgs.

Zerox is a political punk 'zine from Singapore. I enjoyed the 56 pages of tiny writing. Lots of rants on topics such as majors vs. indies in the punk scene, alienation and homophobia, being politically correct or political conscious, superficiality, some children's stories, things you didn't know, why Procter & Gamble sucks, and an interview with Christine Boarts from *Slug & Lettuce*. Also poetry, letters, random shit, reviews, all with a cut and paste layout. Good job with the *Zerox!* CD (see address below)

ZEROX #7 5.5x8.5 \$3 72pgs.

I think the review of #6 does a good job of giving you a feel for this 'zine. So I am going to save some space and just list some of the features in this new issue. Lengthy political columns and articles are juxtaposed with cultural commentary on things like the Britney Spears phenomenon. You can also read interviews with Himsa and the man behind Ag Records, as well as scene reports and lots of ideas from contributors. The text is real small in this one, so there is plenty to read and read. LO (Shaiful/BLK 554/Bedok North/St. #3/#08-241/Singapore 460554/Singapore)

COMPLETE CONTROL #8/TEENAGE DEATH SONGS 7x8.5 \$2 60pgs.

Complete Control always has something good to read. This time it is all about Greg's life and experiences down a road of political activism. Numerous insights and anecdotes arise from these pages. *Teenage Death Songs* tells more stories about young life in Richmond, but this time on the more meandering end. There are plenty of accomplishments by the author, but much time is spent examining the down time as well. It was very cool to read both of these and get a feel for their lives. LO (PO Box 5021/Richmond, VA 23220)

THE GET IN TOUCH/STEP FORWARD CONSPIRACY 8.5x11 \$3 54pgs.

This is a split 'zine from the Philippines that has a ton of writing in it. There are columns, scene reports, record reviews, interviews with What Happens Next?, Catharsis, and Synthesis 'zine, and everything else that usually is part of a hardcore publication. What I really enjoyed though about this issue is that by my own admission I don't really know that much about the scenes outside of the US so this gave me at least some idea what is going on, with scene reports from all over the world that I found to be quite informative. This is well done and anyone interested in hardcore outside of the US should check this out. AM (Take-4 Collective/PO Box 3900/CPO, Manila 1000/Philippines)

GULLIBLE #22/CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #15 5.5x8.5 15 40pgs.

This is a pretty good pairing. *Gullible* launches into some ideas Chris has had lately about working a dead end job, passing gas, the ensuing danger of living with sketchy drug dealing folks, having pets, and hunting ghosts. There is also a little write-up on German Abstract Expressionism. (I can't get enough of this stuff.) The flipside tells of Giovanni's travels to France. There are, of course, good times and bad. Nothing escapes his scrutiny and it really makes you feel like you are there with him. There are also some totally amusing 'zine reviews. Said reviews are best read after reading the actual 'zine though, since his analysis is better interpreted (and appreciated) if you know what he's talking about. Both of these 'zines give off so much personality that I sort of want to meet the makers. I'm not sure that is such a good idea though. LO (Giovanni/PO Box 1781/Spokane, WA 99210)

Book Reviews:**AMPED** by Jon Resh 5.5x8.5 \$4.50 160pgs.

The premise of this book is quite cool and I think they pull it off well. *AMped* tells the tale of the band Spoke (remember them). It tells the story of their bands life, the interactions of the members in it, and much more. It sheds light on the punk band experience with a fresh style. Rather than going for the tour diary approach, the author dissects the experience into chapters like "audience," "tuned," "Florida," "zines," "lyrics," and many more. This approach allows Jon to talk about things as important pieces of the puzzle. Those pieces fit together to tell a cool story. I have Spoke 7" somewhere in my record collection, but I think I'll remember this book more. LO (Viper Press/PO Box 3392/Chicago, IL 60690)

DANCE OF DAYS

by Mark Anderson & Mark Jenkins 10x11 \$7 420pgs.

Dance of Days is a history of Washington, D.C. punk written by Mark Anderson. Mark Jenkins adds some body, and fills in the gaps, but for the most part this is Anderson's story of what happened in D.C. between roughly 1984 and 1995. He does not write as a historian but as a participant, and a very active participant at that. He has interviewed countless people for the book, and their quotes and stories are used to add depth to the history. The book also includes many photos. Now on to the review...

Washington, D.C. has always been a magical place to me. Growing up I was often inspired by the more than amazing hardcore that came from that place. The Bad Brains, The Faith, Minor Threat, Government Issue, Scream, Beafeater, Fidelity Jones, Embrace, Rites of Spring, Dag Nasty, Swiz, Fire Party, Ignition, Bikini Kill, Holy Rollers, Lungfish, Fugazi, and dozens and dozens of extremely inspiring bands came from that one spot on the planet. When I count down my top ten bands of all time the list is dominated by Washington, D.C. music. I have spent literally thousands of hours trying to understand what made D.C. so special, and how I could try to live up to some of the inspirations that D.C. has given me. On the few occasions that I have been in D.C. I was lucky enough to stay at Positive Force, D.C. and to meet many of the people that contributed to making hardcore in D.C. more than music. Every time I have returned from these visits it has been with a total ecstasy of rejuvenation and a faith that indeed hardcore can and should be more than music.

Reading *Dance of Days* is for me a return to all those memories. It is an amazing book full of stories and memories. It documents the history but more importantly it tries to capture the energy, idealism, and sheer hope and enthusiasm that helped to shape those events. Littered throughout the book are examples of people doing the most amazing things, and for someone that grew up living and loving hardcore those stories are a very real source of inspiration.

I would recommend *Dance of Days* to anyone that is even remotely interested in hardcore as a movement or as a counter-cultural force. It doesn't matter if you have never liked a band from D.C. or if you simply don't care about the history of punk. What

you will find here is the documentation of what hardcore can and should aspire to be at its very best. And, as Anderson points out in the end, the story of Washington, D.C. is nothing more than the story of people like you and I. It is the common story of regular people that did their own thing and tried to take control of their own lives and destinies.

Dance of Days is a celebration of what we can do, and personally it is a reminder of why I got involved in underground music so many years ago, and more importantly it is a reminder that there is still much to do.

I can't recommend *Dance of Days* any more emphatically. KM (Soft Skull Press/98 Suffolk St. 3A/New York, NY 10002)

INSIDERS' ART 12x8.5 \$? 82pgs.

This book is 80 pages of art and text by prisoners in US prisons that is edited by Books Through Bars, a prisoner support group that sends quality reading material to prisoners. This book came together as the need for Books Through Bars to share the artwork sent to them by prisoners, as thanks for books. The book is set up in chapters, each with a different theme relating to prison life. These include: day to day prison life, doing time, who is in prison, prison economics, Texas, the death penalty, women in prison, political prisoners, and faith and culture. Each piece of art is accompanied by some words from the artist, explaining the piece. Prison life is a harsh reality for millions of people, and with stock in the private prison industries rising there are more and more people being locked up because of mandatory minimums and harsher laws. The pieces are inspiring because they show the true nature of a system enforced by the threat and use of violence and its effect on the spirits of individuals. Also in this book is a list of resources for prisoners and their supporters. READ THIS! CD (Books Through Bars/4722 Baltimore Ave./Philadelphia, PA 19143)

Revolutionary Voices: Multicultural Queer Youth Anthology 5.5x8.5 \$? 259pgs.

After reading and rereading some of the poetry, prose, spoken word, stories, visions, and art, I truly think about the depth of the word "voices" and the pains of the word "silences." *Revolutionary Voices* comes to the front lines in giving space and access to some of the queer youth that were part of this project, from all different racial backgrounds and cultural upbringings. This anthology of this generation of queer youth to be able to speak, engage, emotionalize, act, react, outreach, inreach, explode, minimize, and yell on so many different levels and within so many different layers is far from the many other voices and identities that are trying to be heard or learning to speak in a culture that prides itself on marginalizing voices and ideas that are foreign to the status quo, that being a white, upper class male dominated social and mental sphere. But this book allows us a starting point for many people to listen and acknowledge the urgency to claim our voices back and the necessity in utilizing it.

Some of the persons who I reread and reread were Alix Olson, Margot Rodriguez, Colleen Donovan, Gloria Ng, and Kohei Ishibara. Sexuality is incredibly fluid and it is very clear here how it transcends different cultural backgrounds and ethnicities. Many of these pages are filled with self empowerment and the targeting of what is oppressing these artists and authors racially, sexually, and economically. Hopefully there will be many more anthologies to come that will include many more voices from different ethnicities and from different sexual identities. SA (Alyson Publications/6922 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 1000/Los Angeles, CA 90028)

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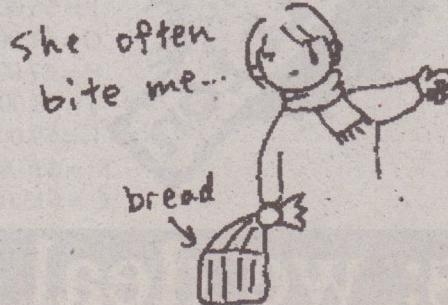
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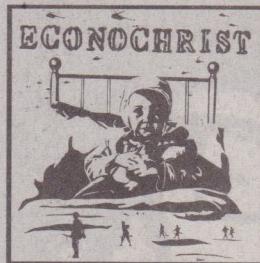
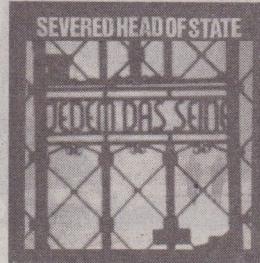
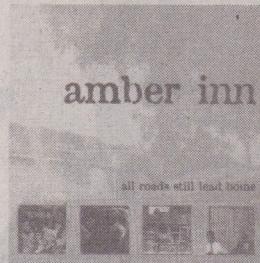
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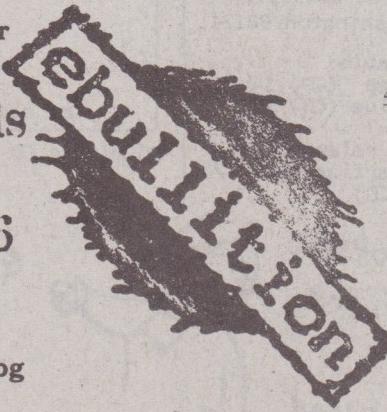
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